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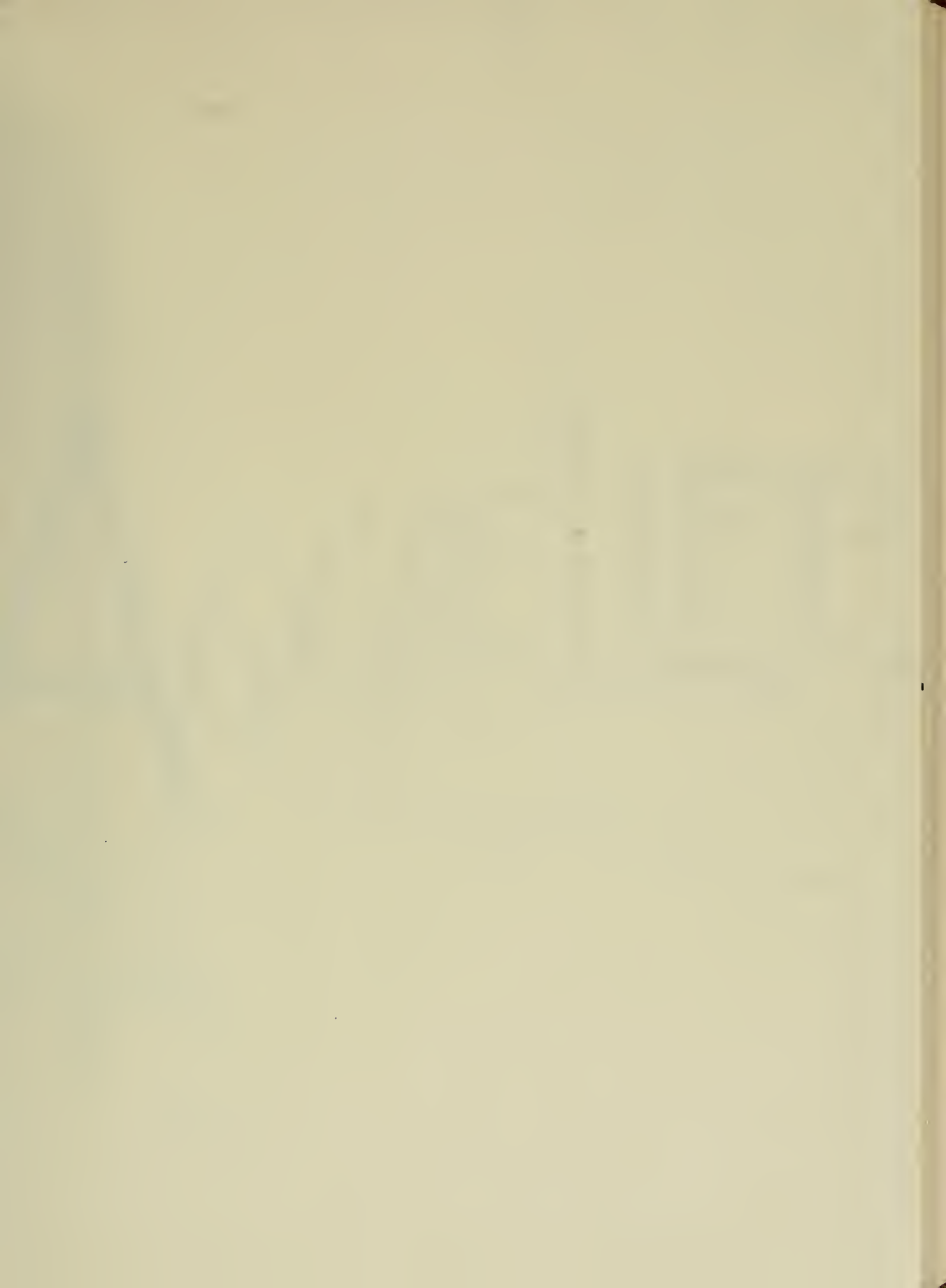


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AGGIE LIFE

Massachusetts
Agricultural
College.

AMHERST.
MASS.

Sept. 28, 1898.



. IX.

NO. 1.

J. P. CAMPION, FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

My stock of Woolens for this season includes the Latest Novelties and are the very best goods made. Call and examine them and get my prices.

MILITARY SUITS A SPECIALTY.

 All suits made in my own work-shops. 
SAVINGS BANK BLOCK, - AMHERST, MASS.

A. B. CALL, 273 Main St., Society * Catering.

 BEST MEALS SERVED IN NORTHAMPTON 

GIVE US A CALL.

THE AMHERST Furniture and Carpet STORE.

A complete line of goods suited to the students' wants.

BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, STUDY

DESKS AND CHAIRS, LOUNGES.

WINDOW SHADES, DRAPERIES,

CARPETS, RUGS, ETC., ETC.

**All Goods STRICTLY CASH and at
LOWEST PRICES.**

E. D. MARSH,
10 PHENIX ROW, - - AMHERST, MASS.

STUDENTS can buy at fair prices

Hats, Caps, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings.

FINE READY-MADE SUITS.

— ALSO —

Custom Made Clothing.

Suits as low as \$12. Trousers as low as \$3.50.
Overcoats as low as \$10.

SANDERSON & THOMPSON

JAMES F. PAGE,

CASH DEALER IN

STUDENTS' FINE FOOTWEAR.

PATENT LEATHERS, \$2.50 to \$6.00.

WINTER RUSSETS, \$3.00 to \$6.00.

Next to Post Office.

G. S. KENDRICK,

DEALER IN

Meats and Provisions,

South side Cutler's Block,

AMHERST, MASS.



I have the ammunition to fit you with. On your way to the Post Office stop and look at my stock of

**Hats, Caps, Gloves,
DRESS SHIRTS,
FOOT BALL GOODS,
COLLARS AND CUFFS.**

**HARRY CLARK,
COLLEGE OUTFITTER,
UNDER THE HOTEL.**

AGGIE LIFE

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MASSACHUSETTS
AMHERST, MASS.

VOL. IX.

AMHERST, MASS., SEPTEMBER 28, 1898

NO. 1

Published Fortnightly by Students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

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CARPENTER & MOREHOUSE, PRINTERS.

Editorials.

THE dearth of contributions to the LIFE so far this term reminds us that a word should be said at this time concerning the competition for the Board of Editors. As the LIFE is a student enterprise, it is primarily dependent upon the financial and the literary support of the student body. It is desired that AGGIE LIFE shall reflect what is best in the life of our college, which to our mind includes not only the student body but our professors and alumni as well. To this end, contributions of all kinds will be received gladly by its editors. The success of our college paper depends upon *you* as well as upon its Board of Editors. The election of the new board takes place at the end of the winter term and no man will then be considered as a candidate for the board who has not sent in at least three articles, one of which must be contributed this term. These contributions may be of any kind or upon any subject that the writer may deem fit. One thing we ask of you, don't say: "It is of no use for me to try for the Board." No effort in this line is

wasted and you may feel sure that it will be those who show themselves best qualified for the work who will make the Board next Spring.

THE advent of the college year has been ushered in with the usual ceremonies attendant upon such an auspicious event. It had been devoutly hoped that a recurrence of the annual class rush would not take place, but, alas, it has happened, and the fond hopes which we had cherished of a discontinuance of this nuisance are cast to the ground. It is to be sincerely regretted that the collegians, here and elsewhere, have not as yet reached that stage in their mental and physical development when such an exhibition of brutal force is repugnant to their better natures. That class feeling will ever be ripe, we cheerfully admit, but we fondly hope that the day will come when this rivalry will assume a different aspect from that of men being carried off the field either from sheer exhaustion or physical disability. A cane-rush is a parlor game compared to that which lately took place upon our campus. If we must have an unpleasant

exhibition of class feeling, let us choose that method which is conducive to the least physical suffering. A cane rush is far preferable to the usual rough and tumble fight, and can be properly regulated so as to become less of an object of loathing. The LIFE will be glad to use its influence to establish any system to settle class differences that will do away with such disgusting scenes as were witnessed about the college grounds but a few nights since.

At the opening of last Spring term the class of '99 instituted the Honor System in Examinations to hold through that term. The success of the movement was so apparent that the system has been enthusiastically readopted for the coming year. As there may be some men in college who do not fully understand the working of this system, we will say that its object is to bring about honest examinations by placing the men strictly upon their honor. This does away with all espionage on the part of the professor. It allows all freedom of action and of conversation which does not conflict with the statement which each student is required to make on his paper: "I have neither given nor received aid in this examination." Should any case of discipline occur, it is to be dealt with by a committee from the class which shall judge the case and if the defendant be found guilty, the committee shall recommend to the Faculty the penalty to be inflicted. The results of the system have been found to be a higher standard of scholarship, better feeling between teachers and students and a more honorable and manly spirit throughout the class. Are not these results worthy of the consideration of every thinking man in college? If so will you not talk the matter up among your classmates and see if this system will not soon be adopted by all other classes? We firmly believe that no step ever before taken has carried this institution so far on the road to success, in its work of fitting men for life, as the adoption of this system by every class in college would carry it.

—The sophomore class has elected the following officers: Pres't, E. S. Gamwell; vice pres't, C. L. Rice; sec'y and treas., W. C. Dickerman; class capt., J. H. Chickering; historian, A. C. Wilson; sergeant-at-arms, George R. Bridgforth; tennis director, E. L. Macomber; rope pull capt, T. E. Cook

CAPTAIN WALTER MASON DICKINSON.

[Professor Mills' Tribute, Reprinted from the Amherst Record o July 13.]

While many friends of Lieutenant Dickinson, who fell in the battle before Santiago a few days since, are giving expression to their grief for his untimely death, there are reasons why the citizens of Amherst and the friends of the Agricultural college also should share in these tributes to the memory of this fallen soldier. Lieutenant Dickinson was, so far as we know, the first of her sons that Amherst has given to the cause of Cuban independence. A son of Amherst he was, in truth. Among the early settlers of Amherst his ancestors were found. His family, for successive generations, has held a prominent place among the families of the town. He himself received his early training in its public schools and from them was appointed by a distinguished and honored citizen of Amherst to a cadetship at West Point. After years of training in the academy and on the field of active service on our western frontier he came back to give four years of efficient and faithful service to one of Amherst's colleges and to renew and strengthen many of the friendships of his boyhood days. During all these years his love for Amherst has steadily increased and in a letter written on the transport as he was about to set foot on the soil of Cuba he expressed the questioning desire that he might see Amherst again. This desire was not to be gratified; but that he should, amid the excitements and distractions of those busy hours, turn his thoughts in fond desire to his boyhood home, reveals a tenderness and loyalty in the man not inconsistent with the courage and devotion of the soldier.

The value of Lieutenant Dickinson's work at the Agricultural college is well known by his associates there. To it he brought a high ideal of the soldier's duty, a scrupulous regard for the interests of individual students, and a patient attention to the minutest details pertaining to the military department. It mattered not whether he was to prepare a report to his superior officers at Washington, or to promote the efficiency of his battalion by enforcing needed discipline in its ranks, or to take command of the same on those sad Memorial Days that appeal so tenderly to patriotic hearts, he was always faithful and true. The influence of Lieutenant Dickinson's work was felt in every department of the college. It commanded the hearty respect of



Photo by LOVELL, Amherst.

Taken Dec. 1, 1895.

LIEUT. WALTER MASON DICKINSON.

Philadelphia, Pa.
West Boxford.
Millis.
South Deerfield.
Boston.
North Egremont.
Lynn.
Lynn.
Memphis, Tenn.
East Foxboro.
Haverhill.
Rock Bottom.
North Easton.
Wilkinsonville.
Lynn.
Boston.
Boston.
Lynn.
Northampton.
Gardner.
Unionville.
Milford.
Belchertown.
Stoneham.
Cromwell, Conn.
South Hadley.
Millbrook,
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Northampton.

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capt., J. H. C
sergeant-at-arms
tor, E. L. Macoi

his associates on the faculty, while the students admired him as a soldier and trusted him as a friend.

When such lives are laid upon the altar we realize how great is the sacrifice that is being made for Cuban independence. It is such devotion as that shown by Lieutenant Dickinson and his brave comrades that makes "the land holy where they fought and holy where they fell," and though we may not be able to carry to their resting places the tokens of our affection, yet to these shall

"Honor come, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

Whereas, it has pleased the Great Captain of the universe, through the cruel accident of war, to remove from our midst, one whom we respected as a commandant and teacher, honored as a man, trusted and loved as a friend, the late Captain Walter Mason Dickinson, and

Whereas, we keenly feel our mutual loss and deeply sympathize with his bereaved family and sincerely mourn his early demise, and

Whereas we feel that the college has lost a true friend and loyal son; and the nation a brave and gallant soldier, and his family a kind and loving husband and a dutiful son. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the class of Ninety-six of the Mass. Agr'l College, whose privilege it was for four years to have him as Commandant and Instructor, do hereby extend to the bereaved family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy and we deeply regret the loss to our army of an efficient officer, and to our college of a noble example of courage and fidelity to duty. And be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, that another copy be filed at the College library; that another copy be sent to AGGIE LIFE to be published in the first issue, and that another copy be sent to the '00 Index and published therein, and that a copy be kept and filed with the records of the class of Ninety-six.

B. K. JONES,
A. S. KINNEY, } Committee.
H. H. ROPER,

THE ENTERING CLASS.

Adams, Edward Ellis,	Millis.
Ball, George Treadwell,	Holyoke.
Belden, Joshua Herbert,	Newington, Conn.
Blake, Morris Adin,	Millis.
Bodfish, Henry Look,	Tisbury.
Chapin, Warren Luther,	Amherst.
Chase, William Zachariah,	Lynn.
Church, Frederick Richard,	Ashfield.

Claflin, Leander Chapin,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Cole, William R.,	West Boxford.
Cook, Lyman Adams,	Millis.
Cooley, Orrin Fulton,	South Deerfield.
Dacy, Arthur Lincoln,	Boston.
Dellea, John Martin,	North Egermont.
Dwyer, Chester Edwards,	Lynn.
Fulton, Erwin Stanley,	Lynn.
Gates, Victor Adolph,	Memphis, Tenn.
Greeley, Dana S. B.,	East Foxboro.
Greenman, Fred Howard,	Haverhill.
Hall, John Clifford,	Rock Bottom.
Hanlon, Harold Clinton,	North Easton.
Hodgkiss, Harold Edward,	Wilkinsonville.
Holder, Walter Safford,	Lynn.
James, Harold Francis,	Boston.
James, Hubert Carey,	Boston.
Kimball, Ralph Elmore,	Lynn.
Kinney, Charles Milton,	Northampton.
Knight, Howard Lawton,	Gardner.
Lewis, Claude Isaac,	Unionville.
McCobb, Edmund F.,	Milford.
Morse, Ransom Wesley,	Belchertown.
Peabody, Harry Eldridge,	Stoneham.
Pierson, Wallace Rodgers '01,	Cromwell, Conn.
Smith, Samuel Leroy,	South Hadley.
Walker, Alpheus Hazard,	Millbrook,
Warden, James Kent,	Rocky Point, L. I., N. Y.
West, David Nelson,	Northampton.

OLD AGGIE.

A very interesting and attractive little book has recently been issued by Mr. Frederic A. Merrill of the Class of 1900. The title of this charming little pamphlet is "Old Aggie," and it is devoted to the description of the grounds and buildings of the College; it also gives a very clear insight to the life of the average student. Mr. Merrill's literary ability is too well known to need mention here, and it is sufficient to say that he has described "Old Aggie" in his usual easy, flowing, graceful style, that seems to make the picture stand out before one as a reality.

The author opens his entertaining little work with a charmingly written toast which he has given in verse; and he has illustrated it throughout with beautiful miniature half-tones of college scenery, which add greatly to the freshness of the description. The several asso-

ciations and societies are treated in an able manner, and from the college standpoint everything has a loyal and patriotic air.

The work will undoubtedly find favor with the Alumni, showing, as it does, the progress of their Alma Mater, and should also serve as an excellent medium for inducing students to enter the College.

Mr. Merrill, as a former editor and associate of the Life board, has our best wishes' and hearty good will.

FOOTBALL.

HOLY CROSS, 23; AGGIE, 0.

Aggie played her first game of the season with the strong Holy Cross team at Worcester, Sept. 24. Holy Cross opened the game by kicking to Barry who ran five yards when he was downed. M. A. C. was unable to gain so Nelson was sent back for a punt. Repeated gains were made by Holy Cross until Baldwin was forced over the line for a touchdown. In the second half Aggie took a brace and Holy Cross was only able to score one touchdown. The team work of Holy Cross was the feature of the game. Y. H. Canto's tackling was superb. The summary:

HOLY CROSS.

Monahan, Ruddy, l. e.,
Hayes, l. b.,
McQuaid, Hanrahan, l. g.,
McTigue, c.,
W. Sullivan, McCormick, r. g.,
McDonough, r. t.,
McHugh, Clune, r. e.,
Baldwin, Mercer, l. h. b.,
Kenney, Murphy, r. h. b.,
J. Sullivan, q. b.,
Powers, f. b.,

AGGIE.

r. e., Dorman
r. t., Cooke
r. g., Ball
c., Crowell
l. g., Stanley
l. t., Walker
l. e., Chickering, Rogers
r. h. b., Barry
l. h. b., Canto
q. b., Y. H. Canto
f. b., Nelson

Touchdowns—Kenney 3, Powers 1. Goals—Baldwin 3.
Referee—G. F. Parmenter. Umpire—J. J. Hunt.

As was shown in our game against Holy Cross we lacked practice. Now in order to practice properly we must have a second eleven out on the field at the time appointed for practice. We would have a good team if it were only given the proper support. To come out on the field and see twelve or thirteen men is certainly discouraging for the captain as well as for the remaining players.

The other night after practice I chanced to walk around by South College and I was surprised to see so many fellows on the campus. They were not playing Rugby. Oh! no. As near as I could make out they

were simply kicking the ball around. Now why couldn't these same men come out and help the team. How can they spare time after practice every night to kick the ball around if they have no time? If it is for the lack of suits just speak to the manager and he will furnish you with two suits if you really want them. If you are afraid to play just tell the captain and he will inform you how to become courageous. There are at least three good elevens in college. Either one of these would give the college team all it wants to do. That is what we want, something to buck up against when we appear on the field for practice.

Now let everybody come out in the future whether he thinks he can play or not and help the team.

A VISIT TO SHANGHAI.

"Now Bill, begin; we are all ready to hear your wonderful yarn."

A group of sailors were sitting around the capstan on board an old three-masted schooner, lying at a wharf. They were enjoying the old seamen's pastime of spinning yarns. Bill laid aside his pipe at his companion's remark, and began:

I had spent nearly a year at my home in York, enjoying a long vacation after a four year's cruise in southern seas. The time had passed very pleasantly indeed, but spring was coming on, and with it came a deep longing for the sea. I grew more and more restless as the days wore on, till finally I could endure it no longer; so one day after packing my duds and bidding relatives and friends good-bye, I set out for Liverpool.

I arrived in the city the next morning, and set out at once for the office of a shipping company. While there I heard an officer at the door calling out for hands to ship for Shanghai. Here was a capital opportunity to make a long-talked of visit to a friend of mine, who was at that time holding an excellent position in that city. I jumped at the chance at once, and immediately engaged myself for the voyage, which was not to exceed two years. Of course I had never seen the ship—nor did we care in those days; we seldom if ever saw any of our ships before we joined them.

I spent the afternoon renewing old acquaintances, and when evening came I went on board. The ship was of the hermaphrodite type, schooner-rigged aft

and square-rigged forward. She was of about twelve hundred tons burden, and had been, so we were told, a regular "tea clipper" in her day. Part of the crew had been engaged a few weeks before, and they had gotten everything ready for sea. The next morning we got on sail and made everything snug for the voyage. About eleven o'clock the captain came on board with his papers and gave orders to weigh anchor. A few minutes later we were sailing down the harbor with a good six knot breeze blowing right off land.

Everything went nicely at first, and seemed to promise a pleasant and easy voyage, but our troubles soon began. Just before reaching Holyhead, about sixty miles out from Liverpool, we discovered that the ship was making more water than we expected, and whispered consultations were held among the crew; for you know, to a sailor, the prospect of pumping a ship from port to port is anything but an agreeable one. We finally concluded to have a talk with the captain, and have her taken into Holyhead and overhauled. He over-ruled our objections, however, and got us to proceed on our way, saying, that the ship had been lying in dock several months and would therefore leak a little more than usual. We were easily won over, as it was not always policy to take a ship into port for such a purpose; for should the judges decide her seaworthy, which was most frequently the case, all the surveying expenses would come out of our pockets.

Nothing unusual happened for many weeks. We had favorable weather, and crossing the equator we caught the south east trade winds and worked our way southerly until within range of southerly and westerly winds. We then began to beat eastward towards the cape. All this time we had been obliged to regularly pump out ship until we were sick and tired of it. One morning we sighted the islands of Tristan de Cunha, a group lying in the south Atlantic. These islands are very difficult of access. The shores of one of them are so steep that it is impossible to land, and any boat making the attempt would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks. Another of the islands has a fine land-locked harbor, where vessels can weather a storm. The island is inhabited, and at that time there were about seventy persons on it, but one might pass on one side a hundred times and never know that a single being lived there. I well remember when on a voyage two or three years pre-

vious in the Contest, bound from London to Singapore, we were becalmed off these islands and two boats came off to us. One of them contained part of the crew of a North British brig, whose captain had sent men ashore to get a fresh water supply. The boat was capsized by the surf, and pounded to pieces upon the rocks; the men barely escaping with their lives. The captain, probably believing the men drowned and unwilling to risk another boat's crew, sailed away, leaving the shipwrecked men upon what they supposed to be a barren, uninhabited island. They subsisted as best they could upon shell-fish, sea-fowl, and a wild berry that grew abundantly there, waiting patiently all the while for some vessel to pass, which they could hail. One day, while gathering their supply of food, they were startled at hearing above them on the hills their native language spoken, and thus they found out that the island was inhabited.

Stopping at these islands only long enough to get a fresh water supply, we continued our way, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and struck across the Indian Ocean through the Straits of Java to Singapore. We anchored here for a day or two, and took on four male passengers for Shanghai. Leaving this port we sailed up along the China coast, into the straits of Formosa, and it was there that our series of adventures began in earnest.

All our passage from Liverpool, so far, had been marked with unusually pleasant weather, and an absence of any striking adventures to break the monotony of routine and the periodic regularity of pumping out ship. We were ready for most any change, but when that change came we would have gladly gone back to the drudgery of pleasant weather sailing.

The weather which had been so pleasant suddenly became sultry, the air hot and oppressive. At first not a cloud could be seen. The sea was as calm as a mill pond. The ship gently rose and sank as the ocean breathed, or lurched as she gave a deeper sigh. The sun set as red as blood, giving a deep crimson hue to the water. The glass showed signs of a great change and preparations were made to meet it. All sails, except special storm sails, used in heaving to, were taken in and everything made as snug as possible. A heavy typhoon was upon us and that, too, in narrow waters; for at that point the strait could not have been more than one hundred miles

across. The storm came on with terrific force. The first blow seemed to take our ship out of the water, and almost simultaneously she keeled over till it seemed as though masts and waves met. The wind fairly shrieked through our rigging while above the tempest, the groaning of the ship and the creaking of the masts could be distinctly heard as blast after blast hurled itself upon us. Suddenly the wind would veer four to six points and the onslaught would come from another quarter, making havoc with our sails. Our ship tossed and tumbled like a cork in a boiling cauldron, and groaned dismally as the heavy waves pounded against her sides. The timbers began to yield under the fearful strain, and it was necessary to man the pumps continuously. By enlisting our four passengers, we made three sets to work the pump, each set working twenty minutes. Each man provided himself with a rope as a precaution against being washed away, for the seas were running high and choppy.

All night long the storm raged and when morning came its force was but little abated. How many times during the night we were washed away to the ends of our ropes I cannot say. One man was washed overboard, but fortunately was met by another sea and sent rushing back. In the afternoon I was called to the helm by the captain. He thought he would run the ship an hour or two before dark in order to get a more even keel, and a better chance to sound the well. Our lower hold was filled with rod and bar iron, which had rusted, and this rust, together with a fine shingle that had been used for a ballast on previous voyages, kept getting into our pumps and clogging them, wearing out the leathers, and making our progress very slow. All the leather had to be taken from the rigging, and it kept two men and the carpenter busy all the time. Every little while the pump-rod had to be drawn causing extra delay.

Thus the time passed by, and on the evening of the second day hardly a movable thing remained on deck. The cook-house, several hundred hens, ducks, and chickens bought in Java were swept away. Our only food was some canned fruit and crackers, which we ate at odd moments within the saloon doors. The storm still raged furiously, and our water-logged vessel being at the entire mercy of the sea, labored heavily and lay in the water like a partly submerged

rock. The wind kept veering round and the seas driven hither and thither by the varying wind met each other with a loud slap deluging our decks with water. That night each man was allowed an hour's sleep. How we ever got through the night I do not know, for they could not wake me till morning. There was not a dry place on the ship, and every stitch of my clothing was saturated through and through, and yet I slept like a log.

The next morning the carpenter and mate tried to ascertain the amount of water in the hold, and found, as near as they could estimate, between four and five feet. The sea was still running high, but the wind had gone down a little. We were still in a pretty serious condition, however, and had to man the pumps continually. About ten o'clock the captain came on deck and ordered us to get out the long-boat and launch her; at the same time he began to cut away the lashings. The crew refused to obey declaring they would stand by the hull, for with such a sea running it would be impossible to launch her, there being no lee side, and the moment a boat was dropped it would be smashed to pieces against the hull.

I think the captain was a little beyond himself at this time, the strain on his mind being so great. The rumor went the rounds that he had borrowed a large auger the night before, and attempted to scuttle the ship, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this story.

About noon we sighted a strange schooner on our starboard bow. She gradually came towards us and for a long time we were in fear of collision, but she slowly drifted away again, and was finally lost to view. During all the time she was in sight we did not see a single soul on board of her. About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached smoother water and soon sighted land. The storm having spent itself, we took out our fore and main top-sails, hoping to get into some bay on Formosa island before night came on.

Towards evening we sighted a fine bay on the north eastern coast of the island—now known as St. Laurens Bay—and made our way towards it. It proved to be a fine harbor, formed in a kind of balloon shape, the mouth comparing well with the orifice in a hot-air balloon. It was surrounded by hills from 800 to 1000 feet high, which gradually sloped down to the beach, and which diminished in height as they approached the main shore. On entering the inlet we got ready our

two six inch guns and fired two shots. There were three villages within the bay, one situated at the extreme end, and one on each side just within the mouth, some canoes that were coming out to meet us, retired upon hearing the shots. We dropped anchor when well within the inlet, and took in all sail except one topsail, which we left for an emergency.

By this time it was very dark. We could see nothing around us except the lights in the villages. It was decided to post a watch that night, for although we had but little fear of being disturbed, it was best to be prepared. The captain and passengers volunteered to do watch duty, and give the crew a rest, so we immediately went below and turned in. About eleven o'clock we were all aroused by the alarm that the savages had boarded us in the dark. Two of the crew crawled aft to reconnoitre, and seeing no light in the cabin, thought they smelled a rat. They crept forward again to report, and all hands sneaked aft. Everything was quiet, no savages were in sight nor anything that indicated their presence. We all went below again and without any other happening finished the night's sleep. We learned the next morning that the captain had gone forward to see if the ship was riding all right, and one of the passengers seeing him thought he was one of the natives and gave in the alarm.

On the morrow at day break we were all mustered aft to talk over our position before the natives should make any attempt to board us. The captain told us that he had drawn up three plans which he would lay before us for our consideration. The first one was to lift the pump and saw off six inches at the lower end, so as to get all the sand out of our hold, and then have the natives do the pumping and assist us in getting ready for sea again. His second proposition was to take our own boats, run down the coast under cover of the night to Tamsui, a seaport town on Formosa island, about forty miles from where we lay, and get assistance. And if neither of these plans seemed feasible, we could make our way over the hills to Tamsui, thereby cutting off fifteen miles; but in this case we had to run the risk of being captured by the natives. After talking over the matter carefully, we finally decided to stay by the ship, and after fixing her up with the natives' help, to make our way out some morning, and sail for Foochow, a nice lee port on the

China coast, almost directly west of us.

About half past six the canoes began to come off from the shore. We mustered on deck in full force in order to make as big a showing as possible, stacking our guns in the saloon to be ready for an emergency. Only the captain and chief officer carried revolvers. The canoes were soon alongside, and the savages clambered on board. There did not appear to be anyone of particular distinction among the horde. They strolled quietly round the deck, admiring our spare anchors and chains, and curiously examining our six inch guns. Our fore-castle bell seemed to take their eye more than anything else, and they were as pleased as a child with a toy, when permitted to strike it. Our carpenter having fixed the pumps meanwhile we were now prepared to give them some work and a little fun withal. He had fitted up our pumps, which were of the fly-wheel type, with ropes so that they could be worked fore and aft on deck. We began the pumping ourselves, but the visitors soon became interested, and seeing the volume of water pouring out, they soon wanted to join in. At first they did not get into the swing in good shape, oftentimes pulling against each other, but by noon we had them working like oxen. We kept them going until about five in the afternoon, when we mustered again and gave them to understand that we would gladly see them safe in their canoes once more. Everything went smoothly that night. Soon after daybreak the next morning the savages came on board, and we again set them to work at the pumps. They worked contentedly all the day, and departed as before when evening came without any disturbance.

The next morning we got out a bale of cotton goods, a kind of gingham, containing about fifty pieces. This we placed upon the poop deck to be distributed that evening, when our visitors went ashore. We took great care when they were on board, that they did not see any of our cargo. After they were through for the day, the captain gave them to understand that he would give out the pieces of cloth among them in payment of their work, but they must first get into their canoes. Over the sides they scrambled like squash-bugs off a leaf, and were in their canoes before you could say Jack Robinson. The captain then threw a piece of the cloth into each canoe, and the boats started off for the shore. We noticed that they did

not land at either village, but beached their boats on the shingle half way between them. Then came the melee; the pieces were opened and a grand grab made, each man cutting or tearing off whatever he could lay hands on, some getting two yards, some one yard, and some none at all. This was accompanied by a terrific uproar, which could be distinctly heard on board. We could plainly see the whole performance and a more comical sight I never looked upon.

Every day for a week they came on board and helped us and every day we were getting nicely fixed up for our voyage. E.

(to be continued.)

College Notes.

—Foot Ball!

—N. J. Hunting has returned to College.

—Moulton '01 will not return to College this year.

—Hemenway '01 will not return to College this term.

—Graves '01 recently broke his finger while playing foot ball.

—The College library is being re-arranged and catalogued.

—Gamwell '01 is now acting as an assistant to the college librarian.

—The junior and sophomore classes attended the fair at Greenfield last week.

—A. C. Monahan '00 recently spent a few days at his home in South Framingham.

—B. H. Smith and S. E. Smith of the senior class are now rooming at H. M. Thomson's.

—Mrs. L. E. Sanderson has been engaged to train the choir and glee club for the following year.

—C. E. Stacy, formerly of the class of '99, recently spent a 24 hours' furlough at the College.

—The New York Times is soon to publish an article reviewing our college and also Amherst college.

—It is reported that H. A. Paul, formerly of the class of '01, is sick at Camp Hamilton, Kentucky.

—The Bible classes have started off this term with a very good attendance. A new course of study has been adopted which will prove very interesting to the student.

—Members of the College received complimentary tickets to the fair held at Amherst. Sept. 15 and 16.

—W. R. Crowell '00 has been chosen as acting captain of the foot ball team, acting in place of A. D. Gile.

—Corporal A. D. Gile recently spent a short furlough in town. He expects to return to his class in a few weeks.

—Prof. J. B. Lindsey, addressed the Amherst Grange last week, and a short talk was given by Dr. C. S. Walker.

—The following men have joined the Q. T. V. fraternity: D. N. West, W. R. Cole, F. H. Greenman, R. W. Morse.

—The following men have joined the D. G. K. fraternity: H. F. James, R. C. James, H. L. Bodfish, W. L. Chapin.

—Some of the valuable horses, belonging to the College were exhibited at the Agricultural fair, at Greenfield last week.

—Corporal F. H. Brown was at the college a short time ago. He expects to return as soon as his regiment is mustered out.

—A new set of hymn books has been purchased by the Y. M. C. A., the use of which adds a great deal to the weekly prayer-meetings.

—The following men have joined the Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity: J. K. Warden, E. E. Adams, J. C. Hall, V. A. Gates, C. M. Kinney.

—The athletic board has organized with the following members: Dr. J. B. Paige, Prof. R. S. Lull; Capt. W. M. Wright, Prof. R. E. Smith, J. R. Perry '93.

—We are glad to see that such a generous sum has been raised for the support of the foot ball eleven. All subscriptions are payable to Prof. R. E. Smith.

—President Goodell has recently been at Camp Wikoff at Montauk Point. While there he had an interview with Capt. Wright and was shown through the camp.

—The course in required English as presented to the senior class by Prof. Mills, is one of great interest and practical value. The text-book used is "Mac Ewan's Essentials of Argumentation," which is made up in a concise form, very attractive to the student.

—Hinds, Hooker, Pingree, S. E. Smith, Baker and Stanley attended the Northfield conference this summer. They were there ten days and reported a very enjoyable time.

—The senior class has elected the following officers: Pres't, F. H. Turner; vice pres't, M. H. Pingree; sec'y, H. W. Dana; treas., W. A. Hooker; historian, B. H. Smith.

—President Goodell recently paid a visit to Washington, D. C., where he interviewed the Adjutant-General as to the liability of a military instructor being detailed to the College.

—The reading-room association has elected the following officers: Pres't, F. H. Turner; vice pres't, W. E. Hinds; sec'y and treas., H. Baker; directors, Atkins '00, Gordon '01.

—The senior class recently handed in a petition to the faculty to the effect that drill should be continued under the supervision of a member of the faculty. Unfortunately the petition was not granted.

—The new laboratory south of the drill hall, which is being built for the Veterinary department will probably be roofed over before Winter. It will be a handsome structure and an ornament to the College grounds.

—A handsome portrait of Capt. Dickinson has been on exhibition for several weeks in the window of the Amherst post-office. The picture is an excellent likeness and is the work of the photographer, J. A. Lovell.

—The junior class has elected the following officers: Pres't, G. F. Parmenter; vice pres't, F. A. Merrill; sec'y and treas., A. M. West; class capt., J. E. Halligan; historian, E. T. Hull; sergeant-at-Arms, M. H. Munson.

—Professor and Mrs. C. S. Walker celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, Thursday evening, Sept. 15th. They received a large number of friends and were made the recipients of many beautiful and valuable presents.

—The following men have become members of the College Shakespearean club: William Z. Chase, Arthur L. Dacy, John M. Dellea, Chester E. Dwyer, Dana S. Greeley, Harold E. Hodgkiss, Walter S. Holder, Ralph E. Kimball, Howard L. Knight, Claude T. Lewis, Harvey E. Peabody.

—The freshman class has elected the following officers to serve for a month: Pres't, W. Z. Chase; vice pres't, C. T. Lewis; sec'y and treas., H. L. Knight; class capt., A. H. Walker; rope pull, capt., E. S. Fulton; foot ball capt., G. T. Ball.

—It now seems impracticable for drill to be continued at the College this year. President Goodell has ascertained that no military officer will be detailed to the College for a some months and thus it does not seem advisable for the drill to be commenced.

—The senior class committees have been chosen as follows: Photograph committee, D. A. Beaman, W. E. Hinds, W. E. Chapin; cane com., W. A. Hooker, H. E. Maynard, M. H. Pingree; class cup com., C. M. Walker, B. H. Smith, W. H. Armstrong.

—A small pamphlet has recently been published, which is a combination of some of the articles which have appeared in the AMHERST RECORD concerning Capt. Dickinson. The pamphlet also contains a half-tone portrait and a copy of his commission as captain.

—The schedule for the Union lecture course has been arranged and offers a number of special attractions. This lecture course is given in the town hall and is largely attended by the students of the College. The reserved seat tickets will be put on sale the 28th.

—The boarding-club has re-organized and elected the following officers: Pres't and 1st director, M. H. Pingree '99; vice pres't and 2nd director, B. H. Smith '99; sec'y and treas., and 3rd director, W. R. Crowell '00; 4th director, H. Baker '00; 5th director, E. S. Gamwell '01; 6th director, J. A. Chickering '01; 7th director, F. R. Church '02.

—"Old Aggie" is the title of an illustrated booklet written by Mr. F. A. Merrill of the class of 1900. His style is such that one reads with interest and gets a vivid impression of student life at the M. A. C. The reader is pleased with the beauty of the scenery and is gratified to learn particulars concerning the rapid growth of the institution, the increase in the number of buildings and the development of the courses of study. The book shows a great deal of care and hard work and Mr. Merrill is to be congratulated upon its success. Every student should possess a copy himself and send away others to let his friends know the many advantages of his Alma Mater.

—The foot ball schedule as has been arranged by manager Parmenter is as follows: Sept. 24, Holy Cross at Worcester; Oct. 1, Worcester Tech. at Worcester; Oct. 5, Wesleyan at Middletown; Oct. 15, Vermont Academy at M. A. C.; Oct. 22, Williston at Easthampton; Oct. 29, Boston University at M. A. C.; Nov. 12, Worcester Tech. at M. A. C. Besides the games already scheduled arrangements are being made to secure games with Bosfon college, Amherst and Tufts.

—The honor system as put in practice by the class of '99, during the preceeding spring term has met with great success. This system is to-day in vogue in many of the leading colleges and universities and we hope that it has become firmly established in this institution. It is very much to be desired that the lower class men take some action upon this important subject and use all their influence to bring about a condition of affairs, which will reflect more credit upon the M. A. C.

—The annual reception given to the freshman class by the College Y. M. C. A. was held on the evening of the 16th in the chapel. It was a very enjoyable affair, as indeed, it always is. Invitations were issued to all the students and members of the faculty and to many outside friends, nearly all of whom showed their appreciation of this social custom by being present. The chapel, from which most of the chairs had been removed, was very prettily decorated with palms, grasses and potted plants, and with such a large number of young persons moving gaily about it formed a pleasing and most entertaining sight. Later in the evening light refreshments were served and the gathering broke up soon after ten o'clock. Such receptions help to bring the students and faculty in closer contact and we feel sure the members of our new class as well as the older classes, were much benefited by it.

—When acting captain Crowell of the foot ball team called the men out for their first practice this fall there was a very good showing, twenty-five or thirty men appearing on the field, and everything pointed to some fast and hard competition for positions. The next day there were not enough for two teams, and since then the number has kept decreasing until for the last week only the team, or those who were supposed to play on the team, came out,

and sometimes even they failed to appear. If this keeps up we will have to give up all thoughts of putting a team on the gridiron this fall. A team can never amount to anything without practice, and when the fellows who can play the game fail to come out and give the college team practice it is about time to stop. The students all want to see the team win, and they kick when it loses, yet they have no one to blame but themselves, for as we have just said, a team cannot win unless it has practice, and good hard practice at that. So if you wish to see them win this fall come out and give them some rousing good work.

Alumni.

Notice alumni. The editors of the LIFE request that all alumni who have changed address or wish changes in address, forward for convenience all changes at once. Any alumnus who has not received the LIFE kindly forward address to the Business Manager.

At the June meeting of the Alumni Association the following officers were elected:

President,	Prest. J. H. Washburn '78
1st Vice-president,	C. E. Beach '82
2d Vice-president,	W. H. Caldwell '87
3d Vice-president,	Dr. E. W. Allen '85
Secretary,	Dr. Jas. B. Paige '82
Treasurer,	Dr. C. Wellington '73
Auditor,	Dr. E. R. Flint '87
Executive Committee,	Dr. J. B. Lindsey '83 A. C. Curtis '94

George B. Willard '92 was elected a member of the Athletic Board.

It was voted unanimously to discontinue for the present further discussion with reference to changing the name of the college. It was the sense of the meeting that a change would be inadvisable.

The names of the following gentlemen were placed in nomination as trustee candidates:

Wm. H. Bowker, Boston,
J. D. W. French, Boston,
W. D. Hinds, Townsend,
George H. Ellis, West Newton,
George L. Clements, Southbridge.

'75.—H. S. Carruth. In business at St. Michael's, Ind.

'75.—L. K. Lee. In a letter from Mr. Lee we learn that he is in the employ of the St. Paul Fire & Marine Ins. Co. Resides at 211 Franklin St., St. Paul, Minn.

'78.—A. L. Spofford. In a recent letter we are informed that Mr. Spofford as a member of the 8th Mass. Reg. Vols. is now stationed at Camp Hamilton, Lexington, Ky.

Ex-'83.—Wm. E. Smith writes that he anticipates going into business in Cuba. Mr. Smith is now chief clerk in the Div. Freight Office of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad at Bridgeport, Conn.

'86.—G. S. Stone was married Sept. 3, 1898 to Miss Mary Elizabeth Leland at Otter River, Mass.

'87.—C. W. Fisherick, married at Denver, Col. to Miss Cora Belle King, July 27, 1898.

'89.—A. D. Copeland was married July 6, 1898 to Miss Janet Lothrop at West Bridgewater, Mass. They will be at home after Oct. 1, at Copeland St., Brockton, Mass.

'89.—A. L. Miles, D. D. S., Harvard Dental College '98, is now practicing at Cambridgeport, Mass.

'91.—L. F. Horner is now Supt. of the estate of Mrs. C. H. McCormick, Montento, Cal.

'92.—J. L. Field. The marriage of Judson L. Field to Miss Elizabeth Peck Field took place last Saturday, Sept. 24, at the First Congregational church in Leverett, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Field will be at home Tuesdays in December at 3646 Lake Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

'94.—E. T. Dickinson, D. M. D., is practicing in Northampton, Mass. at 107 Main St. Mr. Dickinson is a graduate of the Harvard Dental School in the class of '98.

Ex-'94.—C. F. Johnson was married June 21, 1898 to Miss Minnie Belle Towne at Chelsea, Mass.

'94.—A. J. Morse, Instructor in mathematics and science at St. Austin's School at West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

'94.—A. C. Curtiss, Instructor in English at St. Austin's School at West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

'95.—H. L. Frost & Co., Foresters and Entomologists at 12 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston, with W. W. Rawson.

'95.—F. C. Tobey, Teacher of Mathematics and Military Tactics, St. Johns School, Sing Sing, N. Y.

'95.—R. S. Jones, Civil Engineer, address 3 Cambridge Terrace, Allston, Mass.

Ex-'95.—R. W. Drury is teaching at Orchard Lake, Mich.

'96.—H. C. Burrington was married to Miss Lulu G. Rice at Greenfield, Mass., June 22, 1898.

'96.—M. E. Sellow is at Black Hall, Conn. employed in ornamental gardening.

'96.—S. W. Fletcher, who is continuing his graduate work at Cornell for the degree of Ph. D., has been appointed to the Exp. Sta. Staff.

'96.—H. C. Burrington is with the Walker, Gordan Co., Chicago, Ill.

'96.—A. M. Kramer with Leonard Metcalf, Concord, Mass.

'96.—L. J. Shepherd. The following paragraph copied from the *Lewiston (Me.) Journal* will prove interesting to Mr. Shepherd's many friends. He was graduated from college in 1896 and with his bride is now visiting friends in town: "The marriage of Mr. Lucius Shepherd and Miss Harriet C. Wilson occurred Tuesday at the home of the bride on Mill street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fred A. Wilson of Andover, Mass., a cousin of the bride. The room was handsomely decorated with white and pink asters, the ceremony being performed under an arch of flowers. The bride was handsomely dressed in white muslin and carried white peas while the bridesmaid was attired in white and pink muslin. The best man was Mr. Harry Buck of Worcester, Mass. The bride and bridegroom are respected young people of this place. Mr. Shepherd being assistant horticulturist at the University experiment station, The bride was the recipient of many elegant presents. The happy couple are enjoying a wedding trip in Massachusetts after which they will reside in this place."

'96.—F. H. Reid, Principal of Commercial Department of High School at Woonsocket, R. I.

TWO YEAR CLASS NINETY-SIX.

E. W. Capen, medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston, Mass. Address, Stoughton, Mass.

J. Alden Davis, E. Longmeadow, Mass. P. O. Box 60.

L. R. Alexander, Traveling Salesman for C. H. Webster, manufacturer and pharmacist, Northfield, Mass.

F. E. Barrett, manager Dairy Dept. N. I. Bowditch Stock Farm, Framingham, Mass.

L. E. Lincoln, 624 Bay St., Taunton, Mass.

R. P. Coleman, dairy farming, at Richmond, Mass.

Ex-Two-Year Class '96.—We regret to announce the death of Private Harvey R. Atkins of Co. 1, 2d Mass. Reg. Vols., on July 26, near Santiago. Cause of death, heart failure, caused indirectly by nostalgia.

'97.—H. J. Armstrong. In the employ of Illinois Central R. R. as Civil Engineer. He is now stationed at Memphis, Tenn.

'97.—L. F. Clark, Teacher of Mathematics and Military Tactics, West Jersey Academy, Bridgton, N. J.

'99.—C. E. Stacy was at college last week, having obtained a twenty-four hour furlough. His regiment is now in camp at Framingham.

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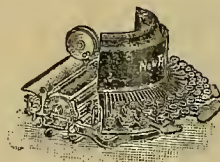
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AGGIE LIFE.

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Editorials.

WE wonder why it is that in small colleges athletes seem to feel that no such system of self-discipline and training is necessary as is required in larger institutions? Men are disappointed because they are not successful upon the athletic field while they forget that victory is not a gift: it must be won. Natural qualifications may go far toward making an athlete, but they are only the foundation upon which he may build his success. These should be strengthened and developed by a hard, systematic course of training. The young man possessing such a foundation should feel it to be his duty both to himself and to his college to make the most of his abilities in this line.

WHEN team-work is in question the element of constant practice is even more essential. No matter how good the players on that team may be individually unless they are working together as a unit they must come far short of doing their best. A good illustration of this may be seen to-day in the National Base-ball

League. New York was playing a good game as long as the men worked together; but since her teamwork broke up she has been rapidly losing ground. No team can afford to skip even a days practice especially during the first of the season before the men have learned to know and have confidence in each other. Especially is this the case in foot ball for in this the united work of the team is absolutely essential no matter how brilliant players the men may be individually. Neither can any team afford to allow any question or feeling to come up which is liable to disturb the good fellowship and harmonious work of the men. Personal advancement should never be placed ahead of the best interests of the college and those to whom is given the responsibility of representing the college upon the athletic field should feel that they are there not for themselves but for the honor of their Alma Mater.

CONSIDERABLE complaint was heard last year from those who purchased papers or periodicals from the Reading Room Association because they did not

receive complete files of those publications for which they had paid. The papers and magazines are placed in the Reading Room for the use of all the students and no one has a right to remove them from the room before the expiration of the time for which they are placed there; after that time they become the property of individuals. Too much care cannot be taken in the preservation of the publications. A badly torn or crumpled magazine has lost much of its value and so they deserve careful use. Covers are provided for all magazines and they will be in much better shape if kept in these and in their proper places. Occasionally we have seen papers from which some particularly interesting article has been clipped. These items could have been obtained just as well after the removal of the papers from the room at the end of the week by speaking with the purchaser of the paper and then no one would have been deprived of the opportunity of reading the article. Even with careful handling papers will occasionally be torn; but it is not right to use the Reading Room as a place for a class rush or a paper hurling contest.

THE ABUSE OF THE FRATERNITY.

The college fraternity is a peculiar and characteristic feature of American student life and one far reaching and potent for good, yet capable of abuse, for in some institutions its main principle is becoming wrongfully interpreted to the obvious harm of the college. I mean in this way, that the spirit of brotherly aid and helpfulness is being carried so far as to prevent a man from occupying a post that is clearly his own by virtue of his special fitness. Thus the fraternities are led into combinations for the furtherance of the ambitions of some particular candidate until the whole system becomes on a par with a corrupt political machine and the result of the machinations of such a body upon government needs no further comment. I believe most heartily in loyalty to one's brethren, but I believe loyalty to one's college should be greater, for, while fraternal benefits are many, what a man owes to the college which has tenderly cared for him and fitted him for the war with the world is a debt few of us realize while yet within its walls.

And college loyalty means loyalty to every department of the college, whose good or ill repute means

much to the latter's weal or woe. If you would have an athletic team let it be the best you can offer, made up of athletes and gentlemen, whose leader is the best among you in all those attributes that men respect; if you would publish a paper see that the editors are of the institution's best men for it is through them that the student body speaks to the world and the world judges men by their words as well as by their actions.

Instances innumerable might be given to show the harm wrought by the so-called class and college politics therefore raise your fraternities to the plane on which their history entitles them to stand—far above such things; and let your loyalty broaden from the space encompassed by the four walls of your society to the uttermost bounds of your college and one good lesson in citizenship will be yours. R. S. LULL.

CAPTAIN WRIGHT'S CUBAN EXPERIENCE.

On Wednesday evening last in the Stone Chapel Captain Wright delivered a lecture on his recent campaign in Cuba. This subject was one of great interest to his audience—coming as it did direct from a personal observer—and the Captain's unassuming way of telling of his dangerous exploits completely won the hearts of his hearers.

The Captain began his lecture by describing the typical outfit of a soldier about to start for the front. He then went on to tell of his stay at Mobile and the trip in the transports to the coast of Cuba. The fleet of transports and warships was divided into three divisions, the whole consisting of 45 vessels. The speed was necessarily slow, as some of the tugs were towing pontoons and barges. When night came on the torpedo boats and gun boats gathered the transports in closer together to ensure better protection from an attack by the enemy.

Captain Wright's description of their landing near Santiago was both interesting and amusing. Great trouble was experienced in making the mules swim ashore. When a mule gets a drop of water in his ears, he gives up—actually sinks to the bottom like a piece of lead. Others that got loose often swam directly out to sea, possibly going back to their native country.

While in camp before Santiago the Captain did some very valuable though hazardous reconnoitering. In one of these trips with his Cuban guides he

advanced along the enemy's lines and even came within a hundred yards of their outposts.

The Captain told in glowing terms of the bravery of the men, and their disregard for their own lives while serving their country. One case in particular rises prominently before all others. An open field separated the two armies. The Spanish were strongly intrenched behind earthworks while the Americans were under cover of the forest. A charge across this field was out of the question owing to a barbed wire fence at about 100 yards distant and parallel to the American lines. Two U. S. soldiers fearlessly crawled out to this wire fence and began cutting it. One of the men was killed by the Spanish bullets but the other kept bravely on and completed his task.

Shortly after the surrender of Santiago Captain Wright was taken sick with yellow fever, but on convalescence received twenty days' furlough and returned to Amherst. The Captain is here at present awaiting orders from the War Department.

NEW TRAINING APARTMENT.

The manager of the football team has proven himself a hero in the eyes of his admiring friends. He has accomplished what managers in the past have been able only to dream of. On the very first day of training, when the men came in from a hard practice and a five-mile run, they found two of the best *mass-agers* in the country all ready to rub out that tired feeling. It has been hinted, with knowing winks among the chosen few, that these two experts were obtained only by a great deal of moral and financial persuasion.

A few days later our manager consulted the oracle, with the result that a fine new rubbing table put in an appearance. This being too large for the bath room was placed in one of the empty compartments in the basement of South College and adjoining the baths. This compartment was open on two sides, and a difficulty arose about drafts, etc. This difficulty our manager overcame by another visit to the oracle. What was the best thing to do? The oracle, with wisdom befitting its responsible position, says to board up one side. Not only has this been done, but we see in the dim and misty future a new hardwood floor, a new door, electric lights, lockers, hooks, benches and steam heat.

Here in this torture chamber the expert rubbers do their work. When a man comes in from the bath they seize upon him and throw him face downward on the table. While one pounds the athlete all over with an Indian club—looking for sore places—the other pinches up the muscles with a pair of blacksmith tongs. After this a bucket of alcohol is dashed over the ambitious aspirer to athletic honors, and the rubbers again go over him—this time with a feather, to a void injuring the skin. While the rubbers are busy the men who are waiting often indulge in a friendly fight for their turn; and some of the stronger succeed in wrenching the brass tags from the necks of the others. The tags denote the order in which the men get rubbed and owing to these fights—which often tax the combined efforts of the rubbers in keeping the twenty-two young athletes quiet—it has been suggested that a brand of a hot iron be used.

Our manager has been as successful in creating this department, that we sincerely hope he will once more rub his Alladin's Lamp and create a brand new athletic field, running track and gymnasium.

MRS. O'LEARY'S COW.

Why write about such a commonplace subject as an old woman's cow? Is it possible that anyone is unacquainted with the history of this destroyer of a city?

The deed was premeditated, there is no getting around that; for did not the cow act queerly the very day she came into Chicago? Did not eye-witnesses behold the thoughtful expression that settled down upon her intellectual countenance as she gazed at the paltry ten-storied buildings? Many persons at the time, thought afterwards—Chicagoans are noted for their afterthoughts—that Mrs. O'Leary's cow must have perceived that Chicago could never rival New York, so long as those insignificant buildings remained to impede the heavenward progress of that illustrious city. Being a patriotic cow she made up her mind to help Chicago. Her way of doing it was queer, her intentions were good, and history proves what great foresight she had.

Day by day the poor cow grew weaker and weaker. As the place abounds in onions—in fact Chicago signifies "onions" in the Pottawatomic tongue—Mrs. O'Leary took advantage of this fact and fed her

beloved cow on them to make her stronger. How foolish! But then she did not know it was worriment of mind that was playing havoc with her cow—her knowledge cannot be compared to yours and mine.

On the evening of the ninth of October, 1871, Mrs. O'Leary started to milk her cow by the light of a small oil lamp, for it was already dark. At last here was the chance! A brilliant idea struck the cow, the cow struck the lamp, the lamp set fire to some straw; from the straw the fire crept to the shed, and soon all Chicago was in flames. More than \$200,000,000 worth of property was consumed and 100,000 people were made homeless.

Now, Chicago is the focus of a vast railway system, and is the greatest food center in the world. As to the buildings! Why their tops are so far away that they assume the form of pyramids!

To return to the subject. The cow perished in the fire. Some may say that she committed suicide, but all those who have read this narrative and believe every word of it will agree with me in saying that Mrs. O'Leary's cow ranks with the great martyrs of all ages!

L. C. CLAFLIN.

A VISIT TO SHANGHAI.

(Continued.)

Thus far we had jettisoned none of the cargo to lighten the ship, fearing that we might be heard on shore. On Sunday, strange to say, for it did not seem possible that they ever could have guessed it was the Sabbath—we were pleased to receive a visit from a number of ladies, and among them appeared two or three men of more stylish cut than any we had yet seen. The ladies seemed very much interested, and went all round the ship admiring everything, especially our large bell. We gave them from our little store, a few pairs of scissors and some small looking-glasses, and they got a few knick-knacks from the sailors. After spending about three hours on board they went ashore. This was the first and last time that we had the pleasure of their company.

We were now ready for sea, and on the following night we hove up short, ready to trip anchor just before daylight on the morrow. The crew then inquired of the captain whither he was bound. He replied at once, to Shanghai. The agreement had been to Foochow, and the crew refused to weigh

anchor. He finally decided to go to Tamsui, where the British consul resided; to this the crew agreed.

Early the next morning we triped anchor, and with a stiff breeze blowing right off land, bore away towards the entrance of the bay. We had gained but little headway when the natives noticed us, and took to their canoes. As they rapidly gained on us we fired a few rifle shots over the poop, which seemed to check their progress a little. As the breeze strengthened we gradually left them behind us, and as soon as we were well outside the harbor they gave up the chase. We arrived at Tamsui that afternoon. After two days of red tape we were ordered by the consul to Amoy. We left Tamsui Thursday evening. That night we had the pleasure of seeing a volcano in eruption, which though a light one could be seen a great way off.

We reached Amoy the following noon. The harbor at this port is a very picturesque one. Around it on every side are large hills made up of huge round rocks. One might imagine that some prehistoric race, in years gone by, had carried thither an immense stock of boulders. The city lay close by the water's edge, and was built in the usual Chinese fashion with narrow streets and closely crowded houses.

The next day after our arrival we unloaded a part of our cargo, and began the task of overhauling our ship and calking her sides. We had been there about a week, when the whole city and harbor was thrown into a commotion by the news that a rebellion had broken out back in the country, and that a horde of rebels were advancing to attack the city. The American, French and English gunboats arranged themselves among the shipping to the best advantage; for it was feared that were the enemy successful, in the flush of victory, they might do damage to some of the ships. The news at once put a stop to all business and repairs. Our captain was visited by one of the government officials and ordered to be ready with a boat's crew at any time, to go ashore and protect the consulates.

The advancing enemy were met by the troops from the city, and some hard fighting followed. A French priest, who entered the lines to rescue some of his converts, reported the ground, in some places, covered three deep with bodies. A Chinese mandarin was captured, and quartered, and sent back to the city as

a guarantee of what would be done if the city was taken. This act enraged as well as terrified the populace, and on the following night every junk in the harbor that could carry a gun was ordered to keep up a continual firing all night long. Such a din as followed you can't imagine. The orders were obeyed to the letter. It was hard to understand the object of all this noise, as the enemy were out of reach, and it seemed a waste of valuable ammunition. As near as I could learn afterwards, the intention was to frighten the rebels, or rather to lead them to believe that guns and ammunition were not lacking in the city. Certainly the racket could not have been greater had there been actual fighting.

The next morning a British brig sailed into the harbor with fifteen hundred Sepoys on board. The rebels, learning of this re-enforcement, then retired, the hubbub gradually died out, and in two or three days the work in the harbor resumed its normal condition. We finished our task of calking and were again ready for use.

During all of our stay in Amoy, the captain had been out of sorts, and surly with the crew. We knew that he was angry with us for having forced him to Amoy. One morning he went ashore and had the whole crew arrested. We learned afterwards that he had procured charges against us from the consul at Tamsui for wishing to jettison cargo; also a protest for driving him to Amoy, and he now thought to punish us. We were all taken ashore and brought before the consulate. The captain picked out the men whom he disliked the most as ringleaders, and they were sentenced to jail; the rest of us escaped with a fine of one month's pay. This fine I never paid as subsequent events will show; nor did I ever see my imprisoned shipmates again. We shipped in their stead, some shipwrecked men, whose vessel had foundered a little while before on the Formosa coast. These men nearly lost their lives among the savages, and it was only after intense suffering that they finally got back to civilization. One of the men told me the story of their adventures and as near as I can remember it was as follows:

The barque on which they sailed was bound from Foochow to Manila. They were passing through the Formosa strait, when they ran aground on the southwestern coast of the Island. The tide was ebbing and

the vessel's bow was soon high and dry on the sands. They were seen at once by a crowd of natives, who flocked to the shore by the hundreds. The first act of the savages was to unshackle the anchor, and carry it high upon the beach. Having done this they returned to the ship and climbed on board in spite of all the crew could do to stop them. They drove the crew aloft to cut away the sails, and as the canvass fell on the decks they fought for the booty like wild beasts. At the same time some stripped the copper from the ship's sides, while others cut away the boats. The latter they carried up on the beach and hacked to pieces, each man taking a piece for a trophy. After destroying everything on board that they could find, they ordered the ship's crew over the side, stripping each man of his clothing before he reached the ground. The naked band were then marched to the village and placed in a hut, where they remained over night, guarded by two natives. In the morning they were brought out and given some rice and a little weak tea. They were then put on the march, they knew not whither.

Then our sufferings began, said the sailor in narrating their journey. We were marched all day in the burning sun with nothing on our backs to protect us from the scorching heat, and brought at sundown into some old hovel to pass a wretched night. Day after day we kept this up, plodding our way over deserts, through woods and swamps, and fording rivers. The skin peeled off our bodies and the sharp stones and brush terribly lacerated our tender feet. We finally reached a more civilized district, where we were given kinder treatment. Some wholesome food for which we were only too thankful, was given us; also some thin blue cloth which we used as a kind of mantle. Our travel was now much easier, and in the course of a few days we reached Tamsui and were liberated. It seems that the European governments had offered a ransom for shipwrecked sailors, and the natives had brought us to Tamsui to get the reward. We did not care what their purpose was so long as we were free, and rid of our captors' company. We mourned the loss of our companions, and would gladly have seen the natives punished, but we were unable to do anything about it. After staying in Tamsui a few days, we were sent to Amoy where we have been ever since.

Our captain, now rid of what he considered the worst of his crew, and having filled the vacancies we

weighed anchor and set sail for Shanghai. The north-east monsoons were now setting in very strongly, and we had hard work beating up the coast. We arrived at our destination at last, after being about six months and a half out from Liverpool.

We unloaded our cargo and made preparations for a long stay in port. We were kept busy doing odd jobs such as painting, mending the rigging, and so forth, and the captain never seemed at a loss to find something for us to do most every day. I obtained permission to go on shore every evening to visit my friend, but the rest of the crew were not allowed to go off ship. Many of them took French leave, however, and went off for a good time every now and then.

My friend used to send off a Chinese sampan every night about six o'clock, and returned about nine. One night when returning from one of my visits, I had an adventure that nearly cost me my life. It was about Christmas or New Years and I had been round among the bazaars with my friend that evening hunting for some curios to send home. It was later than usual when I left him and boarded the sampan for the ship. The city lies at the mouth of the great Yanktsekiang river, and the current sets out to sea at that point with terrific force. We were obliged to row up the river, keeping well within shore and then to row out stream, relying upon the current to carry us to our destination. As we rowed up along the bank, I heard on shore the voice of one of my fellow-seamen, a Scotchman. Scoty we used to call him and I hailed him. I knew that he had gone ashore without permission and thought it best to induce him to return with me. After some persuasion I succeeded in getting him into the boat. When we reached a point far enough up stream, the boatman struck out into the river, and the stronger current bore us swiftly towards the ship. Scoty and I stood up in the bow, my companion ready to grasp the gangway as soon as came within reach. I suppose the boatman was afraid that he was going to lose his extra fare, for suddenly without any warning the boat was jerked from beneath us, and we fell into the dark waters of the river.

When I rose to the surface the on-rushing waters had carried me far away from the ship. Scoty was nowhere in sight; in fact I could not have seen him had he been only ten feet away, and probably he was

really no farther away than that all the time. I was conscious only of being swept onward by the mighty current. Suddenly a dark object loomed up before me, and then a smaller one. I made a grab at the latter and succeed in getting a hold. It proved to be a ship's sampan, moored on the port quarter. I tried to get into the boat, but was not equal to the effort. Almost at the same time somebody on the other side crowded on board. I hailed him at once. "Is that you Scoty?" "Yes," he replied, "where are you?" "Over here on the other side." "Give me a lift will you, I can't get in." With the help of my companion I was soon on board, and again by his side. We pulled the boat up to the vessels side, and climbed on deck. She was an American schooner and was anchored about one-half of a mile below our own ship. We were treated like kings. They gave us dry clothes and bunks for the night, and the next morning after breakfast we were rowed back to our own vessel. Although I have many times escaped death I have always considered that, the closest call of all. Had we not met the strange ship we would probably have been carried out to sea and have perished.

E.

(to be continued.)

FOOT BALL SCORES.

Yale 23, Williams 0.
U. of P. 18, Brown 0.
Harvard 21, Dartmouth 0.
Princeton 58, Franklin & M. 0.
Cornell 23, Carlisle 6.
Amherst 0, M. A. C. 0.
M. I. T. 0, Trinity 0.
Naval Cadets 11, Bucknell 0.
West Point 27, Wesleyan 8.
Bowdoin 59, N. H. college 0.
Bates 36, U. of Maine 0.
Penn. State 5, Lafayette 0.
Swarthmore 6, Rutgers 0.
Holy Cross 6, Gardner A. C. 0.
Worcester Tech. 17, Tufts 5.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Up above the trolley car;
When the car goes off the track,
Then I want my nickel back."—Ex.

FOOTBALL.

WORCESTER TECHNOLOGY 6, M. A. C. O.

Our foot ball team met Worcester Polytechnic Institute at Worcester Saturday, Oct. 1 and we were defeated 6-0.

Aggie played in hard luck. Near the end of the first half when the ball was on Tech's 20 yd. line in their possession they were unable to gain so the signal was given for a punt; but Cooke, Tech., broke through and blocked the kick the ball rolling over the goal line. Cooke, M. A. C., and Beaman tried to drop on it but both failed and one of Tech's men secured it. This counted as a touchback. Again in the second half Aggie was on Worcester's 20 yd. line rushing the ball at will through Tech's tackles when time was called. If the half had been three minutes longer we would surely have scored.

The weather was very hot, it being an ideal day for base ball. The home team seemed to be in poor physical condition for they were unable to stand the warm weather. At the end of most every play a Tech man became exhausted. Owing to this fact the game was long drawn out.

The guards back formation was used by our team and it proved to be very effective. The team executed these plays very well considering that they were only practiced once before this game.

The game was called at 2-30 o'clock and two 20 minute halves were played. Tech. scored in the first half by rushing outside the tackles and around the ends. After this touchdown neither side scored.

The summary :

POLYTECHNIC.

AGGIE.

Wood, l e.,	r e., Ahearn
Simpon l t.,	r t., Beaman
Nutting, Thrail, l g.,	r g., Ball
Perkins, c.,	c., Crowell
Buckman, r g.,	l g., Stanley
Page, Irons, r t.,	l t., Hooker
Birge, r e.,	l e., Rogers, Dorman
Southgate, q b.,	q b., Y. Canto
Freeman, l h b.,	r h b., Cooke
Walsh, r h b.,	l h b., Canto
Brooks, f b.,	f b., Nelson

Summary: Score, Worcester Polytechnic 6, Mass. Agricultural College 0. Touchdown, Brooks. Goal from touchdown, Walsh. Time, 20 minute halves. Umpire, W. B. Connor. Referee, R. D. Warden.

AMHERST, 0; AGGIE, 0.

Saturday Oct. 8, M. A. C. went down to Pratt Field to line up against the Amherst team. Aggie surprised her friends by putting up such a strong game. The Amherst men were considerably heavier but were unable to make many repeated gains on the M. A. C. men. Most of their gains were made on trick plays. Harris opened the game by kicking off to Cooke who ran fifteen yards before he was tackled. Barry was then sent around end for 20 yards. The tackles were worked for 2 and 3 yards at a time until finally Amherst held for four downs, Amherst rushed the ball to within 20 yards of the Aggie goal when they lost it on a fumble. From here Aggie worked the ball down to the centre of the field where they failed to make the required distance. Amherst could not gain and the maroon and white plugged away at the Amherst line. They were on Amherst's 20 yard line, making repeated gains when time was called.

In the 2nd half both teams were determined to score. It was almost a repetition of the first half except that Aggie played a kicking game. Nelson opened the half by kicking to Ballantine who was downed in his tracks. Amherst was unable to gain so she resorted to trick plays. By means of one of these plays Whitney circled Rogers' end for 40 yards Amherst plugged at Aggie's line but to no effect. Nelson was sent back for a kick and Amherst again worked the ball down only to lose it on our 25 yard line. Again Aggie punted the ball but Amherst could get no farther than our 20 yard line when time was called. Our team played a snappier game than Amherst and considering the wet condition of the field it was surprising that our men made so few fumbles. On the other hand Amherst fumbled continually.

The playing of Whitney for Amherst and the team work of Aggie were the features.

The summary is as follows :

AMHERST

M. A. C.

Cook, l e.,	r e., Ahearn
Winslow, l t.,	r t., Hooker
Keith, l g.,	r g., Ball
Butler, c.,	c., Crowell
Gladwin, r g.,	l g., Stanley
Ballantine, r t.,	l t., Beaman
Watson, r e.,	l e., Rogers
Pratt, q b.,	q b., Canto
Hatch, l h b.,	r h b., Cooke
Whitney, l h b.,	l h b., Barry
Kendall, r h b.,	f b., Nelson
Dudley, r h b.,	
Harris, f b.,	

Umpire—Dr. Haskell. Referee—Prof. R. E. Smith. Linesmen—Baker and Ford. Time—15 m. halves.

College Notes.

—Pay your football subscription !
 —Gurney '01 is studying at the Insectary.
 —Graves '01 spent Sunday at his home in Hatfield.
 —Kimball '02 is now rooming at H. M. Thomson's.
 —Capt. W. M. Wright is spending a furlough in town.

—The AGGIE LIFE Board will be photographed by Lovell.

—G. T. Ball '02 has joined the Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity.

—Dr. G. E. Stone recently spent a Sunday in Worcester.

—R. D. Warden has been spending a few days at the college.

—Prof. F. S. Cooley spoke at the fair held in Wilbraham Oct. 7th.

—Rev. Mr. Hartt of Leverett preached in the college Chapel Oct. 2.

—A bronze tablet is to be placed in the chapel in memory of Lieut. Dickinson.

—Eliery Strickland has gone to Santiago to recover the body of Lieut. Dickinson.

—Atkins '00 is the brother of Harvey Atkins who died near Santiago during the recent war.

—The next football game will be played on the campus next Saturday with an eleven from Saxton's River.

—B. K. Jones of the Hatch Experiment Station has been on a short trip collecting fertilizers for analysis.

—W. E. Hinds has been chosen as a delegate to attend the Y. M. C. A. convention held in Lynn Oct. 20th to 23d.

—Captain W. M. Wright delivered an address before the college Oct. 5th upon his experiences in the late war.

—W. Z. Chase '02 is now rooming at the Insectary where he is acting as janitor and also studying Entomology.

—An interesting article, written by Chujiro Kochi, a former student at the Insectary, recently appeared in the *Arena*.

—S. E. Smith, H. Baker and H. E. Peabody have been chosen to serve on the missionary committee of the Y. M. C. A.

—Dacy, Morse, Peabody and Smith of the freshman class have become active members of the college Y. M. C. A.

—G. A. Drew of the Horticultural department has been at the fair at Wilbraham in charge of an exhibit from the college.

—Alfred Goodale, who recently graduated at Amherst College is taking a course in Entomology and Botany at the college.

—An auction of the magazines and periodicals belonging to the Reading Room Association was recently held in the Chapel.

—Lieut. Dickinson will be buried in the national cemetery at Arlington. Immediately after the funeral memorial services will be held in the college chapel.

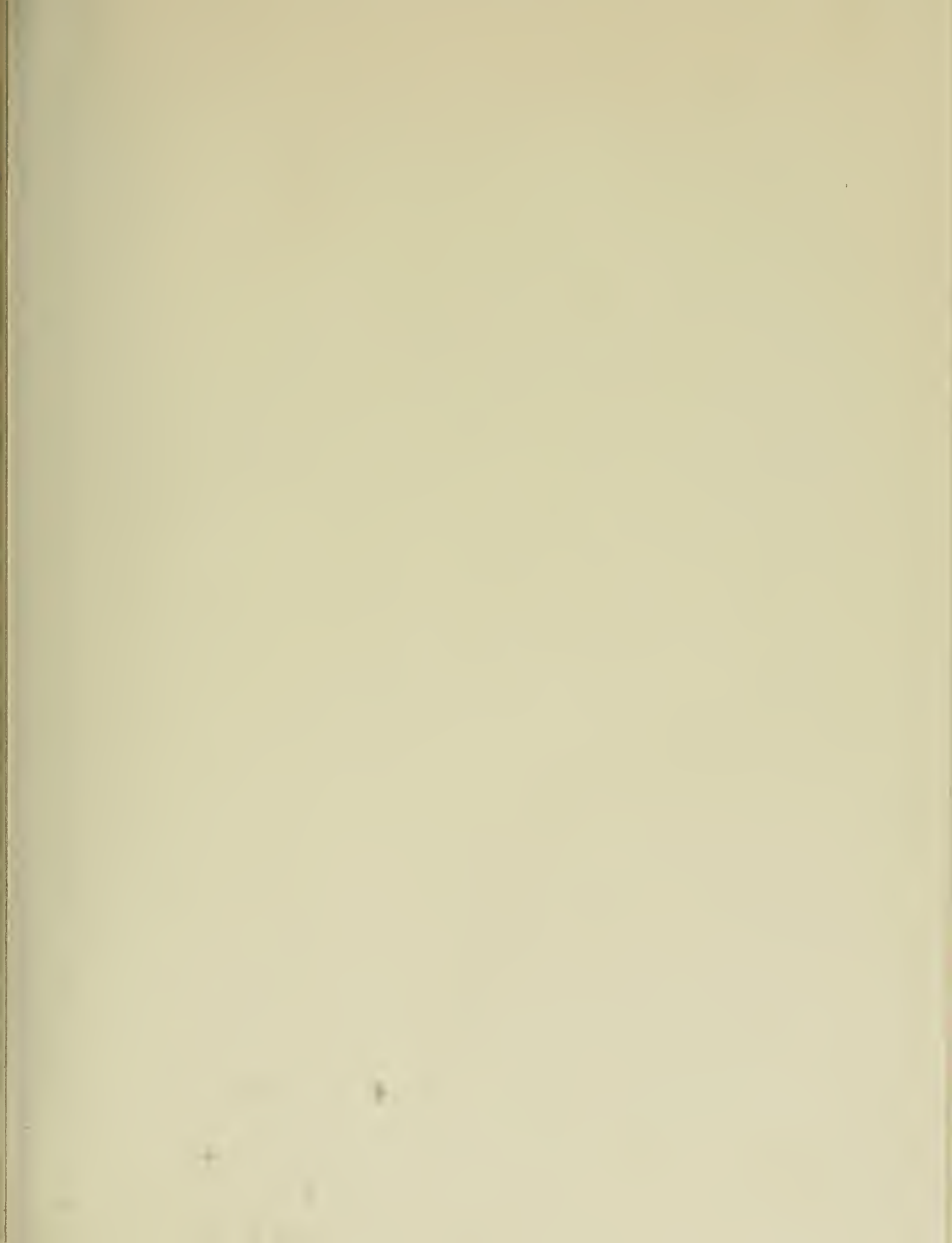
—The back-stop netting of the tennis courts behind South College is in a deplorable condition. Either it should be mended or taken away and replaced with new.

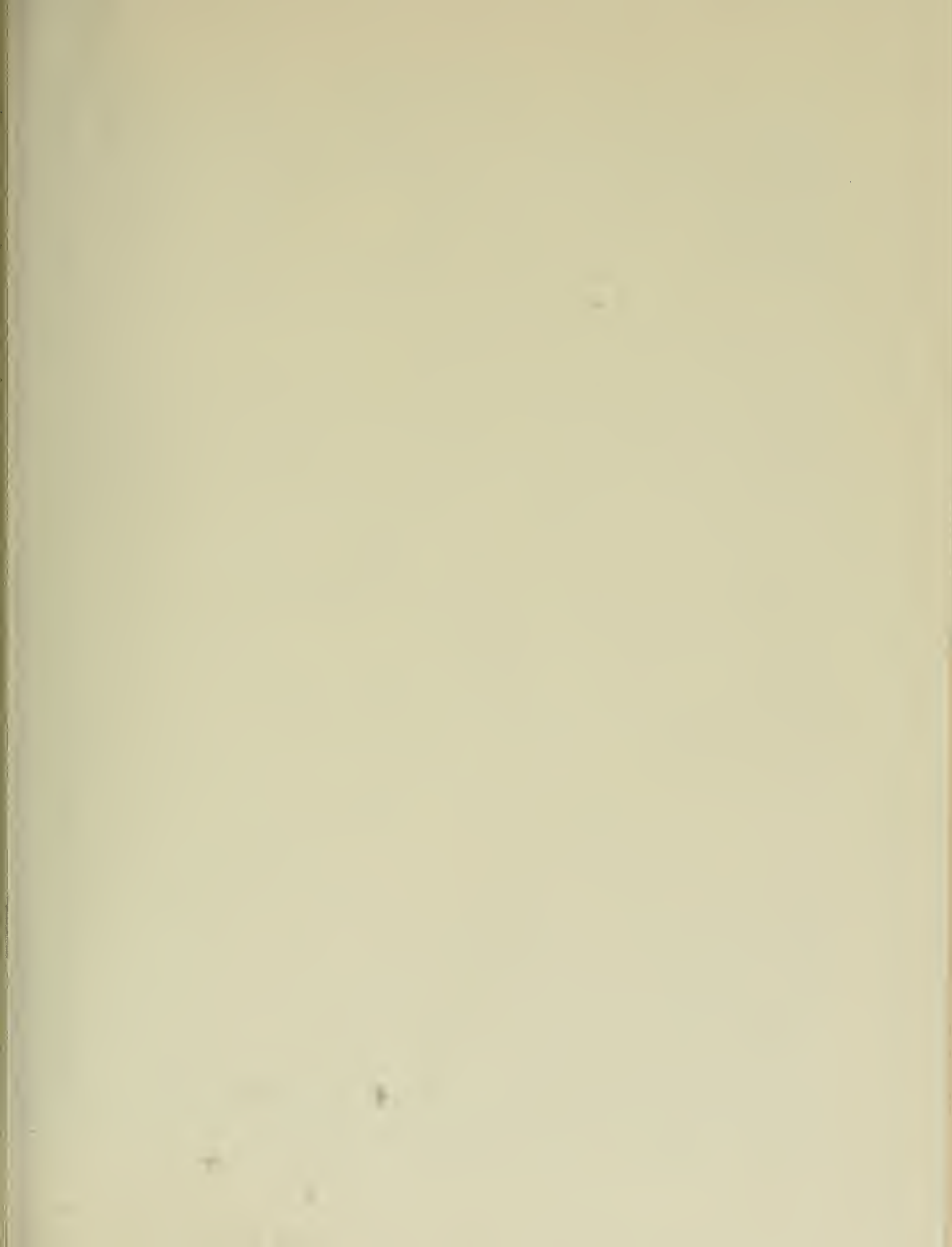
—R. D. Warden, A. Montgomery and G. H. Wright have been recommended to the Adjutant-General as having attained the highest proficiency in military science in the class of '98.

—One of the most unsightly objects about the college grounds is the base ball back-stop, and that too, where everyone who passes through must see it. It is certainly in a terrible condition and the sooner fixed the better.

—The plumbers have already set up most of the stoves in North College. One of the improvements which we all desire to see is that the north dormitory shall be heated by steam. We hope before long to see this change brought about.

—Last spring an article appeared in *LIFE* asking for bicycle racks to be put in the basement of South college. We have not yet seen the racks and the fellows still keep their wheels in their rooms. It is very unhandy to be obliged to keep your wheel in your room, yet who wishes to put it in the basement to be banged around and marred. If the college would only put a few good racks in a safe place they would be greatly appreciated.





—The Natural History society has re-organized with the following officers: Pres't, W. E. Hinds; Vice-Pres't, G. F. Parmenter; Sec't and Treas., W. R. Crowell; Directors, W. E. Chapin, F. H. Turner, A. C. Monahan, G. F. Stanley.

—The trustees of the college will arrive in town sometime the latter part of the week. On Friday evening a reception will be held in the chapel to enable the trustees to meet the students. It is greatly to be desired that as many students shall be present as possible.

—The freshmen are hard at work at rope-pull practice and we suppose the sophomores are too, but if they are not they had better be for they will have to pull hard this year if they wish to atone for the defeat of last. Both classes have some stocky men and we hope to see a good close contest this fall.

—William H. Armstrong '99, is taking some subjects at Amherst college. Students from Amherst have been in the habit of taking courses at our college and we in turn have relied upon Amherst for some subjects. This is evidently a very good practice as it brings the two colleges together more and tends toward a better feeling between them.

—When the pond, which lies in front of the college buildings was constructed, it was intended to beautify the landscape. Now the condition which the pond has been in during the summer and at other times, has been anything but pleasing to the eye. The south end especially, which lies nearest to the road has been in a wretched condition. A thorough cleaning of the lower end of the pond would remedy matters and add a great deal to the surrounding grounds.

—The musical training which the students of the M. A. C. have the advantage of, is as important as many of the other departments of the college. This year there has been a great deal of material brought in with the freshmen and there should be a strong competition for positions on the choir and glee club. A thorough musical training forms an important part of a man's education and here is a chance that is not possible, in every institution. A competent trainer is provided and everything possible is done for the success of the department. The students should practice and work hard so that at the end of the year there will be better results than ever before shown.

—There are lively times in the drill hall almost every evening. The freshmen have a new basket-ball and are out in goodly numbers trying for the class team. The sophomores intend to reorganize their team of last year and there are a number of good players in the upper classes. Why not form a schedule of games for this winter? Basket ball certainly furnishes a good amount of exercise and then, too, it would help us to promote class spirit.

—The room in the basement of South college at the middle entry, has been turned into training quarters for the foot ball team. It has been repainted, a new floor laid, and closets and a rubbing table built. This forms a much needed acquisition, and with two good men as rubbers the fellows certainly ought to be in good condition to play the game. The team is playing good hard foot ball, but it would be even better if we could get a good second eleven out every day to give them practice.

—Monday morning immediately after chapel exercises, Dr. Wellington gave the students a short talk on the social side of college life. He told briefly of enthusiasm and spirit shown along this line in the great German universities and urged the need of these same qualities in our own college. What we need at the college is more of that spirit which binds the men together and makes them loyal to their college as a whole. The singing of our different college songs is one way to show this spirit which means so much to the M. A. C.

Alumni.

MEETING OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

At the last meeting of the M. A. C. Associate Alumni, Section 2 of Article II of the constitution was amended so as to read; "Each member shall pay to the treasurer at the time of his admission an entrance fee of one dollar, and each member shall pay to the treasurer an annual assessment of one dollar which shall be considered due at the time of the annual meeting. Any member three years in arrears for annual dues or assessments shall forfeit his membership in the association provided he shall have received from the secretary or treasurer of the association three bills or notices of his indebtedness. Such per-

son shall be restored to membership upon payment of all arrears or by re-election. This amendment shall take effect at once but shall not apply to dues or assessments previous to June, 1897."

JAS. B. PAICE, Sec'y.

'72.—E. B. Bragg is general manager of the National Chemical Co. of Cleveland, Ohio.

'81.—C. D. Warner '81 is with the Southern History Co., Halderman, Conard & Co. Props., Publishers & Engravers, of St. Louis, Mo.

'91.—H. J. Field. The following account of Mr. Field's marriage is copied from the *Springfield Republican* of Oct. 6, '98.

"Henry J. Field and Myrtle Emerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Leeds Brown of Waltham were married last evening at the bride's home, 331 Crescent street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Frederick B. Greul of the First Baptist church of Waltham. The ushers were Charles H. Wilcox, and P. E. Woodward of this city, and E. W. Barton of Worcester. Six intimate friends of the bride with satin ribbons formed an aisle in the parlor through which the bridal party passed. The ceremony was performed with the bridal pair standing in the bay window, which was decorated with palms, evergreens, ferns and autumn foliage. The wedding march from Lohengrin was played by Mrs. Harry C. Lyman of Watertown. The bridesmaids were Miss Mellie E. Brown, sister of the bride, Miss Lucia M. Field, sister of the groom, Miss Mollie B. Hayden of South Deerfield, Miss Isabel O. Beaman of this town, Miss Marion B. Wricklep of Westfield and Miss Ella M. Saltmarsh of Waltham. The bride was dressed in white mousseline de soie over white satin, with a tulle veil, and carried bride roses. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Field will be at home to their friends in Greenfield after December 1 at 12 Union street. Among the guests present were friends from Lynn, Boston, Cambridge, Leominster, Worcester, Westfield, Greenfield, Leverett, Brattleboro, Chicago and this city."

'91.—W. A. Brown married to Miss Stella Helen Price, June 2, 1897, at Iowa City, Ia.

'92.—Dr. R. P. Lyman, married Wednesday Feb. 16, 1898, at Hartford, Conn. to Miss Annie Downing Evans.

'95.—F. C. Tobey. We wish to correct a mistake made in the last issue of *THE LIFE* in Mr. Tobey's address, which should be, Instructor in English at Mt. Pleasant military academy, Sing Sing-on-the-Hudson, New York.

'96.—A. B. Cook was recently at the College.

'96.—A. S. Kinney is acting as head gardener at Mt. Holyoke college, South Hadley, Mass.

'97.—P. H. Smith, Assistant in foods and feeding department at Hatch Experiment Station.

'97.—H. J. Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong's present address is, Road master's office, Ill. Central R. R., Calhoun St., Station, Memphis, Tenn.

'98.—The following cadets of the class of '98 have been reported by Capt. Wright to the Adjutant-General of the army and the Adjutant-General of Mass. as having shown the greatest proficiency in the Military department for the year of 1897-1898: Cadet Major, R. D. Warden, Cadet Captain, A. Montgomery Jr., Cadet Captain G. H. Wright.

'98.—G. H. Wright has accepted a position as instructor at Dr. Brown's Institution, at Barre, Mass.

'98.—R. D. Warden has been spending the past few days at College.

'99.—C. W. Smith ex-'99 as a member of Co. L. of the 5th Mass, Vol. Inf. is now stationed at Camp Meade, Middletown, Penn.

'92.—J. L. Field. The following copied from the *Northampton Gazette* will prove interesting to Mr. Field's many friends.:

"A pretty wedding took place in Leverett Saturday, when Elizabeth Peck Field, daughter of B. M. Field, was united in marriage to Judson Leon Field of Chicago. The ceremony took place in the First Congregational church, which was artistically decorated for the occasion. The color scheme was white and green, and white asters made a pleasing contrast to the rich, vivid green of the mountain laurel. The bridal procession retained the same simple coloring, the four bridesmaids in white organdies over green carrying maiden-hair ferns, the maid of honor in white India silk with green over-dress, carrying white sweet peas, the bride, charmingly gowned in white silk muslin over taffeta, with tulle veil, carrying bride roses. At 3 o'clock the bridal party entered as the wedding

marçh was sung effectively by Mrs. Charles Slocumb of Greenfield, cousin of the bride. The groom, with his brother, Henry J. Field of Greenfield, as best man, awaited the bride at the altar. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George E. Fisher of North Amherst and Rev. Rollin Lynde Hartt of Leverett. The bridesmaids were Miss Martha Blackstone of Springfield, Miss Lucia Field of Leverett, Miss Elizabeth Ingram of Wakefield and Miss Lucy Pierce of Hartford. Miss Lucy Belle Ingram acted as maid of honor. The ushers were Walter Boynton of Springfield. Edward B. Holland of Amherst, William Ollendorff of West Medway, Daniel Beaman of Leverett. Miss Bertha Wolcott of Greenfield, a pupil of W. C. Hammond, rendered with skilled interpretation selections from Wagner, Chopin and Schumann. Immediately after the ceremony a small reception was given at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Field are to live in Chicago and will be at home to their friends Tuesdays in December. Mr. Field was graduated from the State College at Amherst in 1892 and is now with the firm of Marshall Field & Co. in Chicago. The bride is a graduate of Smith college.

'94.—F. L. Greene '94 is now studying for the degree of Master of Arts in the Teachers' college, Columbia University, having been appointed over a large number of competitors to a graduate scholarship in education. He expects to receive his degree next June. New York address, 321 West 117th St.; permanent address, Southampton, N. Y., Box 266.

'98.—J. P. Nickerson has entered the Medical School of Tufts College.

'99.—Carl W. Smith as a member of Company L of the 5th Mass. Reg. Vols. is stationed at Camp Mead.

'00. and '01.—Walker '00 and Paul '01, members of the 8th Reg. Mass. Vols., are now stationed at Camp Hamilton, Ky.

Exchanges.

Among the exchanges which we receive is one—*The Scientific American*, which, though not a college publication, we always read with great interest. The Exchange Editor believes that anything he could

say would be inadequate to express his opinion of the worth of this paper. No one who has read one of its issues during the Spanish-American War but must admit that the paper has been extremely instructive, especially to those not acquainted with mechanical terms. The brief and simple descriptions devoid of technical words—or if used explaining them—found in this "weekly journal" have been a source of education to every class of people, and we regret that it is not found in the homes of more.

The *Amherst Student* of October 1 contains several fine articles along the line of athletics.

The little story of college life under "The Lounger" in the *Illini* gives a very correct portrayal of the "funny?" student whom we so often meet.

Visitor—"How is your grandson doing at college?"

Grandmother—Well, I am afraid, not very well. He wrote some time ago that he was at the head of his class; and again, soon after, that he was half back.—*Ex.*

Teacher—(to a timid scholar with a weak voice, who had just translated a passage of French)—"What did you say?"

Scholar—"Nothing."—*Ex.*

Whether they rest in dear New England graves,

Or far away beneath a southern sky,

Or coldly toss within the heartless waves,

Without a shroud or sign of sympathy,—

They died, like soldiers who know how to die.

And tho' from many a town a stifled cry

Rises in many a heart at eventide,

To think of dear lives parted utterly,

Still, softening sorrow swells the note of pride,

Knowing, as heroes die, our soldier boys have died.—*Ex.*

Private to com. officer—"What is a commission?"

Com. Officer—"Why, ten per cent. commission on the profits at Prize Drill, of course."—*Ex.*

HIS FIRST.

Some boys were seated in a circle, telling stories. As one ended his narrative another spoke up, "I have a good story to tell. I don't think I ever told it before."

One of the group: "Is it really a good one?"

The first: "Yes, it is."

"Then you never told it before."—*Ex.*

The department "College World" in the *Holy Cross Purple* deserves mention. It is extremely interesting and gives many valuable facts concerning colleges and universities.

To him who is interested in college athletics we would say, "You can not better spend ten cents than by buying The College Athlete." This little book is well gotten up and gives the condition up to date of every team of note in the country. Moreover comparisons of teams are made and many valuable points may be gathered therefrom. Also references and cuts are given of individuals who have become noted in college athletics. The book is full worth the moderate price asked for it.

LIBRARY NOTES.

San Jose Scale. This bulletin gives a full account of the spread of the San Jose scale in the United States during the last two years and of the work which has been done by economic entomologists in the effort to subdue it. By L. O. Howard.

Library number 595—535.

Old High School. This interesting book, edited by Charles Wells Chapin, is a history of the "Old High School" on School street, Springfield, Mass., with biographical sketches of many of its teachers and pupils. It portrays the village school of sixty years ago in a vivid manner, and after reading some of the anecdotes we are inclined to believe that roguery is not wholly confined to the present generation.

Library number 379—6.

Hawaiian Commerce from 1887—1897. A small book which reviews briefly the leading features of the foreign trade enjoyed by the islands, and especially of the trade relations they have established with the United States.

Library number 996—3.

Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days" has furnished the public another valuable book, entitled *Vacation Rambles*. It is composed of letters written for an English journal while their author was visiting in America and Europe. The book is somewhat peculiar, but is written in a very fascinating way, there being much drollery and humor interwoven with

the historical. Some of the descriptions are especially fine. Hughes does not let the smallest object escape his scrutiny as is illustrated by the following, written while he was visiting a Texas ranch: "I was sitting just now in the verandah in front of this ranch cabin, looking lazily, now eastward over the river and the wide Texas plains beyond, fading away in the haze till the horizon looked like the Atlantic in a calm, now westward to the jagged outline of the Sierra Nevada, gleaming in the sunshine sixty miles away, when I became aware of something moving at my feet. Looking down, I saw that worthy small person, the tumble bug of the U. S. A., rolling a ball of dirt he had put together, till it was at least four times as big as himself. In a few seconds he was across the floor, and in amongst the stones which lay thickly over the slope beyond. Here his troubles began. First he pushed his ball backwards over a big stone, on the further side of which it fell, and he with it, headlong,—no, not headlong, stern foremost,—some five inches rolling over one another twice at the bottom. . . . Well, I won't trouble you further with particulars of his journey but he ran his big ball into his hole under a mosquito bush nineteen and one-half yards from the spot on the verandah where I first noticed him in eleven minutes and a few seconds by the watch. In the depressed condition of Mexico, might not this enormous bug-power be utilized somehow for the benefit of the republic."

Library number 910—20.

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AGGIE LIFE.

VOL. IX.

AMHERST, MASS., OCTOBER 26, 1898

NO. 3

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Editorials.

THE reception which was tendered to the Trustees of the college on the evening of October fourteenth proved to be one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season, and we sincerely hope that it will become an annual event which will be looked forward to with eager anticipation by Trustees, Faculty and Students. Some were there who had never enjoyed the pleasures and privileges of a college course but this fact did not mar the district college spirit of the occasion. Nothing could have served better to bring the Trustees into closer touch with the feelings and needs of the student-body, and the closer this touch the better can we work for the welfare of our college.

NOTHING so arouses interest and enthusiasm in sports as the success of the athletic teams and we feel that the success of our eleven this autumn should prove an inspiration to all branches of athletics during the year. Many of the difficulties in the way of arranging games with older colleges have been removed and we

can see no reason why *Aggie* should not make a good showing in competition with these institutions. If nothing unforeseen happens and if the students are truly loyal, it seems that next year we shall have a still stronger eleven upon the gridiron. This would be of great benefit to *Aggie* and so we urge the men not to let up for a single day in their foot ball practice. Do your very best. It is unfortunate that several of the games scheduled have been canceled but we hope that other games may be secured to fill the vacancies and that the team may close this season with the best record shown for years.

EIGHT years ago this autumn a number of energetic, enthusiastic *Aggie* students organized what is known as the Natural History Society. This organization had for its purpose the collection and study of natural objects and the promotion of interest in the natural sciences among its members. Soon, however, the original plan of talks by members concerning their observations was practically changed into a lecture course, the talk for the evening being given usually by

some member of the Faculty. So it is that to-day very little is done along the line originally proposed and the work of the Society has come to consist of providing interesting and instructive lectures for some of the long winter evenings. These lectures have been made public and as no admission has been charged the Society has depended for the small amount necessary to meet its expenses upon a slight admission fee for new members. Unfortunately no members were received last year. Sophomores and Freshmen should be represented in this organization and *now* is the best time for any undergraduate, who is not already a member to hand in his name as a candidate for membership. Names must be proposed at one meeting and voted upon at the next. Those desiring to become members should hand their names to W. R. Crowell who is Secretary and Treasurer of the Society.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE ROPE-PULL.

Early in the afternoon of Friday, Oct. 14th, my attention was drawn to a number of rather dignified looking gentlemen with stove-pipe hats and canes scattered quite at random about the college grounds. An extraordinary bustle, and the swelling of the ranks of the dignitaries by students and professors presaged something unusual. Being bold enough to make inquiries I learned that the Sophomore-Freshman rope-pull contest was scheduled for that afternoon at two o'clock. I decided to see the fun.

At two, things were in readiness. The stovepipes with the aid of their proteges had roped off the spot where the struggle was to be. The teams took their places. Professor Lull, the referee examined the shoes of each man and after the salutary but quite unnecessary caution to the Freshmen not to run off with the rope, gave the command, "One, two, three, drop," and the struggle was on. 1901 got the drop. The teams were not badly matched, though the Sophomores were probably a little heavier. The Freshmen pulled well and made one distinct gain on the enemy, but 1901 held their ground with little difficulty. Although the Freshmen struggled hard to bring the handkerchief to their side of the bar, when Professor Hasbrouck announced that time was up, it still remained in nearly the same position as at the start, 1901 were declared winners of the day, and by their victory the owners of one hundred feet of rope.

A VISIT TO SHANGHAI.

(Concluded.)

We had now been in Shanghai about four months and as winter was breaking up, we made preparations for the homeward voyage. On the morning of April the 22d we left Shanghai harbor for Hong Kong. The crew and the captain had not been getting along very harmoniously ever since leaving Amoy, and no wonder; we had the same provisions served out to us during all our stay in Shanghai that we had had at sea. This dissatisfaction finally broke out into a mutiny, as we shall see later.

Arriving at Hong Kong we took on board half a cargo of sugar candy for Bombay, India. We also engaged to carry a troop of about three hundred Sepoys to the same port. One day about half past six in the afternoon, after working steadily all day getting things ready for the accommodation of our Sepoy passengers, fixing water-barrels, getting on board their supply of food, and so forth, we were ordered to clear anchor chains, leaving a couple of turns preparatory to weighing anchor for sailing, probably on the morrow. We had hardly begun this task when we were stopped to transfer on board several lighters of goods and provisions for the troops. Completing this job, we finished clearing hawser and got the short chain on a single anchor about half-past eight. All this time the crew had had no supper, and were getting hungry and tired. The chief officer then ordered the crew aloft to loosen the gaskets and hoist the top sailyards. This they refused to do before having some food, and a little rest. We were then allowed to go to supper, but before we got half through in came the captain, apparently intoxicated, and swearing like a trooper. He at once ordered us to go aloft and man the top-sail halyards. We refused to comply, saying that we had worked long enough for that day. A wrangle followed and as we refused to give in, the captain and two of the officers went on shore and brought off the police boat. All hands were handcuffed, marched into the boat, and carried ashore, where we were placed in a Chinese prison over night.

In the morning, after a luncheon of bread and weak tea, we were marched to the court house and brought before the British magistrate. The captain then charged us with mutiny, but after a fair trial the judge decided that we were not guilty and discharged

us. On the way down to the boat the police officer told us that he thought our captain powerless to compel us to go with him, and advised us to strike. Accordingly, as soon as all were on board, the whole crew, except the petty officers, struck and refused to go to work. Part of us were then put in irons. The next day the captain notified the police, but they took no notice of it. Finding that he could not get the aid of the authorities, he went to a man-of-war lying in the harbor, and brought off the captain. He spoke to the crew, giving them a few points of the law, and asked them to return to their work. As they refused to do this, he tried bluster, saying if we were his crew he would tie us up and flog us every one. This threat did not scare us any, for he had no jurisdiction over us whatever, and in the first place had no business talking to us in that threatening manner. He finally left us—a discomfitted man I imagine—and went back to his own vessel. We remained firm in our determination not to give in, for we felt if we did we should have to endure tyranny all our way home.

The Sepoys were now brought on board, and the ship gotten under weigh by the petty officers. We had not been long at sea, before the captain wanted our help the worst way, but it was not till after many promises that we returned to work.

After a short, uneventful passage we arrived at Singapore. We went into this port principally to get a fresh supply of provisions for the passengers who, as they never ate meat of any kind, were obliged to stop and get some fresh food. We also took on a load of redwood to make room for which the Sepoys were crowded between decks, and not contented with this, the captain put on load of scantling boards, piling up our decks so that we barely had room to belay a rope on the mainmast. After a nine days' stay in Singapore, we received orders from the naval department to leave port, why I never knew.

Just before leaving this port, occurred an event that had much to do with our final release from the ship. I have not mentioned before in this sketch that in the early part of our voyage, we had formed a circle for reading. It started in this way: I had always been a great reader, and was constantly supplied with books and papers from home. One evening I read a serial story to two of my shipmates, who became very much interested, and gradually, one by one, the whole crew

were drawn in. There was one exception, however, a phlegmatic old Dutchman, who never seemed to take much interest in anything. He would sit for hours, when off duty, smoking his pipe and apparently lost to all that was going on around him. He meddled with nobody and always performed his work satisfactorily as far as I could see, but somehow or other the captain got down on him while we lay in Singapore.

One night the crew were all below, enjoying a new serial story that I had just begun. Everything was quiet on board; the Sepoys were scattered about the deck on the spars and long boat, jabbering away as only East Indian natives can. The Dutchman, as usual, took no part in our reading and discussions and in the early part of the evening went up on the fore-castle deck to smoke. When a ship is lying at anchor in a harbor, it is customary to keep an anchor watch, and it so happened on this particular evening that the Dutchman had first watch. We took no particular notice of his departure, and finishing our story, we turned in about nine o'clock for the night. Going on deck in the morning, we noticed the Dutchman washing his face and hands in a bucket on the edge of the saloon deck. After coffee we were mustered aft to wash the decks. We noticed quite a large quantity of blood around the mizzin mast, and in the scuppers; also a tarpaulin hanging over the mizzin boom. After finishing our task we went below for breakfast and then found the Dutchman in his bunk with his head all bandaged up. After a little questioning he related his pathetic story.

It seems that while quietly smoking on the preceding evening he had fallen asleep. Some time during the evening the chief officer had gone forward and, finding the man asleep as he supposed upon his watch, he had called the captain. The poor fellow was then carried aft and hung up by the hands to the mizzen boom to be left there till morning. A tarpaulin was thrown over his suspended body to hide him from all passers-by. Of course the pain was something fearful, and the poor man was nearly dead when released the next morning. He was quite free from blame as he had never been placed upon this watch, and had fallen asleep in his own time.

This was the climax of all the injustice that we had suffered at this captain's hands. We were fighting indignant at his cruelty, and tried our best to

persuade the Dutchman to go ashore, and to a magistrate, or even a naval court, and have justice done, but our arguments were of no avail. He obstinately refused to go and remained with us to the end of our voyage. He never, however, got over the effects of that night and gradually lost strength and energy.

We left Singapore and beat our way up through the straits of Malacca, bound for Bombay. It did seem as though we were destined to misfortune during the whole of that voyage. If it were possible, I should say the old ship was possessed of a devil; certain it is that the captain had one. We twice ran aground in the Straits. The first time we got the ship off with little trouble, but the second time she stuck like a good one. We tried to get her off by backing sails but, maneuver the yards as we would, she would not budge. We got out our boat and tried to pull her off but she would not go. Our last recourse was to jettison cargo, and this we began to do. We first threw all the lumber overboard, and then tried to pull her off, but she still stuck fast. We then began in the main hold, and had just started on the cargo of sugar candy, when she slid off into deep water. We again got under weigh and leaving the Straits of Malacca, we sailed across Bengal Bay, rounded Cape Cormora, arriving at last in Bombay.

We were destined to lie at this port many days waiting for a cargo. Fresh difficulties broke out between the captain and the crew, but these were finally settled. One day the captain gave us permission to go ashore; he also gave us each five dollars for a present. What purpose he had in mind to prompt such a generous act, I never knew, but I knew the man too well to believe that it came from any charitableness of heart. He also promised us our discharge, if we would get substitutes. This we all did, for we were only too glad to get rid of the ship, but when we brought our men on board and asked for our discharge, the captain backed down and refused to carry out his promises. We insisted that he should keep his agreement, but he would not yield. I rather suspected that he was hoping for just such an opportunity to present itself. He went on shore the very next day, and brought a charge against us for general mutinous conduct and for "broaching" cargo. We were arrested, carried ashore and brought before a Parsee magistrate, who judged us guilty and imposed

a fine upon each of us, varying in amount from ten to one hundred rupees. We stood out against his decision, and two of the crew petitioned Judge Barton, then head magistrate at Bombay, for redress. We also asked for an immediate summons of the captain, which the judge, after listening to our story, readily granted. The Dutchman was brought ashore, and made to relate the pathetic story which I have already told you. The judge was terribly indignant.

"How can I send these men away with you after such conduct!" he exclaimed, "it would be dangerous. A more dastardly act than your treatment of that poor helpless seaman, I have never known!"

The brazen-faced wretch then brought up a charge against us for "broaching" the outward cargo from Liverpool, but the judge refused to consider it, saying that the time for bringing up a charge had gone by. He then told the captain that he ought to thank the crew for their forbearance, for had they brought this charge before him upon their arrival in port, he would have given him three months imprisonment without the option of a fine. The captain then wanted to give us a six months' bill upon the ship's owners in payment of our wages. We again resisted, and appealed to the judge, who ordered the captain to pay every man his wages in full. He tried his meanness to the last, but we got the best of it, and best of all, we got rid of the ship.

The newspapers soon got hold of the matter, and made a great hubbub, in which the judge came in for a good deal of censure. The captain paid a military officer, who had witnessed our being in irons in Hong Kong harbor, to write up a short article for a Bombay paper, saying that we were a rascally and mutinous lot. This article aroused a good many against us, who declared the judge was wrong and that it was a good way to fill the town with disbanded sailors who would very likely become "beach combers" for the rest of their lives. Others took our side and the controversy waxed and waned, at the end of a week, dying out altogether.

In about two weeks' time all but two of the crew had shipped on other vessels. A little later I secured a position on the Y. I. P. Railway, and my companion went on one of the pilot boats, where he remained for many years. Before separating, each man of the old crew subscribed a sum of money for the Bombay

Hospital. This was sent as a thanks gift to Judge Barton, and to the master of the Sailor's Home, where we had put up during all our stay in Bombay. By this act we justified the judge's decision. In a month's time not one of the crew, who could be called a "beach comber," remained in Bombay.

To return to the old ship. The shipping-master at the port has succeeded in getting our old skipper a new crew, but they rebelled the second day on board. The captain got a crew at last and sailed for Burma. I heard a few years afterwards that the ship ran aground on some bar and was lost, but this I cannot affirm.

After two or three year's service in Bombay, I returned to England for another rest. This ended the most memorable visit, if it may be so-called, that I ever made.

EVERETT.

FOOTBALL.

M. A. C., 40; VERMONT ACADEMY O.

Aggie played her first home game of the season Saturday, Oct. 15, with V. A. and won a complete victory.

Our Captain tried to arrange two 30 minutes halves but the V. A. management would only agree to play 25 and 15 minute halves.

It was an ideal day for foot ball and our team took advantage of this as was manifested by their snappy playing.

Captain Fiske won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. He also had the wind in his favor. Nelson kicked off to Alden who advanced the ball five yards before he was downed. At this stage of the game Vermont played her best article of football. They banged away at our tackles or rather outside the tackles and gained 10 yards. Then our boys woke up and held them for four downs. Aggie banged at the right tackle for 2 yards. Gile was sent around the end but failed to gain. He was again tried at left end and before he was tackled he had covered 20 yards. It might be said that the interference was superb during the whole game. On the next play the ball was fumbled and a V. A. man fell on it. Again M. A. C. kept the visitors from gaining the required distance.

Gile was sent around end for 10 yards. On the next play the signal was given for Stanley to run

through left tackle Cooke and Rogers were equal to the occasion and opened a hole as big as a house. As a result of this Stanley landed the ball behind the goal posts for a touch-down.

Locke kicked off, the wind carrying the ball over the goal line. He again kicked off to Cooke who advanced the ball 5 yards. Aggie by a series of rushes on left tackle landed the ball at the centre of the field. Here the visitors held for four downs. Alden was sent through his own tackle. He succeeded in getting through the line and had a clear field with the exception of Nelson; but he shook him off and had it not been for Stanley's great sprint and tackle V. A. would have scored. Some of Vermont's players thought Stanley went by steam. On this play Alden ran 40 yards this being the only time our goal was in danger.

Here Aggie held for four downs and before the half was over had chalked up 28 points.

In the second half Aggie had the wind with them and played a kicking game. Vermont should have resorted to this style of game in the first half. In this second half our team scored two touchdowns and kicked the goals making the final score 40-0.

Aggie played her best game of the season and the snappy playing was especially encouraging to the supporters of the team. Some of the plays were executed before the other team was lined up.

This Vermont team was the champion team of their state last year and will undoubtedly hold their own this season.

The summary:

M. A. C.
Rogers, l. e.,
Cook, l. t.,
Ball, l. g.,
Crowell, c.,
Stanley, r. g.,
Beaman, r. t.,
Ahearn, r. e.,
Canto, q. b.,
Gile (capt) l. h. b.
Barry, r. h. b.
Nelson, f. b.,

VERMONT ACAD.
r. e., Arnold
r. t., Forgette
r. g., Stone
c., Sherburne
l. g., Orton
l. t., Coon
l. e., H. Fiske (capt)
q. b., Lawton
r. h. b. Alden
l. h. b. Hahn
f. b., Locke

Score, Mass. State College 40. Touchdowns, Stanley 4, Ball, Barry. Goals from touchdowns, Nelson 5. Goal from field, Nelson. Umpire, J. Berdan. Referee, R. D. Warden. Linesmen, Fisk and F. H. Turner. Time 25 and 15m halves.

WILLISTON, 6; AGGIE, 0.

Aggie met her old rival, the Williston eleven, at Easthampton last Saturday and although a large delegation went over to yell for Aggie, Williston's luck and over-confidence on the part of our team won the game for the Easthampton boys. The campus was an expanse of mud and water which made fumbling a feature of the game.

The game opened with Captain Gile defending the south goal. Spence kicked off to Canto who advanced the ball eight yards before being downed. Ball was sent through centre for five yards, and centre plays were continued for gains of six and eight yards until Aggie lost the ball on a fumble on Williston's 25 yard line.

Casey was sent around right end for a gain on a fake play. In the following plays Aggie held in her old form and Williston attempted an end punt which failed, Aggie securing the ball.

Aggie again carried the ball down the field only to lose it on another fumble. Williston again succeeds in a trick play around right end but was held for three downs, so Spence was obliged to punt.

Aggie tried right end for no gains and the ball was given to Williston for offside play. Williston tried the ends for short gains but finally lost the ball. Aggie punted for a gain of twenty yards. Williston went around left end for fifteen yards. Here Aggie held for downs and the first half was ended with no score.

In the second half Nelson kicked off to Spence who was downed in his tracks. Williston again tried trick end plays for gains but they found few holes in Aggie's line: Punting was now resorted to by Williston and with the wind in her favor this resulted in her placing the ball on our three yard line. Here Aggie held well but could not prevent the ball from being pushed over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked making the score 6-0.

Aggie again kicked off with but four minutes remaining to play. During this time Aggie was rapidly pushing the ball down the field but the time was called with the ball on Williston's ten yard line. Score 6-0.

The summary:

WILLISTON.

Nutting (capt), l. e.,
Nelson, l. t.,
Kirkland, l. g.,
Weiss, c.,
Foster, r. g.,
O'Neil, r. t.,
Mosher, Clancy, r. e.,
Spence, q. b.,
Maddox, Hart, l. h. b.,
Casey, Maddox, r. h. b.,
Sherman, f. b.,

M. A. C.

r. e., Ahearn, Hooker
r. t., Beaman
r. g., Ball
c., Crowell
l. g., Stanley
l. t., Hooker, Cook
l. e., Rogers
q. b., Canto
r. h. b., Gile
l. h. b., Barry, Pearson
f. b., Nelson

Score—Williston 6, Aggie 0. Touchdown—Maddox. Referee—Keith of Amherst College. Umpire—Mayher of Easthampton. Linesmen—Professors Leach and F. H. Turner. Timekeeper—Prof. Babson. Time—20-minute halves.

College Notes.

—Walker '00 has left college.

—Brown '00 has returned to College.

—J. M. Ovalle has been in town for a few days.

—Belden '02 recently received a visit from his brother.

—F. H. Turner recently spent Sunday in Easthampton.

—L. C. Claflin '02 recently received a visit from his father.

—L. C. Claflin '02 has joined the Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity.

—Rev. R. C. Bell of Granby occupied the College pulpit last Sunday.

—Professor and Mrs. Lull are entertaining friends from New York city.

—T. F. Cooke has injured his leg and will not play foot ball for some time.

—R. E. Kimball '02 has entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—The College Banjo club has re-organized and has commenced rehearsing.

—Dr. Charles S. Walker attended the Conference recently held in South Hadley.

—C. M. Walker '99 is studying music with Prof. William C. Hammond of Holyoke.

—M. H. Pingree and B. H. Smith of the senior class spent Sunday in Northampton.

—A. D. Gile '00 has returned to College, having been mustered out from his regiment.

—C. E. Dwyer is recovering from the injuries which he sustained of a fall from a window.

—Professor and Mrs. S. T. Maynard entertained a party of friends from Smith College last Sunday.

—Prof. S. T. Maynard was one of the committee to judge fruit at the fair recently held in Belchertown.

—J. C. Chapman, formerly a member of the class of '99, will re-enter College in the Sophomore class.

—F. E. Hemenway, formerly of the class of '01 has entered the Sophomore class of Boston University.

—F. A. Merrill, having accomplished sufficiently advanced work, will be graduated with the class of '99.

—F. A. Merrill '00 is tutoring Mr. Nolton of New York city who intends to enter the College next year.

—Mr. Hooper who was to address the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday night was prevented from coming by sickness.

—Dr. Charles S. Walker will soon publish an article in the *New England* magazine, upon the "Smith Charities."

—Where are the Freshman class sweaters? Where are the Freshman class pictures? Something is the matter.

—A reception is to be given in the Stone chapel to the State Board of Agriculture during their time of session in Amherst,

—Dr. A. C. True, director of the Central Experimental Station, at Washington, recently visited the different departments of the College.

—An exhibit from all the departments of the College is to be made in the town hall, at the time of the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture.

—The Sophomore class enjoyed its mountain day Tuesday, Oct. 4. Dr. Stone took the class, in a barge to Mount Toby where the day was pleasantly spent in climbing the mountain and gathering botany specimens.

—A. D. Gile '00 has taken charge of the foot ball eleven. The fellows have been working hard and Captain Gile makes few changes in the team.

—The State Board of Agriculture will hold its annual meeting in Amherst, sometime in December. During the session President Goodell will address the board.

—The back-stop disappeared from the campus one morning a short time ago. It would be a great improvement if some other things should be put to the same treatment.

—We all can see by this season's work in foot ball what an absolute necessity a good coach is. The advantage obtained by having a coach who is a competent trainer is invaluable.

—A meeting of the trustees of the College was held in the South Dormitory on Saturday, Oct. 15th. Among the trustees present, was Mr. James S. Grinnell, the oldest member of the Board.

—W. E. Hinds '99 recently spent a few days in Lynn. He went there as the delegate from the College Y. M. C. A. to the convention held in that place and brings back a very interesting report.

—The rope pull is over. The next event in order is the Sophomore-Freshman foot ball game. Both classes have some strong men in the foot ball line and we hope to see a game which will be exciting.

—It has always been a noticeable fact that the M. A. C. has no real song that it can claim as its own. We are glad to say, that a song is being composed, the words and music of which will soon be presented to the College.

—The next foot ball game will be played on the College campus, with Worcester Tech., Saturday, Nov. 12. Every student should come out and give the eleven a strong support when games are played on the home grounds.

—The College choir as selected by Mrs. Sander-son is as follows: 1st tenor, Thaddeus Graves '01, C. I. Lewis '02; 2nd tenor, S. E. Smith '99, D. N. West '02; 1st bass, C. A. Crowell '00, W. C. Dickerman '01; 2nd bass H. E. Maynard '99, A. R. Dorman '01. The choir is practicing well and has shown great improvement.

—It may be said, for the benefit of some students, that the library at Amherst College is open to the students of the M. A. C. An application blank, procured from President Goodell should be presented to the librarian before drawing books.

—The work on the new Dairy building is well under way and it is expected that it will be completed in a short time. The laboratory is situated near the barn of the Hatch Experiment Station and will be used by Dr. Lindsey for the work of the Dairy department.

—To all those who attended the reception recently held in the chapel, the enthusiasm and good cheer aroused by the singing of the different College songs, was very apparent. The students should try in every way possible to cultivate the singing of these songs and to become more familiar with them.

—The College Y. M. C. A. held a very interesting series of meetings last week, with a large attendance. On Monday evening Mr. Hooper spoke to the students and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings the students were addressed by Mr. S. M. Sayford, the well-known evangelist and Christian worker. He spoke with great force and was listened to with much interest.

—The 1901 INDEX Board has been elected by the class. It consists of C. E. Gordon, E. S. Gamwell, C. L. Rice, A. R. Dorman, A. C. Wilson, E. L. Macomber, P. C. Brooks, and T. Casey. At a meeting of the board the following officers were elected: Editor-in-chief, A. C. Wilson; business manager, P. C. Brooks; assistant business manager, T. Casey; artist, E. S. Gamwell.

—Oct. 14 the trustees visited the College and in the evening were tendered a reception by the Faculty and students. The chapel was very tastily decorated with palms, potted plants, rugs and couches. It was a very informal and pleasant affair, all the students being given the opportunity of meeting the trustees. During the evening College and other familiar songs were sung by all present and music was furnished by Messrs. Stanley and Curtis on the banjo, Kellogg on the mandolin, and Kinney who rendered several fine selections on the piano. During the evening refreshments were served.

—One of the most needed improvements at the College is a few electric lights scattered about the grounds, especially at the entrance and along the walk at the edge of the pond. On the occasion of any reception or meeting it is almost impossible for the guests to find their way from the entrance of the grounds to the chapel. We hope that this matter will receive some attention from the proper authorities.

—There has been much said at the College about Junior electives. The students and most of the faculty are decidedly in favor of the elective system. The trouble has been in the arrangement of the electives. Unless very carefully arranged, there would be more courses than the number of professors and rooms could accommodate. It seems as if the trouble might be remedied by having a system of elective courses for the junior year. Two or three courses might be arranged without conflicting with other work. Whether it is advisable or practicable to make the junior year at the M. A. C. elective, is a question which requires careful consideration and thought.

—The reception, which was held the other evening in honor of the trustees, was a success in every way. It is by such occasions as these, that the students and faculty come more in touch with each other and show that there is something more to a College than mere routine and study. It is suggested that these receptions be continued throughout the College year, having one or possibly more a term. The students would take charge of these receptions and provide all in the way of entertainment and decoration of the chapel. Invitations could be extended to many friends of both faculty and students. It is sincerely hoped that some action will be taken on this matter and all the friends of the College co-operating together may make the plan a success.

—Several years ago, every Saturday afternoon, there was held in the drill hall an athletic meet. These consisted of heavy and light gymnastics and other athletic events. They were held between the classes and excited much interest, nearly all the fellows in College attending. It was the winning of these meets, together with the spring field meet, that gave a class the right to place its numerals on the banner which now hangs in the chapel reading-room. Why cannot these meets be revived? There are

many men in College who need only a little training to put them in excellent shape for a track team next spring, and that training is just what they would receive in these indoor meets. Why not get together, some of you athletes, and start the ball rolling?

Alumni.

The editor of the Alumni column of the LIFE wishes to again impress upon the minds of *all* graduates of the college the importance of each individual's sending anything of interest to President Goodell or to some member of the Board. Send early and have it published before the rush.

'85.—P. C. P. Brooks Ex-'85 is to be married to Miss Martha Brooks Lawton, at Boston, Oct. 25, 1898. Address 46 Market St., Cambridge, Mass.

'87.—F. D. Tucker Ex-'87, graduate of Yale '92, clergyman at Morris, Ill. Mr. Tucker has made an application to finish the course at college for the degree of B. S.

'90.—F. J. Smith, chemist to the Gypsy Moth Commission, is at his headquarters in Amherst for the winter. Mr. Smith has recently been elected a member of the American chemical society.

'91.—J. B. Hull. The marriage of J. B. Hull to Miss Ethel Culver is announced to take place at Great Barrington, Mass., Oct. 29, 1898.

'91.—H. N. Legate. Invitations are out for the wedding of Howard N. Legate and Miss Annie S., daughter of George F. Dakin of Roxbury, on the evening of Monday, Oct. 31, 1898.

'94.—A. J. Morse recently paid a visit to his brother at college.

'95.—E. O. Bagg Ex-'95. The marriage of Edward O. Bagg to Miss Bessie May Hubbard is announced to take place at 7 o'clock this evening, Oct. 26, at Riverdale St., West Springfield.

'95.—R. A. Cooley, assistant entomologist at the Hatch Experiment Station, went to Washington, D. C. last week, where he will spend a month in studying the entomological collection of the U. S. Government and the methods employed by the entomological department. Mr. Cooley has been making a special

study of the rapidly increasingly important scale insects and is now at work upon a complete monograph of the Genus *Chionaspis*.

'96.—H. H. Roper. Address for the present at East Hubbardston, Mass.

'96.—M. E. Sellew was at college for a short time last week.

'96.—J. L. Marshall is in the employ of the Bradley, Osgood Car Co., Worcester, Mass.

'96.—H. W. Moore. Address 25 Amherst St., Worcester, Mass.

'97.—C. A. Peters. Graduate student at the Kent Laboratory of Yale College. Address 74 Lake Place, New Haven, Conn.

'98.—Mr. A. G. Adjemian, who contemplated taking a graduate course at the College, has decided to study under Dr. C. A. Goessmann at the chemical department of the Hatch Experiment station.

'98.—T. H. Charnbury ex-'98 has returned to Baltimore, Md where he is taking a course in a dental college.

'98.—W. S. Fisher recently visited friends at college.

'98.—C. G. Clark was at college last week.

'99.—C. C. Dickinson is now at his home in Amherst, having completed a course in Telegraphy at the Polytechnic Institute, at Lebanon, Pa.

'99.—J. C. Chapman. We are glad to learn that Chapman ex-'99 anticipates re-entering college.

'00.—H. E. Walker. President Goodell has made application to the war department for the discharge of Mr. Walker. In a recent letter Mr. Walker writes that he has been acting as nurse in the division hospital, and thinks that he contracted the malaria from some of the patients. The Lexington (the place at which the 8th Regiment is now stationed) papers of Oct. 8 have it that the 8th will soon remove to Americus, Ga.

'01.—H. A. Paul is clerk at Brigade Headquarters of the 8th Regiment Mass. Vols. in camp at Lexington, Ky.

LIBRARY NOTES.

A unique and comprehensive work of three volumes is *The Book of Choice Ferns* by George Schneider. The author states that he intended this publication to be the most complete of all works written on the subject to which it is specially devoted, and he is to be congratulated upon his success. *The Book of Choice Ferns* will be of especial value for reference, particularly to those who have not an every day acquaintance with scientific terms. The correct names are given simultaneously and alphabetically, so that the student or cultivator may ascertain without trouble whether the names he uses are right or wrong according to scientific classification. The many magnificent plates, even though one is not particularly interested in this line are of great interest.

The Atmosphere, by Francis Albert Russell. This treatise, published by the Smithsonian Institution, deals with the relation of the atmosphere to human life and health. Part I. takes up the constitution and conditions of the air. Oxygen, Nitrogen, carbon dioxide are discussed as well as ammonia, chlorides, sulphates, nitric acid, solid impurities, etc. Part II. is devoted to climate and health. Under this head come the malarious and infectious diseases; their connection with and destruction by the atmosphere and the influence of climate on national health. The author shows that the spreading of disease in the animal world and among mankind depends to a very great extent upon aerial influences. The action of bacteria and of the air in connection with decomposition and plant growth is fully treated. Part III deals with various atmospheric phenomena; while part IV treats of subjects open for research.

The Animal Kingdom by Baron Cuvier, an old book, has been recently added to our library. The author having divested himself of all prejudices arising from a blind reverence for authority and a habit of imitation, brought the energy and reserve power of a penetrating mind to the investigation of his subject—expressing himself in a concise and simple style.

Heating and Ventilating Buildings is a large volume devoted to the various practical methods used in such work.

Exchanges.

Epigrams of the War taken from one of our exchanges:

"Don't swear, boys; shoot!"—Colonel Wood to the Rough Riders.

"Suspend judgment."—Captain Sigsbee's first message to Washington.

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."—Captain Phillip of the Texas.

"Remember the Maine."—Commodore Schley's signal to the flying squadron.

"You can fire when you are ready, Gridley."—Commodore Dewey at Manila.

"War is not a picnic."—Sergeant Hamilton Fish of the Rough Riders, to his mother.

"Don't mind me, boys; go on fighting."—Captain Allyn K. Capron of the Rough Riders.

"The Maine is avenged."—Lieut. Wainwright, after the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Commodore Dewey to Prince Henry of Germany.

"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."—Lieut. Hobson to Admiral Sampson.

"Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"—Captain Buckley O'Neill of the Rough Riders.

"Take that for the Maine."—Captain Sigsbee, as he fired a shot through the Spanish torpedo boat Terror.

"I've got them now, and they will never get home."—Commodore Schley, on guard at Santiago.

"The battle of Manila killed me: but I would do it again."—Captain Gridley of the Olympia on his death-bed.

"Excuse me, sir; I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."—Bill Anthony of the Maine.

"I want to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God the Father Almighty."—Captain Phillip of the Texas.

"Shafter is fighting, not writing."—Adjutant General Corbin to Secretary Alger, when the latter asked for news from the front.

The first three articles in the New Hampshire *College Monthly* are interesting and much along that line of thought which college publications should strive to follow.

The stories in *The University Cynic* again come to our notice as being among the best in our exchanges.

You can make a period out of a colon by cutting it in two. That's about the sort of period that the Christobal Colon was rounded up to.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Youngwife—"I shall always endeavor to keep a watch on my husband."

Mother-in-law—"Well you will have trouble if there's a pawn-shop near."—*Ex.*

What is the difference between an apple and a girl?

You have to squeeze an apple to get cider, and you have to get cider (side her) to squeeze a girl.—*Ex.*

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

A Dresden paper, the *Weidmann*, which thinks that there are kangaroos (beutelratte) in South Africa, says the Hottentots (Hottentoten) put them in cages (kotter) provided with covers (lattengitter) to protect them from the rain. The cages are therefore called attengitterwetterkotter and the imprisoned kangaroo attengitter wetterkotterbeutelratte. One day an assassin (attentater) was arrested who had killed a Hottentot woman (Hottentotenmutter), the mother of two stupid and stuttering children in Strottertrottel. This woman, in the German language is entitled Hottentotenstrottertrottelmutter, and her assassin takes the name Hottentetenstrottermutterattentater. The murderer was confined in a kangaroo's cage (beutelrattenlattengitterwetterkotter), whence a few days later he escaped, but fortunately he was recaptured by a Hottentot, who presented himself at the mayor's office with beaming face.

"I have captured the beutelratte," said he.

"Which one?" said the mayor. "We have several."

"The attentaterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte."

"Which attentater are you talking about?"

"About the Hottentotenstrottertrottelmutterattentater."

"Then why don't you say at once the Hottentotenstrottelmutterattentaterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte?"

AS USUAL.

He—"I've had an idea in my head for weeks."

She—"It must have been lonely."—*Ex.*

SONNET.

I have a sweetheart that I love full well,
Each day I woo her and I strive by night
To win her heart, but soon the morning light
Drives her away and where no one can tell.
She has for me a strange mysterious spell,
Her wondrous love I never can requite.
I could not live without her, yet in spite
Of this, I often try her power to quell.
I know not when she comes or where she goes,
This gentle maiden I have never seen,
I only know that when she comes between
The world and me, mine eyes enchanted close.
But now her charms once more upon me creep,
And I must go to meet my lady, sleep.

—*Frances Roland.*—*Ex.*

A CASE OF TWO IN ONE.

To ride a bicycle built for two,
Perhaps is lots of fun ;
But many a pair
Have found pleasure
In a rocking chair
Built for one.—*Ex.*

The Prof. gave one long, heart-felt sigh
And sadly shook his head,
As o'er the problem on the board
The young man's name he read.
"You never should have been called Blank,
But rather Hill instead ;
Your nature doesn't suit your name,
For you're a 'bluff,' " he said.—*Ex.*

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HISTORIC TREES.

There are so many trees connected with the lives of great men, which we read about in history, that it would take a long time to describe them all. I will only tell you about those which are best known and most famous. The Charter Oak stood on Wyllys Hill in Hartford. The trunk was twenty-five feet in circumference near the roots, and about two feet from the ground was a large cavity, which would admit a child. It was here that the original charter of Connecticut was concealed. The tree was blown down by a gale in 1856, and the street upon which it stood, was named after it. A marble slab marks the place where it formerly grew.

Another tree which is noted in history is the Washington Elm in Cambridge, under which Washington took command of the patriot army. One hundred years after, under the same tree, the poet Lowell read his poem on Washington.

The Penn Treaty Tree stood near Philadelphia, and under it William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, which was never broken. This tree was a wide-spreading elm. Its circumference was twenty-four feet and its consecutive rings proved it to be nearly three hundred years old. It was blown down one stormy night and the Pennsylvania society erected a monument on the spot.

On the border of a marsh opposite West Point, stood a willow tree, which was called Arnold's Willow, for it stood by the side of the pathway, by which the traitor fled when his treachery was revealed, late in the September of 1780.

Some other historic trees are Peter Stuyvesant's Pear Tree, which was over two hundred years old, Pope's Weeping Willow, which was sent to him in the form of a twig, Fox's Oak at Flushing, Long Island, which was named from George Fox the founder of the Quakers who held a great meeting under it.

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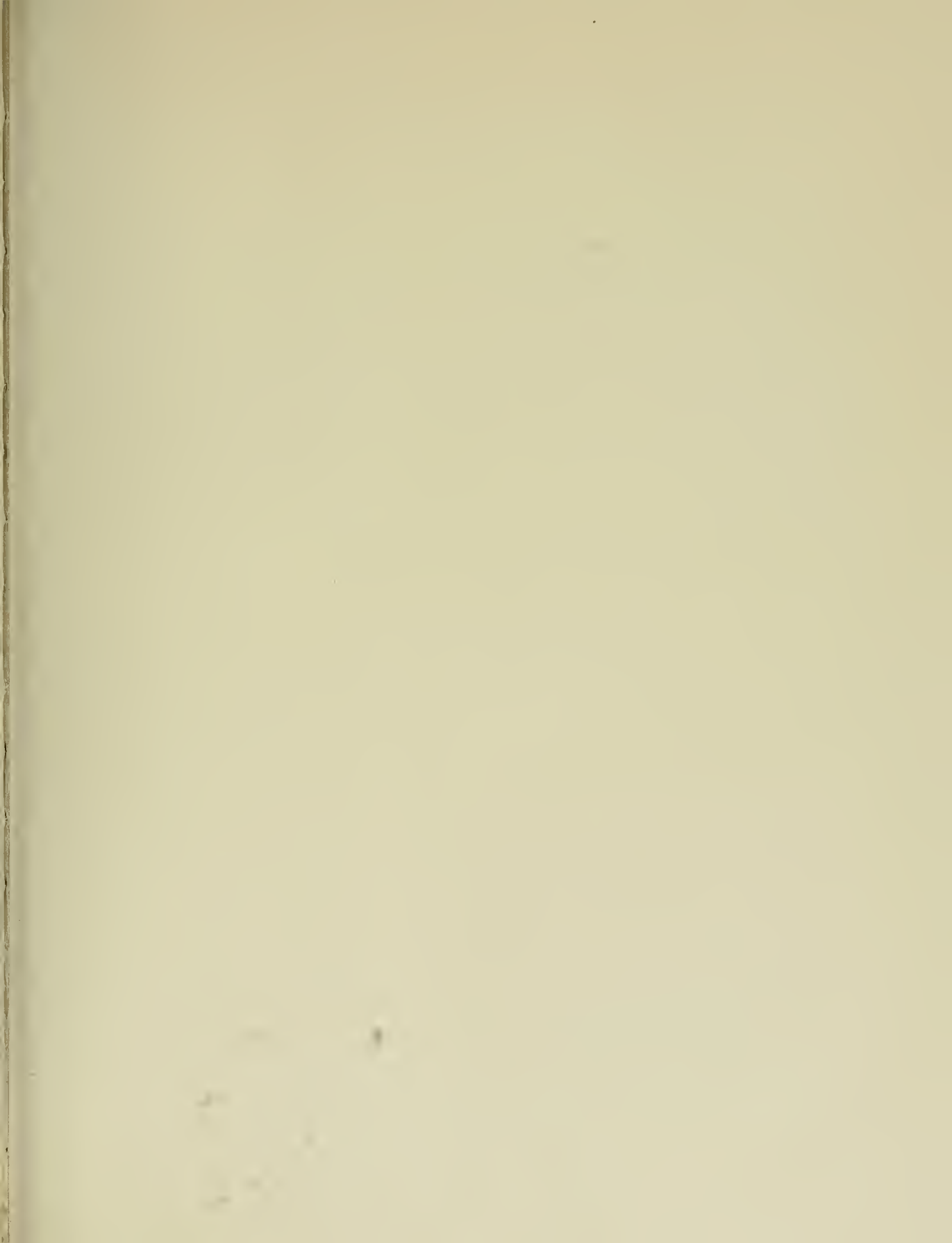
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AGGIE LIFE.

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Editorials.

TO-DAY we unite in mourning the death of Captain Walter Mason Dickinson. Those of us whose privilege it was to know him need no memorial to recall to our minds the many admirable qualities which won for him our respect and esteem. He was to us a friend as well as an instructor and we remember how many times some word of his has moved us to more noble, manly actions. His life was to us at all times an example of manhood whether in the class-room or on the drill-ground. As we think again of what he was and how he died we feel that we may well learn from his life, lessons in true manhood and fidelity to duty.

THE students in the course in astronomy are looking forward to a great display of fireworks which is expected to take place next week, Nov. 13-15. A vast swarm of meteors will then be crossing the earth's orbit. Notwithstanding the tremendous velocity with which they are traveling in our direction it will take several

days to pass them, and still these are but a portion of the main swarm. These meteors seem to come from the direction of the constellation Leo which does not now appear above the horizon until about 11 P. M. This swarm, which has been known since 129 A. D., has a periodicity of a little more than thirty-three years and as it last appeared in 1896 we may expect a magnificent display next year. On the 27th inst. the celebrated Andromeda meteors having a period of thirteen years are due; but as there will be a full moon at this date the latter display will probably not be as brilliant as the former.

SEVERAL years ago the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association published as the official organ of the association a little monthly called the *Intercollegian*. This had quite a wide circulation among college men and professors but for sufficient reasons it was thought best to discontinue its publication. Recently there has been such a call for it that the International committee have decided to resume its publication and in order to give it as

wide a circulation as possible it has been combined with the *Student Volunteer*. The first number contains much interesting reading matter by well-known writers. We feel that this little magazine will be worthy of the support of all who may in any way be interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. The first article is by the President of Cornell University and it contains so much that may be helpful even to those who have passed their college days that we venture to present it to our readers in this issue.

WE would again remind the students, and especially the Freshmen, that to be considered as candidates for the editorial board of the *LIFE* they must hand in at least one article this term. We feel the necessity of mentioning this again because thus far very little interest has been shown in this matter. There are several reasons why every man in college should take an interest in writing for his college paper. The *LIFE* can be much improved by lively competition for the board. No contribution, whether it appears in print or not, can be counted as without value. Every effort in this line brings to the writer its reward, for the ability to express one's thoughts clearly, concisely and grammatically is to be coveted and few can do this without considerable practice. Usually the first excuse which a fellow makes when asked to write is that he can't write because he never has written any. He is just the man who should begin to write now. He would be quite likely to find that what he at first considered as an impossibility is not so difficult after all. Probably the greatest difficulty lies in making up his mind to try. We trust that there will be a marked improvement in this line before the end of the term.

—The display of chrysanthemums at the Plant House is very fine. A great many varieties are shown, some of them of immense size.

—The annual Yale-Harvard foot ball game is to be played in New Haven, Saturday Nov. 19th. Arrangements for seating 18,000 to 30,000 people have been made.

—The weather for the past month has been some thing remarkable for the time of year. Raspberries have been picked and fruit trees have been in bloom in some localities in the neighborhood.

A YOUNG MAN'S FIRST YEAR IN COLLEGE.

By J. G. SCHURMAN, President of Cornell University.

From the Intercollegian for October.

I have been asked to address through the columns of *THE INTERCOLLEGIAN*, a message to the young men who are just entering the colleges of North America. My first thought is to congratulate you on your opportunity. Not every young man can enter college. The one who does is highly favored. He belongs to the picked men of the community. And the community have a right to expect that he will fill worthily the large place to which he has been called.

The college (and in this article I use the word "college" to embrace the "university" also) exists primarily for the sake of intellectual culture. It is the organ of the higher knowledge as the school is of the lower knowledge, or as the court is of justice, or the pulpit is of religion. High culture may indeed exist without colleges or universities, as we see in the case of the Athenians of the Age of Pericles. But what individuals may accomplish in the earlier and simpler conditions of society is not possible for them in the highly complex organization under which we live and move. The individual is supplemented by the institution, by the corporation. The university and the college are corporations of scholars. They arose in the Middle Ages, which witnessed the origin of so many institutions of all kinds. They were originally quite analogous to our modern trades unions—the guild of scholars ranking in mediæval thought with the guild of carpenters, or the guild of traders. Each had its own special function, as indicated by the name the university first, and afterward the college, found itself charged with the things of the intellect. And to this historic mission these institutions have remained true.

The training of the intellect, the acquisition and communication of knowledge, the cultivation of the powers of observation, imagination, and reasoning, is the work for the sake of which the college exists. That is its primary business. Yet important as this end is there are two or three ends without which it is of little account.

Without health, knowledge is useless; without

character, knowledge is harmful. Health is the one thing of all others that the freshman is likely to ignore. If he be of average constitution and vitality he will find little difficulty at first in carrying all the burdens that are put upon him. He easily thinks himself equal to any task. And for the sake of accomplishing what he has set before himself he will sacrifice regular meals, sleep, and recreation. Now the first lesson the freshman must learn is that he is an immortal spirit who does his work and lives his life in a mortal body. So close indeed is the connection between the physical and the mental that many thinkers regard them as different sides or aspects of the one process. I do not share this view. But I cite it to illustrate the fact of the thorough-going dependence of mind and body. Your body is a mere machine. And like any other machine it needs rest, change and constant readjustment. For every expenditure of energy there must be a corresponding new supply. Now nature has her own method for the recuperation of the human body. If you follow it you may have health; if you neglect it you will certainly break down. What, then, are the fundamental laws of hygiene?

First, take your meals regularly, and eat slowly, with the dignity of a human being, not gulping down your food like one of the lower animals. Secondly, don't fail to take daily exercises for an hour or two in the open air. Many freshmen will feel that they cannot spare the time. I will not call these earnest fellows fools, but I will say they are extremely foolish. For the student's life is an artificial one. He shuts himself indoors; he stoops over a table; he breathes air which is not long fresh and soon becomes foul; he cramps all his limbs by constrained position; he exhausts his brain, and consequently the whole nervous system, by protracted study. Now a physical organization treated in that way will not last, or, at any rate, will not maintain its efficiency, if it be not daily restored for a time to its natural conditions—to fresh air, to free movement, to release from mental occupation, to converse with nature, and to that healthful condition into which the body is soothed by unrestricted intercourse of the spirit with congenial spirits. Hence I say, go out for exercise a couple of hours every day. It may be ball-playing, tennis, bicycling, walking, or what not. Don't go alone, however, for in solitude the mind still carries on its

accustomed operations. Thirdly, take as much sleep as your system needs, which will generally be about eight hours. Physiology confirms Shakespeare's description of sleep as

"sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Nature's rhythmic alternation of motion and rests turns up in us in the form of waking and sleeping. The student specially needs his sleep. At night the bodily machine is exhausted by the cerebral strain of the day. It is said that Gladstone was able to do so much because he slept so much; and I believe it.

The consideration of health leads up to virtue. There is in this world the closest connection between what is expedient and what is right. The freshman is at college to acquire intellectual culture. But he must, I have said, look out for his health. Health is better than knowledge. But character is the highest of all. And character each of us must make for himself. Your body is a machine; your will is in the image of God. Your will is creative. Character is the creation of free will in and through this bodily organization. The virtues of temperance and chastity would have no existence if we had not bodies. The free will, guided by reason, conscience, and religious instruction, realizes these virtues in keeping the body under. Nor is this all. The freshmen must acquire all the virtues. He must be just and kind and brave and true and generous. He must not follow blindly the society of which he has become a member. And in defying the public opinion of a college, where he thinks it wrong, he will have scope for the exercise of the highest courage. Stand on your own feet. Be a man. Do what is right, whatever others do. Shun irreverence—the besetting sin of young Americans. Don't make light of serious subjects; you are a man, not an ape. And reverence is the backbone of character. There can be no strength of moral fibre without it. It is natural for youth to look up and to bow down before what is higher than itself. Respect then the law, reverence virtue, fear God. Indeed, the secret of character is, in a single word, this: Fear God and keep his commandments.

If you have physical health and moral character, it is worth while, if you have the mental ability, to secure a college education. Here your teachers will be your guides. They may have a prescribed curric-

ulum for you. If so, pursue your studies conscientiously; for even if, abstractly considered, they are not the best for you, they have potency to educate you; for the history of education proves that the essence of education is quite separable from the materials of instruction. If the freshman has a special bent he will find opportunity somewhere in the course even of the most conservative college to gratify it. One piece of advice I should, however, like to insist on. The habit of good literature is perhaps the best permanent result of a college education. Don't go beyond the freshman year without accustoming yourself to such reading. It will be a source of abiding delight, inspiration and solace to you.

Is the course elective? Then I advise the freshman to study at least one ancient language and one modern language. English composition and literature, and such other subjects as he may prefer. Since the world of knowledge embraces Nature, Man and God, the college graduate, if he is to be liberally educated, should have studied scientific, humanistic, and philosophical subjects somewhere in his course. But this comprehensiveness of range does not exclude special devotion to one or the other provinces of knowledge. But let me say in general that your professors and fellow-students will be your best advisers in arranging your course of studies. There are, however, some points in connection with study which I want to consider briefly here.

First, when you study, apply yourself with all your might. The power of concentrating your attention exclusively and intensely on the subject in hand is the best disciplinary result of education. It is a power that can be acquired by strenuous and continuous effort; and it must be acquired if studying is to tell. Don't dawdle over your books. If you can't work go out for a walk. Then take up something that interests you; and interest will automatically enlist attention, which by degrees will come more and more under your direct control. One hour of absorbed study—with no wandering of thought—is worth a day of make-believe work. And in after life this power of concentrating your mind upon specific tasks is what will enable you to make a career.

Secondly, students may educate one another. It has long been known that college is the place in all the world for forming friendships. For the same rea-

son students may have intellectual communion with one another which is highly stimulating and educative. Young men are frank, ingenuous, open, eager to learn, quick to detect sham, and they yearn to discover and to embrace the truth. In all this they can be of incalculable aid to one another. And such joint explorations, such communion of kindred spirits, are an imperishable delight. Let no freshman, then, live to himself or isolate himself from his fellows. Half the education of a college consists in that which student give to one another.

Thirdly, the freshman will have growing-pains. The mind will enlarge. Old horizons will move away. The truth as he saw it yesterday will not be the truth as he sees it to-morrow. Knowledge, which increases in the race, grows also, like a living organism, in the mind of the individual. And in this process of development many freshmen are likely—and more than likely in proportion as they are earnest and thoroughgoing—to lose their bearings, to see the ancient moorings slipped, and perhaps to find themselves on a shoreless sea without place to anchor or star to steady by. How many a serious, thoughtful student has had this experience! Now to such freshman I would say, first of all, that others have been there too. There is solace in companionship. And, in the next place, I would say, hold fast to your intellectual integrity; don't say a thing is so unless you believe it. But, lastly, I would say, if you are persistent, as well as honest, you will work through your doubts and attain firm standing ground, from which you can take a larger survey of truth—the old as well as the new—and discern that the very meaning of education is a higher adjustment of all truths, and that God is still in His heavens and in His world, though it may be that some of the beliefs with which tradition has started us all must be recast—if not dissolved—in the light of the physical science, historical scholarship, and philosophical reflection of the closing years of the nineteenth Christian century.

Lastly, however great or rapid your mental growth, don't think you have got beyond the churches or other religious organizations. These exist, not for intellectual training, but for the promotion of righteousness of life and spiritual communion with the Unseen Father whose heart has been revealed to us in Jesus Christ. That central fact remains in spite of all your growth.

in knowledge. And so I say don't fail to go to church at least once on Sunday. Furthermore, I commend the College Christian Association, which will aid you in Bible study, give you religious work to do, and afford you companionship with comrades who stand for what is honest, and true, and of good report.

And so, with this word of encouragement and advice to our earnest freshman who is to grow in knowledge, and I trust also in virtue and piety, I bid him God-speed.

AN EASTERN TRAGEDY.

From past experiences it has been found that to be successful, a railroad system must work with as much precision and smoothness as the machinery of a watch; not only must the trains be run on their schedule time, but every part of the service, from the cleaning of a passenger car and the handling of baggage, to the treatment of passengers by the officials must have the same careful attention.

About a year ago, it became evident to Mr. J. R. Thirston, general manager of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, that the machinery of this comparatively new railway system was not running as smoothly as might be. He decided to investigate the matter. "Spotters" were immediately set to work with the result that no less than five conductors and three breakmen were dismissed from the service of the company.

For six months after this wholesale fumigation scarcely a complaint was heard. Then owing to some slight hints from the Boston & Maine R. R. as to freight trains of the Bangor & Aroostook carrying passengers over a section of their road contrary to agreement, Mr. Thirston determined to thoroughly look into this affair. He at once telegraphed to Fox and Trent, private detectives of New York city for a reliable man for an important piece of work.

Old Fox read the telegram carefully. "Railway" he muttered, "The Bangor and Aroostook—that new road down East—new manager—hands probably playing the devil with him. Good chance to start in young Harding. He seems fairly smart, as college boys go." Then turning suddenly around to a young man at the other end of the office he called out:

"Here, Nick, take this telegram and start imme-

diately for Bangor. Do just as this Thirston wants you to, and send your time in to me."

Nick Harding indeed felt proud that afternoon as he jumped on the train for Boston *en route* to Bangor. Besides having the proverbial mother and young brother to support, he was ambitious to make a success in his profession for the sake of a bright-eyed maiden across the river in Brooklyn. And this was his first assignment! Was it his collar or had he really grown two inches taller since morning, for he thought to himself that he was actually looking over the heads of people he had been accustomed to look up to before. A very foolish thought perhaps, but he was almost sure every one was noticing him. However, by the time he had reached Bangor and had had an interview with General Manager Thirston, the novelty of the situation had worn off leaving nothing but the firm resolve to do his best.

"I am glad to see you Mr.—er—er—Harding," began the General Manager, cautiously glancing at Nick's card and at the same time extending his hand. "Your firm replied very promptly to my dispatch. I suppose you have had plenty of experience—you appear rather young."

"Well," replied Nick blandly, "appearances are sometimes deceptive. Mr. Fox said you wanted a reliable man and so—and so—"

"Quite right, quite right," hastily broke in the other, "I have the greatest faith in Mr. Fox. But now to business. Some of the men on this road think they own it, and they have even gone so far as to break our contract with the Boston & Maine. I have heard that the conductors of freight have carried passengers from Oldtown to Bangor, over the rails of the Boston & Maine. Now I want you to find out whether this is so or not. About six months ago I discharged seven men for incivility to passengers, drunkenness, and robbing the company; but I am confident none of that exists on the road to-day."

"Well, Mr. Thirston" said young Harding, "I will take a trip on a freight and you may be sure if any passengers do travel in the way you mention, I'll find it out." Nick Harding was now fairly launched on his great enterprise. "Do or die" was his motto; and as he had no idea of dying just yet he thought it best to be well armed in case of emergencies. With this end in view he bought one of those small short-

barrel pocket revolvers. One of the kind that you stand about six feet from a man, pull the trigger five times and hope you've hit him.

Nick put in a whole week at the little station of Sherman. The fishing was excellent. He never enjoyed himself so much before. Of course he endeavored to learn all he could from the section men as to how things were run on the road; but these individuals had the not uncommon faculty of talking a great deal and saying very little. In that one short week Nick acquired a vast deal of information respecting the game and liquor laws. The guides were always ready to preach a sermon on the evils of killing game out of season, and how strict the game wardens were with law-breakers. Though Nick had no intention of killing the pretty animals he could not help remarking that these same guides would spin many a fairy yarn about their own prowess as poachers and wind up with, "Now if you see a nice little fawn and need some fresh meat pretty bad, just knock him over with a shot and hang him up about a hundred yards from camp. The wardens can't prove anything then."

About nine o'clock one night, just seven days after his interview with Mr. Thirston, Nick boarded a fast freight for Bangor. One third of the last car was all that was devoted to the use of passengers the other two thirds comprising the baggage-room.

Nick had barely got himself comfortably settled for his jolty journey of over a hundred miles when the baggage-master, short, thick set and bloated, stepped in and shot off a number of questions without waiting for a reply.

"Hullo! Young 'feller'! had any luck?—been fishing?—see any deers?—goin' through to Bangor? Can't do it on this train; we're only allowed to carry passengers as far as Oldtown on freights. But I'll speak to the 'Con' an' have him fix it up. Oh! Yes! the 'Con' 'll fix it up all right," and off he slipped again.

Presently the "Con" put in an appearance. He was a tall, raw-boned, crooked nosed man—a very red face—in shirt sleeves, and with a lantern tucked under his arm. Giving Nick a sharp, quick glance as he punched his ticket he remarked, "Through to Bangor to-night? Well, you'll get there 4-10 to-morrow morning if we don't get shook to pieces with this

'er load of empty cars." And he too like the baggage-master, returned to his sanctum in the other part of the car.

It seemed very evident to Nick that he would have little trouble in hiding through to Bangor on this freight; and if this conductor intended to let passengers do so it would certainly cost him his job. But Nick soon found out that this official was capable of breaking the rates of the company in more ways than one. At the next station an old wizen-faced half-breed crawled aboard the train, dropped into a seat, and carefully laid his portmanteau (very much like a meal bag) on the chair behind. It was not long before the baggage-master took a stroll back and forth and narrowly eyed the stranger. Then a spirited, whispered conversation with the "Con" took place in the baggage-room.

"Hang it! I know he's got some," Nick heard the baggage-master say, "Why the old fool's so jagged he kin scarcely see; you can work him for a double fare, easy."

"Got somethin' has he," hoarsely whispered the 'Con,' "An' it's in that bag. I'll bet a dollar. Now look here, Dick, he's got ter divy up with us. It don't do to have these Injuns arunning over B. & A. men like us. No, Sir! It won't do for a B. & A. man. While I'm yanking a good big double fare from this chap, you just run through that bag of his and see if you can't find a bottle of fire water."

So the baggage master slipped out and pretended to fix one of the cushions while the "Con." tickled the old half-breed.

All this time Nick was supposed to be asleep; at least the casual observer would think him to be perfectly oblivious to all external happenings. But it was far otherwise; that brain was hard at work; those eyelids were raised the slightest little bit; those ears were pricked up to the top notch of attention.

While the "Con" unscrupulously charged the old trapper a double fair and blandly told him that no receipts were given on freights on that road, the baggage-master carefully went through the old meal bag on the seat behind. He was unsuccessful in his search, however, and the precious pair went sullenly back to their own abode.

A few stations further on a young lady who seemed especially favorable to both the "Con." and the bag

gage master jumped lightly on to the train.

"Why if it aint Miss Libbie Ingles," cried the baggage master, "I'm derved glad to see you, Miss Libbie. Any news for us." And they all three went into the baggage-room and closed the door. Miss Libbie did not stay long, however, but got off at a small station amid the adieus of the two train officials.

Shortly after Miss Libbie's departure a man boarded the train from a way-station who was not bashful in showing that he had plenty of liquor both inside and outside. He treated the baggage master and the "Con." and before long the baggage-room was gay with the songs and coarse laughter of the three.

It may be wondered at, that Nick could hear so plainly a conversation carried on in another apartment of the car, but when one takes into consideration the thinness of the partition it can be easily seen that young Harding had little difficulty in overhearing all that passed between these men even had they not been inflamed with liquor.

As the events of the previous week kept passing before his brain, Nick could not help picturing to himself what a commotion his report would cause in the high circles of the B. & A. He could almost see the president of the road patting him on the back, and old Fox, his employer, beaming good naturedly over his glasses at his young protégé, and last of all that most stirred his soul was the vision of a fair young face, smiling proudly down on this youthful adventurer. With these different fancies chasing each other across his brain and gradually becoming less and less distinct, he finally lost his hold on the outside world and dropped asleep. The sound of loud voices broke in upon his pleasant dreams.

"Work it to-night? Of course we can," the "Con." was saying, "To-night of all nights. Didn't Miss Libbie say the money was on this train, on this very car, and in one of them boxes we took on at Oakfield?"

"I know that's so," replied the baggage master, "but how about the organization? Won't they give us away?"

"Every man on the road is with us, I tell you. They've paid in \$4.50 apiece. We'll take that along and get out of the country. Then they can whistle for us."

"I like your scheme," slowly answered the baggage master, "but before doing anything compromising we'd first better find out if there's any money in one of these boxes as Miss Libbie says there is."

"Correct you are." And Nick heard them begin to pull down the boxes and start to open them.

"Hold up a minute though," he heard the baggage master say, and the next instant the door opened and the bloated face of that worthy peered out and critically surveyed him. Apparently satisfied with his inspection he carefully closed the door and said to the "Con.," "He's all right; he's asleep."

Nick thought that now was a good time to show his ability as a detective. He slowly raised himself and glanced around. He was alone. The old half-breed had gone, as had also his fishing rod. Could they have left together? He tiptoed to the door and tried to look through a crack in the panel. He was unsuccessful. He put his ear close to the key-hole in order to hear better, when the door opened quickly and he fell plumb into the arms of the "Con." and the baggage master. A short scuffle, a crack on the head, and Nick found himself in a corner gagged and bound, and rapidly forming an opinion of his usefulness as a detective.

"Guess he'll never come spying round us any more," dryly remarked the "Con." casting a careless glance at the victim in the corner, "Doubt if he ever gets the chance."

The baggage master kept on opening the boxes, one after the other, and at last a thought seemed to strike him; he hastily looked at his watch and glanced out of the window.

"We've got to cut her loose as soon as we pass the top of this grade," he cried, and ran to the forward platform. The "Con." followed close on his heels and Nick soon heard them detaching the car and applying the breaks. Slower and slower moved the car until, with a jerk, it stopped.

"Look here Dick" said the "Con." coming into the baggage-room again, "You'll have to go down to the bridge and pile up those old ties, so she'll jump the rails as soon as she strikes them. I'll dump these boxes off and we can go through them when the other job's done."

The baggage master disappeared in the darkness and his companion began throwing the boxes out on

the side of the track.

All these proceedings naturally caused much curiosity mingled with uneasiness, in young Harding's mind. That this precious pair was up to some villainous scheme he had no doubt, but why did they detach this car from the rest of the train, and what did the bridge have to do with it all? However, he was not left long in doubt.

In about half an hour, when the "Con." had almost completed his work, the baggage master returned covered with perspiration and swearing vilely.

"There," he burst out, "the d—— job's done at last, an' I never worked so hard before, and I don't intend to again. At least not unless we get nabbed. As soon as you get the rest of those boxes out we'll let her slide. I hardly like the idea of sending this feller down with her, but if you say it ought to be—you know best."

"I tell you, Dick, it's got to be. It's either him or us, and I'm blamed sure it ain't goin' to be us. So let her slide." The "Con." threw out the last box, and the two began loosening the breaks. Being on a down grade the car started easily and gradually increased in speed.

It was not until he felt the rapid motion, and heard the two villains jumping from the platform that Nick fully realized the situation. The car was speeding down the grade to the bridge! Those ties were placed in such a manner as to throw it from the rails! Heavens! He was gliding swiftly to destruction—his life was reduced to minutes, seconds, and he was bound here helpless. Oh! if he could only snap those cords and make one desperate leap for life. Then as he grew calmer he began to think how little one human being the less would affect the great world; the world would keep on its journey, never stopping, never grieving. There were but two persons who would mourn him—his mother, and a very dear friend. But the roar of the wheels seemed to blot out everything from his mind. Each second was bringing him nearer to his doom. Faster and faster, louder and louder—that ominous roll, the car had reached the bridge—a sharp twitch to one side and he was falling through space. Then came a terrible crash and all was a blank.

* * * * *

His return to consciousness was somewhat abrupt,

and humiliating. A rough hand had grasped his shoulder and a hoarse voice was bellowing in his ear,

"Come now, young feller. Do yer think this car is a hotel, where yer can sleep as long as you want ter. Not much, you've got to get a move on pretty durned quick."

Nick jumped up and rubbed his eyes. The "Con." stood before him in all his grim ugliness. Astonishment was written on every line of young Harding's face.

"Was I asleep?" he cried, "Asleep!" In Heaven's name, when did I go to sleep?"

"Well, I recon you've been asleep off an' on ever since I punched your ticket at Sherman."

"But" persisted Nick, "the baggage master said something about your not being allowed to carry passengers further than Oldtown. Are we at Oldtown or Bangor?"

"We are at Bangor. At Oldtown we hitched this car on to a Boston & Maine train and brought you through."

And so Nick Harding's great castle was overturned and his glorious hopes received a setback which must certainly be beneficial to his after life.

FOOTBALL.

NORTHAMPTON, 6; AGGIE FRESHMEN, 5.

Aggie Freshmen met the Northampton foot ball eleven Friday Nov. 4 at the Fair grounds and were defeated by a score of 6 to 5.

The game opened with Aggie defending the east goal. Northampton kicked off to Dellea who fumbled the ball but it was secured by Ball who fell on it on the 20 yard line. After gaining successively through the line, Northampton obtained the ball on a fumble. Failing to gain through our line they resorted to end plays. After making repeated gains around the ends they brought the ball within a few feet of the goal line from where they soon pushed it over. Keach kicked the goal making the score 6 to 0.

Chase kicked off and after a few minutes play time was called with the ball near the center of the field.

In the second half Chase kicked off to Warnock who advanced two yards before being downed.

Failing to make their five yards the Freshmen received the ball and by continual plunging through

the line soon made a touchdown. Bodfish failed to kick goal. Northampton then kicked off to Dellea who advanced 10 yards before being downed.

With the ball on Northampton's 20 yard line, time was called. The features of the game were the playing of Chase and Ball and the tackling of Dellea and Fulton. The summary:

NORTHAMPTON.

Carver, Boyle, r. e.,
Warner, l. t.,
Dragon, r. g.,
Parson, c.,
Webster, l. g.,
Barnes l. t.,
Keach, l. e.,
Warnock, q. b.,
Hurhhy, r. h. b.,
Mahoney, l. h. b.,
Conroy, f. b.,

FRESHMEN.

l. e., McCobb
l. t., Cole
l. g., James
c., Peabody
r. g., Bodfish
r. t., Gates
r. e., Fulton
q. b., Dellea
r. h. b., Belden
l. h. b., Ball
f. b., Chase

Score. Northampton 6, Freshmen 5. Touchdowns Conroy, Chase. Goals from touchdowns Keach. Umpire, Smith. Referee, Crowell. Time 15 and 20m. halves.

AGGIE FRESHMEN, 11; SUNDERLAND, 11.

The freshman foot ball team played their first game on the campus with Sunderland Thursday Oct. 27. Owing to the absence of one of the Sunderland players Beaman '99 played in his place.

Capt't Woodbury won the toss and defended the north goal.

The ball was kicked by Capt. Ball to the left half-back who was downed after he had made five yards. By small gains Sunderland made the necessary five yards after which they were held for downs. The freshmen then played end and centre plays for about ten yards when the ball was lost to Sunderland on a fumble.

Sunderland did not get far before the Freshmen got the ball on a fumble,

By steady gains through centre and around ends the Freshmen managed to land the ball over the goal line for a touchdown. They failed to kick the goal. Score: '02, 5; Sunderland 0.

Capt. Woodbury kicked off and the ball striking McCobb on the knee bounced back and a Sunderland player fell on it. Sunderland pushed the ball to Freshmen's ten yard line where they were held for downs.

The '02 team did not line up but twice before they fumbled and Beaman getting the ball made a touch-

down. They kicked the goal as time was called. Score: '02, 5; Sunderland 6.

In the second half Capt. Woodbury kicked off. The game in this half did not have many surprising plays. The Freshmen lost the ball before they had gone far and Sunderland did the same after making about twenty yards. The '02 team pushed the ball back toward the centre of the field but again lost it. Then Sunderland made an endrun for about 30 yards, the runner being downed by Chase. By constant gains Sunderland made another touchdown but failed to kick the goal. Score: '02, 5; Sunderland 11.

On the next kick-off the Sunderland man was downed before he had gained ten yards. They did not get their necessary five yards and the Freshmen took the ball. They then found a weak place between Sunderland's right guard and tackle and they played this position for steady gains.

By gains of from 5 to 10 yards each Capt. Ball landed the ball between the goal posts for a touchdown. The goal was then kicked. Score: '01, 11; Sunderland 11.

Time was called before the ball was carried very far on the next kick off.

The features of the game were the remarkable tackles by the fullback, the line bucking by Capt. Ball for '02 and the end runs by Sunderland.

Officials: Referee, W. R. Crowell '00; umpire, F. H. Turner '99; timer, Brown '00. Limesnen, Lewis, Brooks.

UPPER CLASSMEN, 6; LOWER CLASSMEN, 0.

On Tuesday Nov. 1 a game was played between two teams representing the upper and lower classes respectively. This game was arranged for the purpose of producing a better feeling between the Freshmen and Sophomores.

It was generally believed that the lower classmen would win but the Seniors and Juniors were bound to die game.

Barry opened the game for the lower classmen by kicking off to Hooker who advanced five yards. The upper classmen were unable to gain. For the lower classmen Chickering was tried around left end for a loss. A mass play was directed at tackle for a gain of five yards. The upper classmen braced up at this point and forced Barry to punt.

The Seniors and Juniors now plunged at right tackle continually and hardly ever failed to gain. When within 25 yards of the lower classmen's goal a quarterback kick was tried. The ball rolled over the goal line and Turner dropped on it for a touchdown.

Barry again kicked off to Hooker. The upper classmen kept plunging at the right tackle and rushed the ball to the the 5 yard line. The ball was carried over the line but in the scrimmage it was lost and Barry fell on it. After this there was no scoring by either side. In the second half on a try at a quarterback kick by the upper classmen Cook blocked it and ran from the centre of the field to the 10 yard line where he was tackled by Crowell. The upper classmen held here like a stonewall and the opposing side could not gain an inch. After this the ball kept changing hands and it was in the centre of the field when time was called. The summary :

UPPER CLASSMEN

Hooker, r. e.,
 Pingree, r. t.,
 Landers, r. g.,
 Crowell, c.,
 Stanley, l. g.,
 Beaman, l. t.,
 Brown, l. e.,
 Canto, q. b.,
 Gile, r. h. b.,
 Turner, l. h. b.,
 Nelson, f. b.,

LOWER CLASSMEN

r. e., Goodman
 r. t., Cooke
 r. g., Bodfish
 c., Rice
 l. g., Bridgeforth
 l. t., Ball
 l. e., Rogers
 q. b., Dorman
 r. h. b., Chickering
 l. h. b., Pierson
 f. b., Barry

Score—Upper Classmen 6, Lower Classmen—0. Umpire—Prof. Smith. Referee—Parmenter '00. Time—20 m. halves.

College Notes.

- Two weeks—then the Thanksgiving turkey !
- The Banjo Club was recently photographed by Lovell.
- The foot ball team of Boston University has disbanded.
- Prof. Smith umpired the Trinity-Wesleyan game last Saturday.
- W. A. Hooker '99 recently acted as usher at a wedding held in town.
- Out of eighteen courses provided for the Senior class, sixteen are elective.

—S. L. Smith '02 of South Hadley has joined the College Shakespearean Club.

—H. E. Maynard '99 acted as usher at a recent reception held in Unity church.

—A picture of the AGGIE LIFE Board is soon to be framed and hung in the Library.

—Pipes are being laid to supply the new Veterinary laboratory with gas from the town.

—T. C. Morehouse of Dartmouth college was entertained at Dr. Walker's over Sunday.

—A new set of hymn books has been ordered and will be used in the Chapel exercises.

—Maynard '99 and C. A. Crowell '00 are now singing in the choir of Unity church.

—The members of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes will have rhetorical this term.

—The Freshman foot ball team played a game with the Northampton High School eleven last Friday.

—Major L. M. O'Brien and Capt. Clay expect to be present at the memorial exercises held in the College Chapel.

—A number of microscopes have been purchased by the Botanical department and will be used in the laboratory.

—Tiddlewinks Hockenheimer Nelson has been elected captain of the foot ball team under the new organization.

—The Sophomore term essay is to be a 1500 word review on chapters one and two of Taines' English Literature.

—Any subscriber who does not receive each issue of the LIFE regularly should at once notify the Business Manager.

—A. D. Gile and F. H. Brown of the Junior class have been recalled to their regiment which is stationed at Fort Pickering.

—The special class in Chemistry has been organized and is doing advanced work under the direction of Dr. Charles Wellington.

—Secretary Sessions of the State Board of Agriculture, President Goodell and members of the Hampshire Agricultural Society recently met together to arrange for the meeting of the Board to be held here in December.

—The Senior division in German has finished the text book and has commenced reading "Das Mädchen von Treppi."

—Leonard Metcalf, former professor of mathematics at the College, was recently in town. Mr. Metcalf is now in business in Boston.

—The Freshman foot ball eleven recently lined up against a team from Sunderland. The game resulted in a tie, the score being 11-11.

—As part of the work in prescribed English the members of the Senior class have had to prepare for debate different subjects assigned to them.

—Considerable interest in tennis has sprung up about college lately. If this interest had shown itself earlier, a tournament might have been held.

The Sophomore class, or, more truthfully, the greater part of the class, are through with trigonometry the examinations having been given last week.

—Dr. G. E. Stone is soon to publish a valuable Bulletin upon "Nematode Worms in Greenhouses." The bulletin contains a number of drawings, the work of Prof. Smith.

—The memorial exercises Wednesday the 9th will be conducted by Dr. Charles S. Walker and Rev. David Sprague. President Goodell delivering the memorial address.

—Services in memory of Capt. W. M. Dickinson who fell in the late war, will be held in the stone chapel Wednesday, Nov. 9th at two o'clock. A large audience was present at the exercises.

—At a recent meeting of the Pomona Grange held in South Hadley, Nov. 3rd, Dr. J. B. Lindsey of the Hatch Experiment Station delivered an address upon "The Value of Concentrated Feeds."

—A change of time table has been made in the Electric railroad which passes the college grounds. The late car has been discontinued, the last car leaving the college grounds about 8-20 P. M.

—The first lecture of the course of "College thought and Public interest" was held in College Hall Monday evening Nov. 7th. Prof. William James of Harvard College, spoke on the subject "What makes our lives significant?" This course has on its schedule many of the most noted speakers and lecturers in the country and it will pay the students to attend.

—The two lower classes had a little misunderstanding one day last week on the Botanic walk. Both sides consider themselves victorious and one or two men will remember the event for some time to come.

—A number of the large black poplar trees which line the Botanic walk have been cut down. This is a great improvement and greatly adds to the view which is obtained from the grounds of the Botanical department.

—Plans are nearly completed for the erection, south of the farm barn, of a glass house to be used in plant experiments. Experiments of past seasons have shown that work of this kind can be carried on successfully in this climate.

—It was reported that the steamer Panama which was conveying to this country the remains of Capt. Dickinson, was wrecked and all her passengers lost. We are glad to say that the report was false and that the ship made a safe voyage.

—There have been a number of large holes drilled in the wall around the lower windows of the south dormitory. It was rumored a long while ago that iron railings were to be placed around these windows. We hope the proper authorities have not forgotten the matter.

—The Freshman class has elected the following officers: Pres't, W. Z. Chase; vice-pres't, L. C. Claflin; sec't. and treas., H. L. Knight; historian, J. C. Hall; foot ball capt., C. T. Ball; foot ball, manager, W. S. Holder; class capt.; H. L. Bodfish; sergt. at arms, E. F. McCobb.

—The College Banjo Club has reorganized as follows: banjo, Thaddeus Graves '01, D. S. B. Greeley '02; mandolin, J. W. Kellogg '00, E. W. Curtis '01; banjeurine, G. F. Stanley '00; guitar, Y. H. Canto '00, J. B. Henry '01. G. F. Stanley has been chosen leader and J. W. Kellogg manager.

—A week ago yesterday there was a very interesting and exciting game of foot ball played on the campus. The game was the result of a challenge issued by the two upper classes to the two lower. The upper classmen had more of the college team than their opponents, but nevertheless they were obliged to work hard to win, which they did by a small margin, one touchdown being secured. These games help to promote a friendly feeling and it would be well if they could be continued.

—The Glee Club has not been organized as yet. It will be organized as soon as possible and now is the time for new singers to hand in their names. There are many men in college who with a little training would make a place on the club and these men are just the ones who should apply. The rehearsals will be held at a convenient hour and will be under the direction of an instructor. A Glee Club which does good work and amounts to something is a credit to a college and is a means of advertising that College.

—There is one exciting indoor sport which the Freshmen have not become acquainted with as yet and that is indoor rifle practice. The gun shed is now vacant and there seems to be no prospect of having the guns back for some time to come. This affords an excellent opportunity for the use of the indoor range. Although there is no military department at present, it seems as though we might be given the use of a few rifles and some of the ammunition, of which there is a plenty. There can be no harm in this sport if proper care is taken, and there certainly can be much good obtained from it.

—At last the foot ball team has re-organized and elected a new captain. It seems too bad that such a fine team as was put on the field the first of the season should go to pieces because of one day's hard luck. We had made a record of which we could be proud, and then to see the team break up was enough to discourage both its members and its supporters. But now let us begin with new energy. We have one more hard game to play and we must win it. Let all those who play on the team work faithfully, and all those who wish to see this next game won, come out and give them good strong practice. We can win by coöperation and hard work.

—Work on the new dairy building is progressing rapidly, and it will soon be completed. It is to be of wood, with floors of artificial stone, and walls of adamant plaster, covered with several coatings of enamel paint. In the north end of the building will be a small ice-house, and in the south end, the pasteurizing and cream-ripening rooms. An office projects from one side. The general dairy room is in the centre, and will contain a milk receiving vat, separator, churn, and butterworker. The power to run this apparatus will come from a water motor.

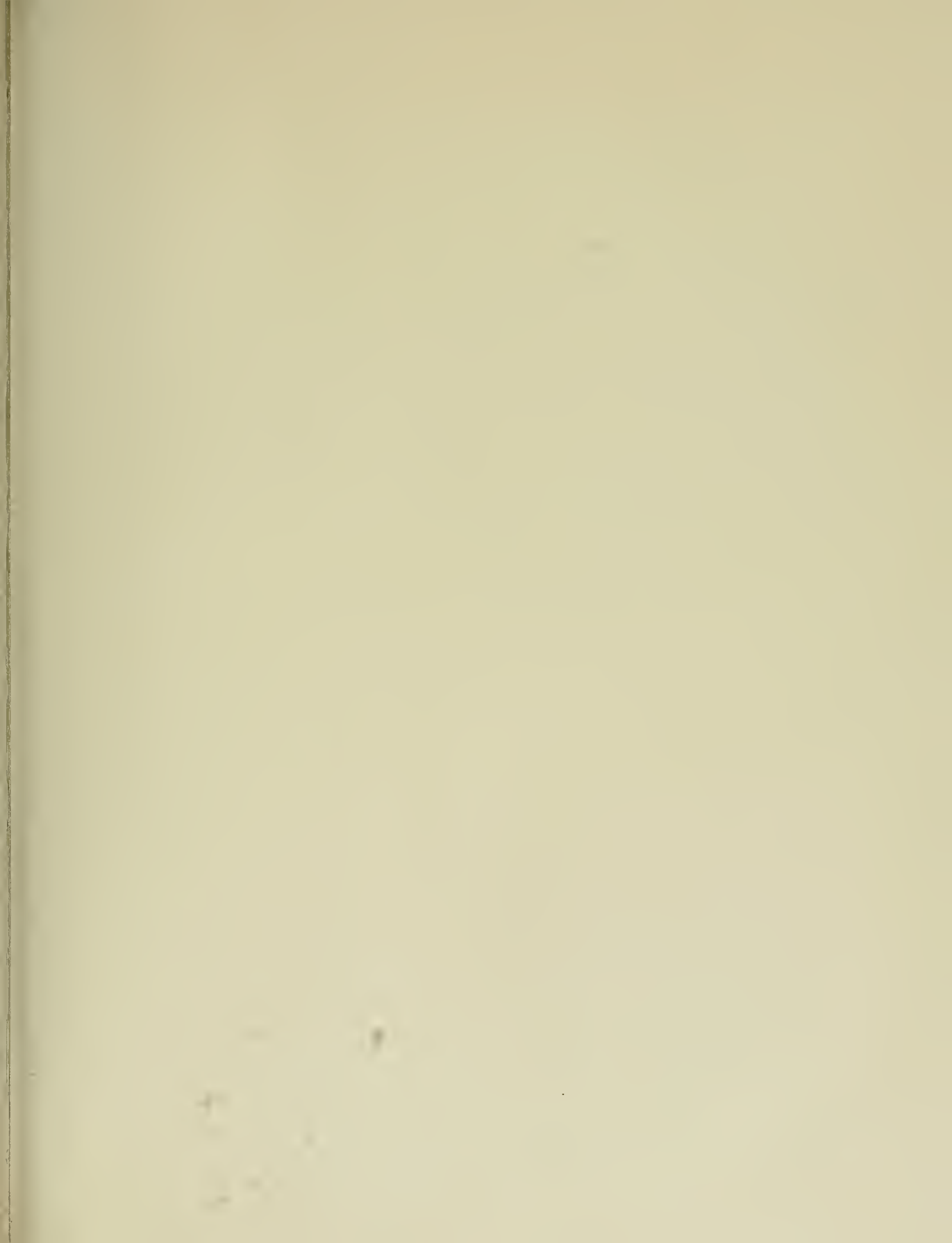
Steam will be supplied from the boiler in the Hatch barn near by, thus doing away with an engine and the dirt and dust connected with it. Milk will be conveyed from one tank to another mainly by force of gravity. The entire building will be 44x21ft., and will cost, exclusive of apparatus, about \$1800. It is to be used by the dairy department of the Hatch Experiment Station, for purposes of experimental dairy work. Especial attention will be given to local problems in dairying, and also to the effect which different food-stuffs have on the quality of butter. Investigation in dairy bacteriology will not be undertaken at present.

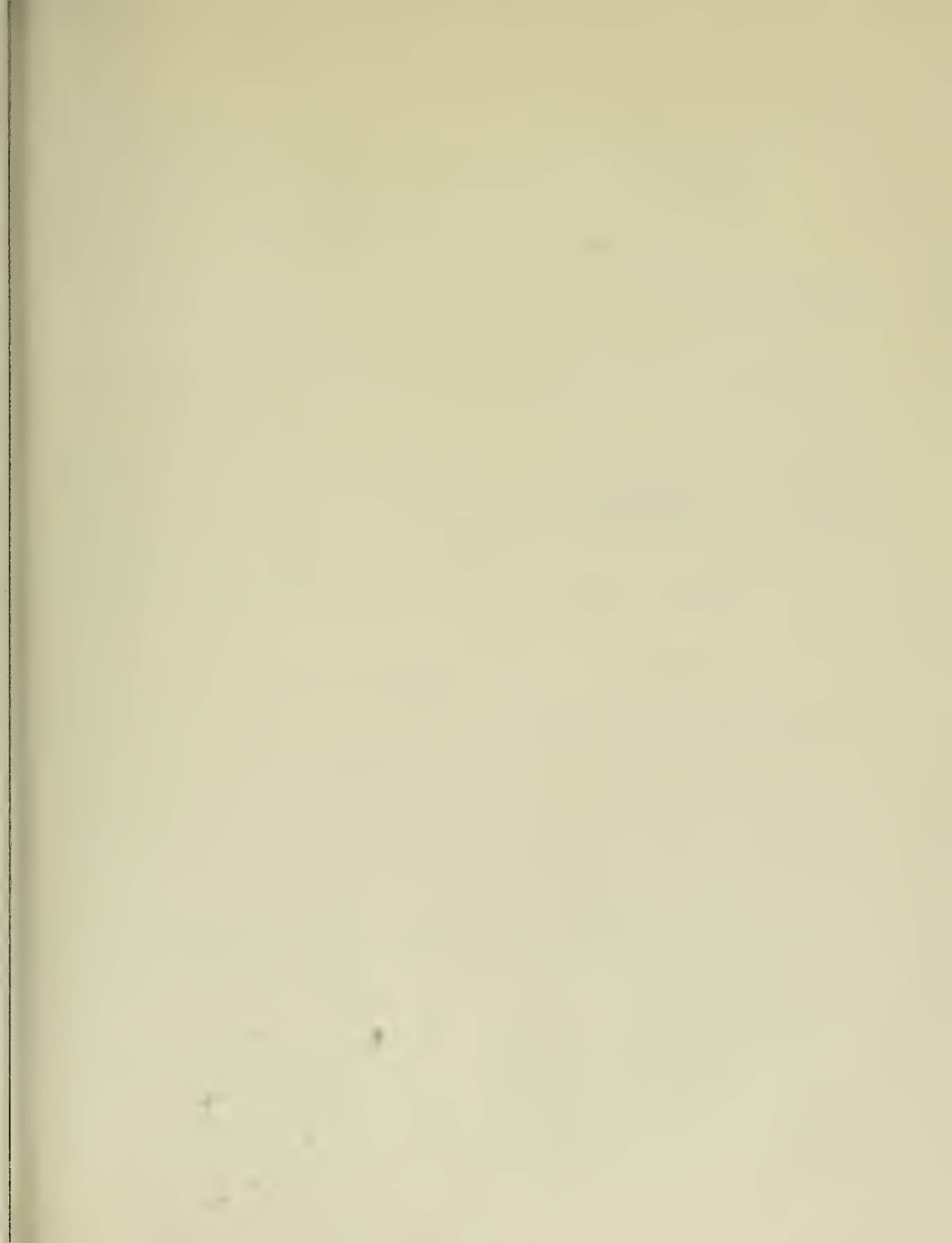
LIBRARY NOTES.

The observing student is constantly impressed by the many curious little contrivances and peculiar habits by means of which the most common of plants and animals are prepared to overcome the obstacles which surround them, for even plants have obstacles to surmount if they perpetuate their species. *Seed Travellers*, by Clarence Moores Weed, is as its title indicates, devoted to this subject. The book is divided into three heads, as follows: the wind as a seed distributor, seed dissemination by birds, and seed dispersal by spines and hooks. The author states that no one is prepared to study nature as long as he regards any phenomenon, however slight in itself, as trivial and unworthy his regard. Library number 580-291.

Soil Ferments by H. W. Wiley. This treatise shows that the bacteria which provide nitrogenous food for plants are of three great classes. One of these exerts its activity only on organic nitrogen contained in the humus of the soil. The second class is developed symbiotically with the growing plants, herding in colonies upon their rootlets, and securing in their vital activity an oxidation of the free nitrogen of the atmosphere. These are chiefly confined to the family Leguminosae. The third class of organisms and the one least known appears to have the ability, in an independent form of life and without the aid of plant vitality, to secure the oxidation of the atmospheric nitrogen. Library number 631-230.

Practical Plant Physiology, by Dr. W. Detmer, translated from the German by S. A. Moor, M. A. The teaching of plant physiology has been seriously retarded by the want of suitable manuals of laboratory practice and accordingly such a book as this is doubly appreciated. Plant physiology is of far reaching significance to the student of Natural Science, Forestry, or Agriculture. Library number 581-137.





Alumni.

The college friends of the late Capt. Walter M. Dickinson will in a few days erect to his memory a bronze memorial tablet, which will be mounted on a slab of Sienna marble, thirty-six by forty-two inches, and will bear the following inscription:

In loving remembrance of
WALTER MASON DICKINSON
Captain 17th U. S. Infantry

Pupil Teacher Soldier
Mass. Agr'l College 1877—West Point Academy 1880.
Born Amherst, 3rd April, 1856.
Died on the field of battle, El Caney 2nd July, 1898
Erected by his College friends

"The day will surely come when one could wish no other epitaph than this, He lived and died an American Citizen."

'86.—The marriage of William Alfred Eaton to Miss Laura Estabrook Kimball occurred at 253 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday, Oct. 28.

'95.—A. F. Burgess, assistant entomologist on the Gypsy Moth Commission, was in town last week on business for the commission.

NINETY-EIGHT.

Avedis G. Adjemian is taking a post-graduate course in Chemistry under Dr. C. A. Goessmann at the Hatch Experiment Station.

Charles N. Baxter is taking a course at Harvard college in History, Literature and the Languages.

Clifford G. Clark is in the market gardening business at Sunderland, Mass.

Julian S. Eaton is in the sugar brokerage business at 80 Wall St., New York.

Willis S. Fisher is teaching at Mashpee, Mass.

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SUPPLEMENT TO AGGIE LIFE, No. 4.

The appointment of a trustee of our Alma Mater is a matter which should interest every one of her graduates. We cannot be too careful in the selection of men who are to have the guidance of our institution. The true sentiment of all our conscientious fellow graduates is for the selection of a man most capable, waiving all personal prejudices, a broadly educated man with independence of thought.

During the past two days many of our alumni have been the recipients of two circulars bearing upon the selection of candidates. One has been in form of a personal letter advising the election of Mr. Geo. H. Ellis of West Newton and the re-election of Mr. J. D. W. French of Boston. The other candidates, Mr. W. H. Bowker of Boston, Mr. W. D. Hinds of Townsend and Mr. George L. Clemence of Southbridge have been ignored. The other circular signed by several graduates of the college gives information concerning the personal qualifications and life work of two of the candidates, Mr. Ellis and Mr. French, the other three candidates, Mr. Bowker, Mr. Hinds and Mr. Clemence, not being mentioned in the circular. The circular ends thus: "We hope you will vote for Mr. Ellis and Mr. French."

Now we have no personal feeling against any one of these candidates. No doubt they are all good men, men who are well qualified and who would be a credit to the institution if elected; but would it not have been better, instead of showing this marked partiality to the favorite men, to have given the personal qualifications of each candidate and then have left the matter to each alumnus to cast his vote for the man who in his best judgment would best serve his Alma Mater?

Again, would it not be well to take into consideration the names of such men as have shown in past years by their connection with the college, their ability in office and deep interest in all matters pertaining to our institution? Does not experience count for a great deal? Is it not poor policy to disregard the names of men who have been tried and found fit for the position, graduates of the college, men who have demonstrated their fitness for this office? What motive is there in making this radical change, the supplanting of older trustees, men who are so well known and so heartily endorsed by graduate brothers, for men unknown and untried? The free-thinking alumni ask these questions and unless satisfactorily answered will vote according to their own convictions.

AN ALUMNUS.

[This communication was received too late to be placed in the regular issue of the LIFE —Ed.]

NO. 5

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AGGIE LIFE.

VOL. IX.

AMHERST, MASS., NOVEMBER 30, 1898

NO. 5

Published Fortnightly by Students of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

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Editorials.

THE Public Winter Meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture will be held at Town Hall Amherst, on Dec. 6, 7, and 8. The programme for this important event covers a series of lectures by prominent men, on subjects interesting, not only to the people of the whole state, but more especially to those whose homes are in the Connecticut valley. For instance, the tobacco question—so vital to the farmers of this section of the country—will receive able treatment from Dr. E. H. Jenkins, Vice-Director of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment station. For a number of years past Dr. Jenkins has made the method of raising and curing tobacco a subject for special study. Perhaps the discussion of this one point alone would be sufficient to bring together a large number of agriculturists, but yet there are many other problems to be treated, interesting alike to the dairyman, the farmer and the businessman; such as "The business side of agriculture," by J. H. Hale, South Glastonbury, Conn., "The Place that Fruit Growing should hold in New England Agriculture."

by S. P. Willard, Geneva, N. Y.; "How can New England compete with the West in Dairying?" by Dr. J. L. Hill, Director Vermont Agricultural Experiment station and many other interesting topics. An address of welcome will be delivered by President Goodell at 10 A. M. Tuesday.

At the meeting of the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Experiment Stations held in Washington Nov. 15, 16 and 17, President H. H. Goodell was re-elected to the chairmanship of the executive committee. Many matters of deep interest to these colleges were brought before this meeting. In pursuance of a plan to give to the graduates of these colleges the chance to do graduate work at Washington, the Secretary of Agriculture proposes to ask this year for an appropriation of \$30,000 to be given out in fellowships of \$300 or \$400 each to graduates who will agree to do special work in the different divisions of the department while they are at work. This plan, if carried out, will greatly increase the usefulness of these divisions by placing at the service of our graduates libraries, collections and equipment for such work

which cannot be equaled by any college or university in the United States. Another matter which deeply concerns these colleges is the proposition to memorialize congress on the subject of making West Point a graduate school, the students to come from these Land Grant colleges at the close of the Sophomore year, thus materially raising the standard of entrance and the whole curriculum of study at West Point. The present standard of admission is only high enough to permit the students to enter the high schools of the country. The change would benefit West Point by making a marked advance in scholarship and it would be a great advantage to these colleges as it would open a direct avenue for our students who desire to follow a military career. The Committee on Graduate Work at the different Scientific Divisions in Washington was continued with full powers to introduce a bill into Congress whenever the time would seem suitable.

Many of our students have firmly believed for some time that it would be a great advantage to our societies if some sort of an agreement could be made among them to delay the pledging of new men till some time later in the year. In years past it has seemed too much like, "get all you can," in each of the societies. However much may be known of a man before he comes to college, it would undoubtedly be better to have the personal acquaintance and knowledge which comes from at least one term of association in College life. By the end of that time it would be possible to know with moral certainty something of the character and ability of each new man. They will have had time to become acquainted with many more men outside their own class, and with something more of the principles and spirit which govern the action of each society. Knowing these things they will be influenced in their decision as to which fraternity they prefer to join, by their opinion of the men as a class rather than by the personal attraction and influence of one or two men. This, it seems to us, must raise the standard of membership in each of the societies. Feeling as we do in this matter, we are extremely glad that a step has at last been taken toward this end, by a conference of delegates from each of the societies. Judging by the unanimity of spirit on this point shown at this meeting, there will be

little difficulty in securing such an agreement. It will probably be found to be more difficult to obtain a faithful, honorable adherence thereto; but this should not be difficult, for no man who possesses a particle of self-respect, honor and loyalty to his fraternity can so far forget himself as to dishonor the obligation placed upon him by such an agreement on the part of the society to which he belongs,

MEMORIAL POEM.

The following poem, written by Albert Bryant, was read at the memorial exercises held for the late Capt. Walter M. Dickinson at the M. A. C. chapel.

The sons of those, whose valor once did win
For liberty these hills, in heritage
Of holy sepulchers and sainted kin,
Learn from rare honor loftiness of soul;
And see in visions of the coming age
Men free from pole to pole.

Holyoke and Tom and Sugarloaf, to-night.
With all your circle watching on the steep,
Lift up your summits in the farewell light
Radiant and beautiful, as when of old
You first saw dust of heroes laid to sleep
Here in the valley mould.

For not in vain this valley bred and gave
To liberty, that early day, a race,
And still preserves, a martyr-shrine, each grave
That tells of pledges which were grandly kept
'Mid Freedom's battle-fires by names we trace,
Immortal since they slept.

So not unheard the Children of the Isles
Breathed to the Southern stars their bitter cry,
When Northern winds to these free mountain piles
Brought echoes calling ever "Help and save!"
As one, the Nation answered "Here am I!"
Her navies bridged the wave.

Not mine to speak the words should fitly set
Our brothers' deeds, their shining sacrifice.
Enough, their creed they kept; the foe they met;
And, conquering, they held it equal gain
To greet the vanquished, love's light in their eyes,
Or die in forest lane.

O Land, exult! Thy flag of blood-washed stars
Now blesses millions rescued from their chains.
Give thy worn heroes, homeward from the wars,
The noblest greeting ever paid their kind!
O Land, exult through all thy hills and plains
And strive new praise to find.

But some hear not. Forever ours the debt

For praise too tardy. We are blind with tears,
Tribute of love, but guiltless of regret,

The costly incense from our bruised hearts meet,
While Honor's altar-flame before us clears—
The sacrifice complete.

Behold the offering with garlands bright !

The boy whose school-room was this classic vale—
The youth with sunny hair that kept its light—
The soldier disciplined in school and camp—
The patriot whose passion could not fail,
Whose duty was his lamp !

How mourns the sire whose son dares honor's height,
Or mother fond who pointed out the path ?
Would grieving wife defraud the record bright.
Or they whose brother sleeps on glory's field ?
Eternal fame has called him, not in wrath ;
We falter, weep and yield.

From grateful soil his blood made hallowed ground
His country's turf now claims her warrior's clay ;
His name a place in lasting bronze has found ;
What further tribute left for memory ?
Persuasive silence pleads for him to-day,
"Keep all he died for free !"

On broad Potomac's kindly banks,
Long opulent in heroes' dust,
Now lay our soldier in their ranks
Who kept their country's trust.

Near where the nation's Founder sleeps
Her slain defenders slumber round ;
And, far-seen, storied marble keeps
Watch o'er the holy ground.

There soft shall lie our warrior's head,
And rare the fellowship of clay,
While Love and Honor guard his bed,
And Faith kneels there to pray.

ACROSS THE YEARS.

Dark days the sun doth rise
And drag across the sky,
Until the beaten daylight dies
And moaning night winds cry.

Across the waste there comes a call
From one long loved—and lost ;
And when the long night watches fall,
My soul is tempest-tossed.

But thou shalt call in vain, O Love !
For days like ours of yore,
For thou hast slain our joy, O Love !
And it riseth nevermore.—*Ex.*

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE.

During the winter of '75 I went with my father logging near the head waters of the Penobscot River in Maine. I was only a boy then. Now I can almost see my mother as she stood in the door of our house bidding us good-by. She was loath to have me go—in fact so was my father—but I pleaded so hard that at last they consented. Boy fashion I was longing to do something that would make me a hero in the eyes of my boy acquaintances. I also knew that if I stayed at home I could not get work and as our financial condition was very lamentable I was anxious to do what little I could to better it. Probably mother would have more readily given her consent if father had not been addicted to drink. Two nights before our departure while father was out on his "last spree" as he said, my little mother came up to me and putting her arms about my neck—an uncommon thing in our household—said, "Roy, my boy, you know where your father is to-night; you can see what drink has done. It has ruined his life and our home. Now, dear son," and a sob broke her voice, "when you're away don't drink for your own sake and for your mother's sake. Promise me you will not."

I looked up into her face and saw a look there such as I had never seen before. Her eyes looked at me pleadingly through a mist of tears. Had I wished to, I could not have said "no." I turned my head to hide my own tears and said in a husky whisper "no, mother."

Immediately she took my cheeks in both her hands and placed a kiss upon my lips that even now seems to burn there, and then left the room.

My whole course of thinking had been turned. I went to bed that night with deeper thoughts than had ever entered my mind before. I had begun of late to think upon the reason why my home was not like other boys' homes and why my mother had to work so hard. I knew father often came home drunk, but I had become so used to it that I did not think much about it. Then and there as I lay on my bed staring into the black darkness I made my first earnest prayer to God to help me in my promise.

The first month of my life in the woods as lumberman passed without incident. I learned fast and being a vigorous youth soon became, for one so young, an expert wood chopper. Naturally I was made the

butt of many jokes but I did not mind it. I also had to do most of the errands for the camp.

The main event of my career as lumberman happened at the beginning of my second month. Somehow the men got hold of some rum and before the night was half over they were having a wild carousal. I sat over at one side near the fire and thinking how much like animals men can be when out of their senses. I became tired of watching them, and as my fear had become allayed I arose and started to go to my bunk in the lean-to. My movements drew the attention of several of the men. Evidently I had been forgotten and as I started for the door one of the teamsters known as "Big Mike" came unsteadily towards me saying, "Oh, here's the little lumberman, we forgot him, he's not had his drink. Come," said he, offering me a bottle, "take a little."

I declined, upon which he got rather angry and said, "You won't, eh? Well, we'll see," and grabbing me by the shoulder he tried to force some liquor into my mouth. I shut my teeth and strenuously objected. The men began to gather around, some laughing loudly and applauding, others simply looking on. All of a sudden I saw one make a dash from the back part of the log hut and push aside the onlookers. It was my father.

I can hardly remember what next followed. I heard him say, "No you don't, Mike, let him go," and saw him make a grab for the big teamster. The men knew what to expect and formed a ring. Both my father and Big Mike were mad with drink and both fought like animals. How long the fight lasted I can not say, but it seemed hours though it was surely only several minutes. At last I could stand it no longer for I saw my father was getting the worst of it, and ran at the teamster myself. As I did so I received in the face a blow that was intended for my father and that is all I can remember.

I was told afterwards that when I was picked up all believed me dead. It was not for weeks that I came to myself. Brain typhoid fever set in within two or three days after the incident before they could get me to the village, and for weeks I raved like one mad. I learned afterwards though that the men did all in their power to help me. Lumbermen are very thoughtful when in their own minds. The first thing that I can remember when I began to get well is seeing my

mother at my bedside. A week or so later when I could talk she leaned over me and said, "You didn't drink, my boy; you kept your promise."

Father died a drunkard; but one good result came from my logging experience. One of the loggers, a young fellow made a vow to me when I got well that he had not drank any since that night, and that he would never touch the stuff again. He has kept his vow.

1900 INDEX.

The thirtieth volume of the *Index* will soon be ready for the public. We will leave our patrons to find out for themselves the superiority of our publication over all other *Indexes* with but brief mention of its contents.

The book contains the customary college statistics, compiled with the greatest accuracy, the alumni directory, revised to date, and a few facts in regard to college happenings and to the prominent men about college, the manner by which they gained their prominence and the means they use to retain themselves in their exalted positions. We have a delightful short story on a subject dear to the heart of every student, and a poem, the recollections of an alumnus of the delights of a visit to old "Aggie," his Alma Mater. Our artistic features are many and varied and add greatly to the attractiveness of the book. A characteristic half-tone, from photographs taken in the classroom with our own camera, and a characteristic sketch of each member of the faculty may prove of interest to some, while a full page view of the new Veterinary Laboratory and Hospital will surely interest all.

We have also a sketch of the life of the late Captain Walter Mason Dickinson, who was so closely connected with us and our college, together with an excellent reproduction of his likeness heretofore unpublished.

"Anuzzer chip off zee China,"
The fat French chief read with glee,
But the dish-washing girl
As she banged round the plates,
Said, "That is stale news to me."—*Ex.*

"What is the complexion of your little baby sister, dark or fair?" asked a lady of a small boy.

"To tell the truth," was the reply, "she is a little yellor."—*Ex.*

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELL.

Whenever the home football team or baseball team returns from a well-fought and hard-earned victory, or whenever they defeat some rival team on the campus, we celebrate the triumph and announce the tidings to the townspeople by ringing the chapel bell. On such occasions everyone seems possessed of a whole volcano of feeling which seems trying in an hundred ways to make its escape. Even the most sedate lose for a time their absorbed demeanor and join with all their heart in the spirit of the hour. Everything is forgotten except that a victory has been won by M. A. C. Every man feels that he is a sharer in the glory, and feels proud that he is an Aggie man.

But the bell has another message for us at such times; it tells us of more than our victory on the gridiron or on the diamond. It has a deeper lesson for us if we will but heed it, one that is fraught with much that concerns us deeply in our college life.

On such occasions as a college celebration we see an approach to an ideal college spirit. Uppermost in each student's heart is the glory, good name, and welfare of his alma mater. For the time being everything else is forgotten. Each student rises to a higher plane, and feels that he has done so. He does not however pause to analyze his feelings; he could not tell you, were you to ask him. Patriotism, pure and simple, has taken possession of his soul. It is this patriotism that unites him with his fellows. It is this common interest in the welfare of the college that gives birth to patriotism and promotes universal good feeling. At the present time our athletics are about the only factor of any consequence besides the daily association of man with man and experience has shown that this is not sufficient to the purpose—that we have to break down those barriers which selfishness and thoughtlessness are constantly building up. They operate both in defeat and victory to strengthen the bond of sympathy among us. Whether we lose or win, that sympathy finds its expression in every face either in that quiet sullen acknowledgement of defeat with the determination to do better another time, or in the happy, smiling countenance that bespeaks a deep inward satisfaction and a keen pleasure.

But the patriotism that manifests itself on special

occasions does not obtain so thoroughly in our everyday life as is possible or desirable. It is not enough that it should exist only to remain dormant. Its manifestation at times is proof that we are noble enough to appreciate its worth; but if we must rise to the occasion what is the natural inference concerning the interims? Are we not divided among ourselves a little too much? And would not greater unity among us be very desirable? The discussion that these questions involve I leave for each one to dwell upon for himself, feeling sure that he will arrive at what seems to me to be the only answer.

In closing I would ask you to carefully weigh this matter and see whether or no it is founded upon fact. If it is based upon truth will you not lend your aid in helping along anything that may have for its aim the promotion of college patriotism and a closer knit fellowship at Aggie? Whatever our aspirations may be we cannot indulge in any but the highest wishes for the college that contributes to our education, and may the time soon come when every stroke of our chapel bell shall be an expression of the love, fidelity, and patriotism which each one of us feels for our beloved M. A. C., and when each peal may tell the outside world that Aggie stands for that eternal truth "United we stand, divided we fall."

A SUMMER SOJOURN.

In our childhood days when we puzzled our brains over the mysteries of United States geography, we learned that the most easterly point of the United States was the town of Eastport in northeastern Maine, and undoubtedly most of us immediately forgot the fact and to-day neither know nor care whether it is Eastport or Westport that reachest farthest out into the Atlantic. Such may be your feelings but a single glance at this old historic town perched on a rocky cliff and surrounded by all that is most beautiful and picturesque in nature must certainly cause a change of mind.

It is for this reason I ask you to travel with me for a few minutes into this land where the blue mountains rise out of the green waves of the Atlantic, where the sun casts its first beams over rolling white-capped billows and sinks to rest behind the wood covered hills of Canada.

It was late on an August afternoon that we took the

steamer at Boston and leaving the hot, dusty, bustling city behind, turned to the north with the fresh sea breeze blowing in our faces and a trail of churning, foaming billows stretching in the wake of the vessel as far back as the eye could see. Down through the harbor, passing here a tiny fishing smack, and there a beautiful yacht skimming like a bird over the tossing waters, and still farther on a little steam tug towing some vessel into the city wharves, on and on past the grim forts with their black mouthed guns, on past the old historic landmarks of the harbor, out into the broad ocean, until the glistening roofs and shining spires of the city behind grew more and more indistinct and faded away while twilight deepened and night settled down over all.

As the day was beautiful the night was even more so, for with the coming darkness out of the eastern waters rose the golden moon. It was a scene never to be forgotten, never to be described. The throbbing vessel as it rushed on through the pathless deep, the wash and roll of the waves, the picturesque, whispering groups scattered on the upper deck, the long trail of white glistening foam stretching out behind, and over all the great yellow moon, made this mid-summer night's scene one never to be erased from memory's tablet. At midnight we saw in the distance a small shining light and were told by the captain that it was the great lighthouse in Portland Harbor sixty miles to the westward. Then going below we were lulled to sleep by the gentle rolling of the vessel and the song of the moving waters.

How different was the scene that morning revealed. In the night a heavy fog had sprung up and all the forenoon with reduced speed and whistling fog horn the vessel cautiously proceeded on her way. We were only a short distance from the rocky shores of Northern Maine, but the fog was so dense that they were as indiscernible as if it were midnight instead of noonday.

But about three o'clock in the afternoon came a change so sudden, so beautiful, so unexpected, that it seemed almost like a transfer into another world. The steamer in its silent onward progress had left four hundred miles of tossing waters behind, and now as land drew near, we suddenly went through the wall of fog and in a single instant the impenetrable gray wall of mist was lifted disclosing to our eyes the mani-

fold beauties of Eastport harbor. It was like the lifting of Nature's curtain that man might view her most beautiful scenes.

In the foreground was the harbor dotted with wooded, rocky islands, and stretching far back inland until it was lost in the faint outlines of St. Croix river. On the left the little fishing towns of Eastport and Lubec with their straggling streets and scattered homes seemed to be veritably clinging to the rocks on which they were built, while farther inland a semi-circular chain of blue wooded mountain extending far to the north into Canadian dominion formed a most beautiful setting for the bay, the villages and the islands before us. On the Eastport wharves a jolly, laughing crowd were waiting for the incoming vessel and the swarthy Indian, the scheming tradesman, and the blushing, smiling summer girl each and all were ready to impartially welcome both friend and stranger.

In describing any one fishing town you describe a thousand others for they are all closely allied species of the same genus. The same wandering picturesque streets with the old colonial wooden buildings on either hand, all stretching down and seeming to center at the water's edge, where is to be found every craft from a row-boat to a man-of-war, and the same all-pervading never-to-be-eradicated *fishy smell*, these are some of the characteristics that make our American fishing towns so full of interest and charm to the curious stranger.

Everything is fish. What few of the inhabitants are not directly engaged in catching the wily inhabitant of the deep spend their time in buying and selling this same product which is supplied to them in unlimited quantities by their more fortunate brothers. All the people not only eat fish but the farmers raise the produce on fish bones and therefore when an inhabitant of a seaport town seats himself at the festive board and partakes of the necessities and luxuries of life, it matters not whether it be meat or vegetables, bread or pastry, the menu may still be written with the one word *fish*. Historians tell us that a diet of fish is conducive to the formation of brains and that fish eaters are always intelligent. But I was led to wonder if it was also fish that made these people such loyal citizens and hospitable friends, if it was fish that made the sons of Maine so noble in their manly

strength and gave to the Old Pine Tree state the fairest daughters of the world, if so, long live the genus Pisces.

Leaving Eastport and its fascinating surroundings we drove inland twelve miles or more through woods of spruce and hemlock and along the shores of the Passamaquoddy, until at last we reached our destination.

I would that I might tell of the following days and weeks, of summer mornings spent fishing on bay and river, of the long afternoons when we sailed and rowed on the same and of the moonlight evenings when we drifted over the silvery waters of beautiful old Passamaquoddy, of the old Canadian towns that we visited on the other side where the characteristics of the Frenchman, the Englishman and the American are so curiously blended in the single individual. I would that I might relate the story of sailing expeditions galore, of picnics innumerable, and of the journey home down by the frowning, rocky coast to the spacious and beautiful harbor of Portland and thence back to our starting point. But already have I lingered too long and must now say good-by, only hoping that I may have awakened in some heart the desire to see those same rocky shores, to hear those whispering forests, and to make the close acquaintance of that most delightful people the dwellers of the old Pine Tree state, the rock-bound, sea-girt state of Maine.

FOOTBALL.

AGGIE FRESHMEN, 6 ; SUNDERLAND, 5.

The freshman team went to Sunderland and played a return game Nov. 21.

Capt. Woodbury won the toss and defended the east goal. Bodfish kicked off for Freshmen. The man was downed on the 20-yard line and after gaining about ten yards the ball was given to the Freshmen on four downs. The Freshmen now started for a touchdown but when they got on the 20-yard line Sunderland held for downs. Freshmen then held for downs and this time pushed Bodfish over for touchdown. Pierson kicked goal. Sunderland kicked off but time was soon called with ball in Aggie territory.

Sunderland kicked off in second half, caught by Pierson who was downed on the 40-yard line. Pierson punted and after one play the ball became '02 on a fumble, caught by Fulton. Sunderland again got it

on a fumble and after some dispute made a touchdown. Failed to kick goal. Score, '02, 6 ; Sunderland, 5. '02 got the ball after kick-off. Bodfish made a 30-yard run but fumbled the ball. Umpire gave ball to Sunderland after James caught it. Capt. Woodbury made a 40-yard run but was downed by Dellea. Time was called with ball in Sunderland territory. The line-up is as follows:

Morse, l. e.	r. e., Hubbard
Cole, l. t.	r. t., Monahan
James, H. E., l. g.	r. g., Smith
Peabody, c.	c., Darling
Belden, r. g.	l. g., Howe
Gates, James, H. F., r. t.	l. t., Clarke. R
Fulton, r. e.	l. e., H. Woodbury
Dellea, q. b.	q. b., Clarke, C
Ball (Capt), l. h. b.	r. h. b., Pomeroy
Bodfish, r. h. b,	l. h. b., Dill
Pierson, l. b.	l. b. Woodbury (Capt)

SOPHOMORE, 21 ; FRESHMAN, 0.

On the afternoon of Nov. 10, in a drizzling rain which had prepared the ground in good shape,—a typical football day of the season, the Freshmen lined up against the Sophomores for the long expected class game.

The Sophomores carried everything from the first. Their chief gains were made round the end. Bucking the line did not seem to work very well on the soft ground although Barry made good gains for 1901 through center. Both Chickering and Ahearn made a touchdown round left end, and Curtis on a tackle back play got through his own tackle and scored another. The heaviest gain was made by Chapman on a Freshman punt, when he ran nearly the whole length of the field and reached line without being downed. Kicking goals was a failure ; only one point was gained, and that on Chickering's touchdown.

Barry's work against the line and Ahearn round end were the salient points in the game for the sophomores. Ball worked hard for the Freshmen but it was no use. Dellea made some good tackles. The line-up was as follows:

SOPHOMORES.	FRESHMEN.
Ahearn, r. e.	l. e., McCobb
Cooke, r. t.	l. t., Cole
Gamwell, r. g.	l. g., James
Rice, c.	c., Peabody
Bridgeforth, l. g.	r. g., Bodfish
Curtis, Pierson, l. t.	r. t., Gates
Rogers, l. e.	r. e., Fulton

Whitman, q. b.
 Chickering, r. h. b.
 Chapman, l. h. b.,
 Barry, f. b.

q. b., Deilea
 l. h. b., Ball
 r. h. b., Belden
 f. b., Chase

Score—Sophomores 21, Freshmen 0. Touchdowns—
 Ahearn, Chickering, Curtis, Chapman. Umpire—Prof. Lull.
 Referee—F. H. Turner.

WORCESTER TECHNOLOGY, 11 ; M. A. C., 0.

Aggie was defeated by the Technology eleven Saturday, Nov. 12. This is the second game which has been played on the campus, and the last of the season.

The halves were but 15 and 20 minutes, though our acting captain tried to arrange for longer ones.

Nelson won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. Brooks kicked off to Canto who made a fine run of 15 yards before being downed. The wind being in our favor, the signal was given to kick. Tech's full back caught the ball on the 30-yard line and was downed on the spot. Then by a quick play they sent their half-back through our line for a good gain. Here the ball was fumbled and our boys lined up only to lose it again on a fumble. From this point the Worcester eleven rushed the ball up the field for a touchdown. They failed, however, to kick goal.

Nelson made a fine kick-off and Walsh was downed by Cooke before he had gained a yard. Here, first Aggie held for downs, and then Technology did the same. At this juncture the latter made repeated gains and finally aided by a 25 yard run, landed the ball behind the posts. Score, 11-0.

This time the ball was kicked to Brooks who returned the kick. Our boys fumbled the ball and a Tech man caught it up and started up the field with no one to stop him. At this point the spectators saw one of the finest sights ever seen on a football field. Canto our famous little quarter-back sprinted after him and after a phenomenal run of 45 yards caught up with him and brought him to the ground on our 10-yard line. Here Aggie held for downs and at the next play our full-back was taken out of the game half unconscious resulting from a kick in the head. Chapman was put in l. h. b., with Barry full-back. Here by the fine dashes of Chapman, the ball was rushed up to the center of the field, when time was called.

In the second half the ball changed hands continually and was first at one end of the field and then at the other. It is strange that now when our boys had

to run up hill and had the wind against them, they held the Tech eleven with ease. In the second half our men outplayed the Worcester eleven in every way. The last few minutes our men played a fierce game rushing the ball rapidly toward their goal. Neither side scored. Summary :

M. A. C.

Rogers, l. e.
 Cooke, l. t.
 Ball, l. g.
 Crowell, c.
 Stanley, r. g.
 Hooker, Beaman, r. t.
 Ahearn, r. e.
 Canto, q. b.
 Barry, Chapman, l. h. b.
 Chickering, r. h. b.
 Nelson, (act. Capt) f. b.

WORCESTER TECHNOLOGY.

l. e., Wood
 l. t., Simpson
 l. g., Nutting
 c., Perkins
 r. g., Putnam
 r. t., Page
 r. e., Maynard
 q. b., Willis
 l. h. b., Walsh (Capt)
 r. h. b., Birge
 f. b., Brooks

Score—Worcester Technology 11. Aggie 0. Touchdowns—Walsh, Brooks. Umpire—Stone. Referee—Smith. Time-keeper—Gamwell. Linesmen—Lisle, Brown. Time—15 and 20 minute halves.

College Notes.

- A. L. Frost, '00, has returned to college.
- The fall term will close Thursday, Dec. 22d.
- The foot ball team has disbanded for the season.
- The foot ball team was recently photographed by Lovell.
- Professor S. T. Maynard recently made a trip to Washington, D. C.
- Dr. Stone spent the Thanksgiving recess at his home in Worcester.
- E. S. Gamwell, '01, spent the Thanksgiving recess in Springfield.
- Professor Charles H. Fernald spent part of the Thanksgiving recess in New York City.
- On Saturday evenings an electric car will leave North Amherst for Amherst about 9-30.
- Dr. C. S. Walker spoke at a meeting of the Congregational club recently held in Springfield.
- Fred Mills of the Columbia law school spent Thanksgiving with his father Professor G. F. Mills.
- Professor and Mrs. S. T. Maynard entertained a party of students, at their home Thanksgiving eve.
- Francis E. Hemenway, formerly of the Sophomore class recently spent a few days at the college.

—Rev. C. W. Hawley of the East Congregational church preached in the college chapel Sunday Nov 20.

—W. R. Crowell, '00, and A. R. Dorman, '01, acted as ushers at a wedding recently held in Springfield.

—W. D. Ballantine, '01, has been elected captain of the Amherst college foot ball team for the following year.

—Arrangements were made to accommodate nearly 900 people in the chapel at the memorial exercises.

—The portrait of Capt. W. M. Dickinson which was the work of Lovell of Amherst is now on exhibition in Boston.

—W. H. Bowker, '71, S. C. Damon, '82 and J. H. Demond all trustees of the college were present at the memorial exercises.

—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 7 from 7-30 to 9-30 a reception will be given to the Board of Agriculture in the college chapel.

—Dr. E. Winchester Donald of Boston, is the next speaker in the lecture course of "College Thought and Public Interest."

—The Senior division in Political Economy has finished the text-book and are now taking up Gibbins' "Industrial History of England."

—J. D. Whitman formerly a member of the Sophomore class at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has entered the Sophomore class.

—The president's address delivered at the memorial exercises, which was printed in full in the *Amherst Record* will soon be printed in pamphlet form.

—An unusual number of shooting stars has been noticed during the past two weeks and a marvelous exhibition of meteors is predicted for next year.

—Most of the students went home during the Thanksgiving recess but those who remained, enjoyed an excellent dinner at the college boarding house.

—President Goodell has been elected chairman of the executive committee of the American Association of Agricultural colleges and experiment stations.

—Work on the Veterinary laboratory has been rapidly pushed until now the building begins to take on some form. The laboratory will be one of our finest college buildings.

—On Monday, Nov. 21, the Freshman foot ball team went to Sunderland and there lined up against an eleven from that town. The Freshmen won by a score of 6-5.

—The Senior division in Entomology have finished the course in lectures for the term. For the rest of the term four two hour periods a week will be devoted to laboratory work.

—The reading room is now heated by steam, radiators being placed there some weeks ago. We hope that steam will soon be carried to the remaining rooms in the north dormitory.

—Week before last was the week of prayer for the Young Men's Christian Associations in the different colleges. A special meeting was held on the Tuesday evening of that week.

—Now that the foot ball season is over it is time that the polo association organized. A great deal of interest was taken last year in polo and we hope the same will be true this year.

—The annual Thanksgiving recess extended from Wednesday Nov. 23 to the following Tuesday. The students are expected to make up last Monday by attending recitations on next Saturday.

—Dr. J. B. Lindsey addressed an institute held at Granby, Nov. 10, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Creamery association and the Massachusetts Dairy Bureau of the Board of Agriculture.

—Professor Genung of Amherst college is giving a series of lectures upon Tennyson's "In Memoriam." These lectures are given in the Amherst College chapel every Friday evening and all who are interested in the subject are invited to attend, no admission being charged.

—W. E. Chapin and W.H. Armstrong, '99, and C. A. Crowell, Jr., '00, as delegates from Alpha Chapter attended a convention of the Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity held with Theta Chapter of Columbia University at New York on the evening of Friday, Nov. 18, 1898.

—Three delegates from each of the four societies in college recently met together and formed what may be termed a society conference. This conference is to promote a better feeling among the societies and to advance that broader college spirit which is an essential element in every institution.

—The freshman class caps have arrived. There must have been some element in the committee which selected these hats that was very remote from all that which pertains to style or beauty, for both of these essentials seem to be absolutely wanting in the objects which a few of the freshmen still wear on their heads.

—Many of the students who board at the college boarding house, instead of taking the walk on their way to meals have taken a short cut across the grounds in front of H. M. Thomson's house and have greatly injured the lawn. The students should remember that the lawn is a part of the college grounds and no one wishes to injure their excellent appearance.

—Among the graduates of the M.A.C. who attended the meeting of the association of Land Grant colleges and Experiment Stations at Washington were Professors Maynard and Brooks, Holland and Goessman from Aggie; Jones and Hill of Vermont; Washburn, Wheeler, Hartwell and Brigham of Rhode Island; Frank B. Carpenter of Virginia and Harry Wells of Washington.

—The water has been drained out of the pond in pursuance of a plan to dig out the lower end and remove the sediment which had collected there. There has been no water in the pond now for two or three weeks and we would suggest that if nothing is to be done until next term, that the pond be flooded again. Cold weather has set in and the opportunity for polo practice should not be hindered by any delay.

—Exercises in memory of Capt. W. M. Dickinson were held in the college chapel, Wednesday, Nov. 2nd at 2-00 P. M. A very large audience was present consisting of friends and relatives of Capt. Dickinson. The local lodge of masons of which he was once master, attended in a body as did also the senior class in uniform. President Goodell delivered the memorial address and Rev. Albert Bryant of Scituate read a poem. Music was furnished by a chorus of singers from Northampton.

—The winter meeting of the State Board of Agriculture will be held in this town Dec. 6, 7 and 8. Dr. C. S. Walker will make the opening prayer and President Goodell will deliver the opening address. The lecture on Tuesday evening of that week by Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, on the subject "The love and study Nature," will be especially

interesting. The faculty and students of the college are urged to attend the exercises which will be held in the Town Hall.

—Sometime ago an article appeared in these columns concerning the honor system. It is evident that the majority of the students do not realize the importance of adopting this system as a class or as a college. The honor system places the professor and student upon an equal basis and produces confidence of professor in pupil and student in professor. The best effort of the student is shown in his work and the standing and rank of the whole college is raised. We heartily recommend that some of the lower classes adopt the honor system, which if given a fair trial is sure to prove successful.

—We still have occasion to speak about the treatment of the college papers in the reading room. Many of the students seem to think that they are not in any way responsible for the condition of the papers and magazines. Every student who uses the room is responsible for the manner in which the different papers and periodicals are handled and should make it his business to see that they receive proper treatment. The different publications seen in the reading room, were bought at auction by the students and it is only fair to those who purchased the magazines that they should receive them in good condition.

—The date set for the re-opening of our college in the fall has always been sometime in the early part of September. Many of the professors and students have long desired that this be changed to a time one or two weeks later in the month. At the present time there are very few colleges which commence as early as the M. A. C. and there are many which do not open until sometime in October. The students would be more willing to remain longer in the summer term or have some of the vacations shortened than to have to return so early in the fall. We hope that some action will be taken in this matter and if a change in the college calendar can be brought about, it will be well appreciated by the students.

—The following appeared in a recent issue of the *Springfield Republican*: "Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture believes that the graduates of the agricultural colleges maintained by appropriations of Congress should have an opportunity to

become of some practical aid to the government subsequent to their educational course at its expense. For this purpose he believes that the best talent should be given an opportunity through the civil-service commission to take examinations for work in the department of agriculture at Washington, their pay to be reasonable and enough to live on, but not large. He thinks that several of these graduates might be assigned to the department, new appointees taking the place of those securing important positions in the greater institutions of learning, or in the experimental colleges as practical teachers.

—The K. K. K. (Kollege Kemical Klub) has met and reorganized, the following officers being elected: Honorary President, Dr. Charles Wellington; acting president, Dr. E. R. Flint; vice-presidents, E. B. Holland, F. W. Mossman; secretary, B. H. Smith; treasurer, G. F. Parmenter; executive committee, Dr. J. B. Lindsey, F. J. Smith, B. K. Jones. After the election of officers it was voted to change the name of the organization from K. K. K. to simply Chemical Club. It has not been the custom of the club to admit undergraduates as members until after the second term of their Junior yer. This restriction has been abolished and now anyone interested in science may become a member by paying the dues, which go toward defraying necessary expenses. Meetings will be held about once in two weeks at which time papers on various subjects will be read and discussed, followed by a general good time. The programme for the next meeting is as follows: First, Business. Second, A paper upon "Lucrose, and the manufacture of sugar." Third, Discussion of the above subject, during which an attempt will be made to rattle the speaker. Fourth, Refreshments and sociability.

—Last week Dr. Goessmann attended the meeting of Official Agricultural Chemists held in Washington, D. C. A number of propositions bearing on improvements in official methods of analyses and the adoption of new lines of work were presented and discussed. During the Doctor's stay in Washington he met a number of his former assistants who are prominently engaged in experiment station work in different states. On his return from Washington he attended a "Dinner for the Reunion of Companions who were students

at the Georg Augusts Universitat zu Göttingen 1855-56 with some of earlier and later dates," at the Metropolitan Club in New York City. The hosts of the occasion were J. Pierrepont Morgan, Charles F. Chandler and James D. Hague, all of New York. During the year 1855-56 Dr. Goessmann was first assistant to Dr. F. Wöhler in the Royal Laboratories and lecturer in Organic and Technical Chemistry in the Philosophical Faculty of the University. The year 55-56 is quite marked by the large number of American students in attendance at the laboratories of Wöhler. The gathering in New York brought together 36 Göttingen American students and was enlivened by the reminiscences of Göttingen life and the value of the University of Göttingen as an educational institution was prominently pointed out by many of the parties present. Among the guests were Professor Chandler of Columbia, Professor Remsen of Johns Hopkins and Professor Harris of Amherst.

Alumni.

'85.—G. H. Barber, M. D., U. S. N., at sea off coast of Cuba.

'89.—C. S. Crocker spent a few days of the Thanksgiving recess in town,

'90.—C. H. Jones was in town last week, stopping while returning to Vermont from the Association of Chemists meetings held in Washington.

'90.—F. J. Smith attended a meeting of the N. E. Section of the American Chemical Society, held at the Exchange club, Boston on Friday, Nov. 18.

'91.—C. A. Bowman. Address 98 Walnut St., Clinton, Mass.

'92.—F. G. Stockbridge is taking a graduate course at Cornell University.

'92.—R. P. Lyman. Address 997 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

'92.—E. B. Holland; Asst. Chemist at the Exp. Station attended the meetings of the American Association of Chemists recently held in Washington, D. C.

'94.—F. G. Averell was at his home in Amherst over Thanksgiving. Mr. Averell is with Stone & Downer Co., Custom House Brokers, Exchange Building, 53 State St., Boston.

'94.—W. E. Sanderson is with Peter Henderson & Co., Seedsmen & Florists of 35 Courtlandt St., New York city, as their eastern travelling salesman.

'94.—J. H. Putnam was recently in town.

'95.—E. A. White recently spent a few days with friends in town.

'95.—Ballou and Crehore were present at the memorial services.

'95.—M. J. Sullivan has been spending a few days at his old home in Amherst.

'96.—Ninety-six was represented at the memorial services by Cook, Jones, Kinney and Kramer.

'96.—A. M. Kramer has concluded his engagement with Leonard Metcalf at Concord, Mass. and is now employed as draftsman for the Ludlow Mfg. Co., Ludlow, Mass. Home address, 21 Spruce St., Clinton, Mass.

'97.—H. J. Armstrong who is employed as civil engineer by the Illinois Central railroad is now stationed at Belleville, Ill. Address care of J. B. Ball, Asst. Eng. I. C. R. R. Station, Belleville, Ill.

'97.—C. I. Goessmann recently visited Washington and while there attended the meetings of the American Association of Chemists.

'97.—The marriage of Chas. A. Norton to Miss Katherine White took place at Amherst, Nov. 23.

'98.—John P. Nickerson is studying medicine at Tufts Medical College. Address 704 Tremont St., Boston.

'98.—Randall D. Warden is about to enter a law school. Address for the present at Rocky Point, Long Island, N. Y.

'98.—George H. Wright is instructor at Dr. Brown's Institute at Barre, Mass.

'98.—Samuel W. Wiley is Ass't Chemist at the Hatch Experiment Station of Mass. Agl. College.

'98.—Alexander Montgomery, Jr., is with E. M. Wood, Florist, Natick, Mass.

'00.—A. L. March Ex-'00 was recently at college for a few days.

'00.—H. E. Walker. We learn that the members of the 8th Mass. Vol. Reg. of which Mr. Walker is a member expect to be sent on to Cuba by the first of December. The regiment is now in camp at Americus, Ga.

Exchanges.

We are glad to receive again *The Intercollegian* and we trust that it will experience a very successful year.

"Captain Pat" in *The Earhamite* is an interesting story and well written.

The *Brunonian* again comes to the exchange table. It holds a place among our best exchanges and is now up to its high standing. It would not be a bad idea if other colleges who send out poor weekly sheets would concentrate their efforts and follow the example of *The Brunonian* and other college publications by sending out monthly issues.

"A Fresh Breeze from New London Hills" is a pleasant descriptive little article.

It is pleasing to note the general improvement of the exchanges, especially of some, over what they were last year. There is usually a "sprucing up" in all lines at the beginning of a college year, but toward the end of the year the exchanges take on rather a jaded appearance. This ought not to be so.

The fifth number of *The Tech* contains an interestingly written sketch under the head of "The Language of Diplomacy."

THIS MAN REMEMBERED.

Fond Mother—"I want to get something for my little boy of eight—something he will remember me by."

Floorwalker—"Ah, yes! Here cash! Show this lady the slipper counter."—*Ex.*

AN ANECDOTE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In the days of bitterness, just before the last great war in America, Wendell Phillips, famous as an orator, was a guest for a few weeks at a hotel in Springfield, Massachusetts.

There was but one topic at the time, and Mr. Phillips frequently talked with the other guests concerning the storm of strife about to break over the republic.

One of these chance acquaintances, after a violent war of words with Mr. Phillips, whose name he did not know, remarked:

"And, by-the-way, I see Wendell Phillips' name on the hotel register."

"Yes," said the other, drily: "I wrote it there."—*'85 Magazine.—Ex.*





We have boiled the hydrant water,
 We have sterilized the milk,
 We have strained the prowling microbe,
 Through the finest kind of silk.
 We have bought and we have borrowed
 Every patent health device,
 And at last the doctor tells us
 That we've got to boil the ice.—*Ex.*

LIBRARY NOTES.

Elements of Sanitary Engineering. Mansfield Merriam, Ph. D. John Wiley and Sons, N. Y. This new book from the pen of Professor Merriman is written in the clean and concise style which characterizes his other works. The author gives a brief review of sanitary regulations that were in force at different times in early history, and refers to the pestilences that spread over Europe during the dark ages, and connects them with the unsanitary conditions prevailing at that time. The author then discusses zymotic diseases and their propagation. Statistics of mortality are reviewed and the increase of the median age where sanitary regulations are observed is shown. Fifth, impure air and impure water and their relations to disease is well brought out.

The subject of water supply from a sanitary standpoint is fully considered and the different methods of improving its purity are discussed. The prevention of waste and the use of meters is also touched upon.

The author considers the disposition of household wastes, house drainage, the different systems of sewerage and their ventilation and cleaning are taken up and fully described. The book closes with a chapter on the disposition of garbage and sewage and the methods of purification.

As a text-book and work of reference the book supplies a needed want and is a valuable addition to the scanty and ill-arranged literature on the subject. A number of exercises and references throughout the work add to its value for class room use.

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AGGIE LIFE.

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Editorials.

handed or mailed to the editor-in-chief on or before December 22.

IN this the last issue of the LIFE for this term we wish again to remind the students of the rules governing competition for the board. We regret that so little interest has been shown and that the competition has been so slight. The educational value of the work to each man, without mentioning other considerations, will far more than repay him for the time and effort spent. The time will surely come when he will realize, if he does not to-day, the great value of being able to express his thoughts in writing correctly, clearly, and forcibly. This power may usually be acquired by diligent practice. Lively competition would do much to strengthen and to improve the paper now, and it would do more toward fitting for their responsible position those upon whom the honor and duty of editing the LIFE will soon devolve. The lack of competition not only renders it more difficult to preserve the standard of the paper at present, but it also seriously handicaps the work of succeeding boards. All articles to be counted in this competition must be

Now that the "long winter evenings" are here again the usual question arises as to how they may be best spent. For the most part, of course, the industrious student spends his evenings at home surrounded by his books, but if this plan is followed too rigidly one's studies soon become irksome. "Variety is the spice of life" and the cultivation of the social part of a fellow's nature is as much within the domain of an education as is the development of acute powers of observation or a skilled technique. Moreover, though one stands well in his class, if he cannot convey his ideas in a clear and pleasing manner or adapt himself to circumstances to a certain extent, his absolute knowledge counts for but little. Receptions and like events which furnish so much social life at many institutions are few and far between at Aggie and aside from the gatherings held by our different fraternities sociability in general is neglected. This should not be so, and the LIFE begs leave to make the following

proposition: Cannot one evening in every two weeks be set aside from our regular work and devoted to making calls upon our professors? A number of the faculty who have been consulted in regard to the idea assure their hearty coöperation, and it seems to us that if such a custom could be inaugurated it would do much toward promoting sympathy and fellowship between instructor and student.

THERE is an old proverb which says that "manners make the man." This may not be more strictly true than that "fine feathers make fine birds," but that it lives shows that it has some truth. In a certain sense manners do make the man, as he appears to others in his association with them. By good manners we mean something deeper than the polish which may be acquired from a study of books of etiquette. We are too often deceived by these shallow imitations of the true gentleman; but the abundance of the counterfeit only indicates the rare value of the genuine. The counterfeit may deceive for a season; but there will surely come a time when manners will disclose the character beneath. The best way to obtain good manners is to cultivate a sense of the rights and comforts of others, a constant, delicate respect for the human soul. Nothing but the lack of this sense, this perception of the right thing to do, has led to the writing of so many rules of etiquette. But these rules can never replace or equal the command which underlies the best manners, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Perhaps as college men we are inclined occasionally to forget these things; perhaps when under the influence of the crowd we may do things which with sober thought we would not have done. Still we believe that deep down in the heart of every man there is a desire to be a gentleman. So may we realize that it is better to be masters of ourselves than to be winners in athletics; that it is better to lose a game than to lose our reputation for being gentlemen. It is said that Arnold of Rugby developed a school in which, whether the numbers were small or large, there was no room for young men who were not gentlemen. Shall not we strive to do the same for Aggie?

Get out your thick furs,
And oil up your skates,
For winter's loud knock
Is heard at your gates.—Ex.

THE VETERINARY LABORATORY.

For a long time the work of our veterinary department has been seriously curtailed by a lack of suitable accommodations. There has been no opportunity for experiment and original research, or for a practical knowledge of the diseases of our domestic animals. It has been necessary to depend entirely on books for what can be satisfactorily taught by the laboratory alone. The conditions were thus unfavorable to a thorough knowledge of the elementary subject, and well-nigh prohibitive of advanced work. These conditions, however, are now changed. Thanks to the generosity of the last Legislature, the sum of \$25,000 was appropriated for the erection of adequate veterinary buildings. These are fast approaching completion, and to-day, the veterinary department has at its disposal a handsome laboratory and a hospital stable, which will enable it to carry out its mission under the best possible circumstances.

These buildings, which are among the finest we have, are conveniently situated about a hundred yards south of the Drill Hall, on the same side of the street. Occupying as they do a portion which has always seemed rather bare and incomplete without them, they add a great deal to the general appearance of the college grounds. The laboratory, a two-story brick structure of the colonial style, with a French roof and brown-stone trimmings, is certainly a handsome building. But what is even more important it is singularly well-fitted for the purpose for which it is intended, as even the most superficial of examinations will show. The laboratory, as well as the hospital, faces toward the east. As we pass from the broad porch into the building, we come to a vestibule opening into each of the rooms on the first floor. These are six in number.

To the right is the main laboratory, 60x23, extending the entire length of the building. The north side is chosen in preference to the others for this room, because a great deal of microscopic work is to be done, and the only satisfactory light for this purpose comes from the north. In the middle of this room is a long laboratory table which may be used by thirty students at a time. Smaller tables are at each window, and in the rear store-closets and a balance-room. An important feature of this laboratory is the large thermostat, built of brick, with tightly closing

iron doors. This is for the production of tuberculin-mallein, and similar organisms which require a temperature close to that of the human body. A hooded table connects with the chimney flue for the purpose of preventing the gases from passing into the room. Another point of interest in regard to this room is its peculiar construction. Ordinary methods are inapplicable here, for so difficult is it to disinfect wood-work thoroughly, that it cannot be used. Instead, the floor is of asphalt, laid on iron girders, while the walls are entirely of natural brick, covered by nothing except a coating of white enamel. This makes an air-tight, impervious surface which can be disinfected with complete success.

On the left of the hall-way is the office and private laboratory of the professor in charge, a pleasant, and commodious room of easy access to all parts of the building. Just in back is the open stairway leading from the basement to the second story. A lecture-room with accommodations for forty students is in the rear of the vestibule, and between the two, an elevator, which furnishes the means for carrying material from the lecture-room to the museum and laboratories on the second floor. On the left of the lecture-room, though separated from it by a brick partition, is a room for small animals, a toilet-room, and a store-room. Like the laboratory they are built with asphalt floors and brick walls finished with white enamel.

Two private laboratories are on the second story, one over the hall and the other in the northeast corner. There is also on this floor a photographing room, a dark closet, and a room for the janitor. Abundant room is reserved for the museum in the rear. This museum is already fairly complete, especially with regard to the horse, but it is hoped that it may be largely increased in the near future, by the addition of material pertaining to the diseases of our domestic animals.

The basement contains a storeroom, a work-shop, provided with a water-motor for lathes and centrifugal machines, a heater, and a hallway leading to the rear door. The heating is done by a hot-water heater, with combination heating and ventilating apparatus. Fresh air enters the room through a wall register about eight feet from the floor, is kept in circulation by an air-stove, and finally passes on through

a floor register on one side into the ventilating stack in the center of the building. A gas machine provides for both lighting and laboratory work.

Exactly 50 feet to the rear of the laboratory is the hospital barn, also of brick with brownstone trimmings. The main portion of the building is two stories high, and there are two one-story ells extending south and west. Artificial stone is used throughout for floors. The main building contains an office, fitted up with shelves, a sink, and harness cases. In the rear is the carriage-room, and to the left the grain-bins, hay-carts, and sawdust bins. The remaining space is used for horse-stalls. The ell to the rear, reached by stairs descending from the main barn, is used as a dissecting room. Extending to the south for 68 feet is the other one-story ell, 28 feet wide, including a passage under the projecting roof nine feet wide. West of the south end of this ell is an additional extension 28 feet square. These ells are divided into suitably sized sections for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. There are two isolating rooms 8x8 which will be used for experimental purposes. Each section is completely separated from the others by enamelled brick walls which extend from floor to ceiling. The doors of each open directly into the passage under the projecting roof. All this makes it impossible for disease to spread from one room to another. Ample provision is made for drainage, perfect ventilation, and lighting. Steam heat is provided for heating and disinfecting purposes and for the cooking and sterilization of food. The mangers and stable fixtures are of different designs in order to give opportunities for comparison; but each is made as tightly fitting as possible, that thorough and easy disinfection may be obtained.

The plans for these buildings were completed about the middle of August by architect, E. A. Ellsworth of Holyoke, a graduate of our college in 1871. Work was begun early in September and has gone rapidly forward. In this connection, a word of commendation is due Dr. Paige, the head of the veterinary department. Utilizing the knowledge of similar buildings which he has studied at home and abroad, he has spent much time first in perfecting the plans, and then in overseeing the construction. The college owes it to him in large measure that these buildings are what they have been pronounced to be, "the

most complete of any in America."

Under so favorable conditions the usefulness of the veterinary department will be greatly broadened and enlarged. A wide field is before it. The increasing demands of college students will be met and provided for. Advanced work in bacteriology will be begun, and experiments with animal diseases, particularly tuberculosis, will be attempted on a larger scale than has hitherto been possible. Heretofore, too, there has been no place to which diseased material could be sent for examination; now the sending of such material here will be solicited. In short, every effort will be made to bring the veterinary department of the college into direct contact with the farmers and veterinarians of the state.

OUR READING ROOM.

Perhaps those who are interested in the happenings at M. A. C. will be glad to know that the college is undergoing, as it has been aptly termed, "A Renaissance." This is especially true of our Reading Room. As you may well know it is very difficult to keep such a place in perfect condition. There is now a scheme upon foot by which we believe we are going to be able to benefit very materially those who really care to read our daily papers and magazines. The method is this—we are endeavoring to have the location of the reading room in North Dormitory changed to the chapel; and our principal reasons for such a change are these:

1st. The present location of the reading room is too handy. Many go there, not to read but to pass away an idle few minutes. Such students may not mean to disturb those reading, but it is an indisputable fact that they do disturb them.

2nd. Many students have so little college loyalty that they steal the reading matter from the reading room; and not only that, they destroy the reading room property.

3rd. Any man who does not care enough about reading to spend a little extra energy and a minute's time to go to the chapel does not deserve the privileges of a reading room. Moreover, anything which is too easily obtained is not held in so high esteem as that for which one has to exert himself.

4th. All our reading matter would be in one room, and but a step from the library. Thus any one so

desiring could do systematic and thoughtful reading.

5th. The aesthetic nature of the students would be advanced because of the better furnishings, pictures cleanliness, and so forth.

6th. The opportunity for the control of the room would be far greater than it is now. As it would be next to the library room it would be more or less under the direct control of the librarians, and therefore the room would be quiet. Anyone disobeying the rules and regulations of this room, would be disobeying the wishes of the President and faculty and it is unnecessary to state what would be the result of such conduct.

7th. Try as we may to make the present reading room better we can only partly succeed. It is next to impossible to eradicate an old evil without decided and stringent measures being taken; the primary evil in this case in the locality of our reading room.

ALUMNI AND STUDENTS.

Since there is at the present time no collection of Aggie songs, and since music is such a potent factor in college life, it has seemed advisable, in fact almost necessary, that someone should undertake to collect and publish an Aggie Song Sheet. This you realize will be a difficult task, and the writer requests the earnest co-operation of all who love their Alma Mater. Any new song, or words put to popular music which may be sent will be very welcome and full credit will be given the composer or writer. It is hoped that all who possibly can will do something to make their *song sheet* a great success. Alumni, do not procrastinate! and remember it is only by your ready response that the fullest measure of success can come. Do your duty and send whatever you can as soon as possible to

C. A. CROWELL, JR., M. A. C.

CHEER UP.

"Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise
With love ever precious and joys ever new:
Stand in the van,
Strive like a man

This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God, while you do what you can,
Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!"—Ex.

OUR MASS MEETING.

Several days ago there occurred in the history of our college, a burning point (?). It came quite suddenly in the form of a few five minute declamations, which were delivered at a would-be mass meeting held in the college chapel. It goes without saying that these little speeches received their merited applause from the audience. Some of them referred to the past history of other colleges. Others likened our best boarding-house to a pig-pen (!); our reading-room to a prize ring, etc., etc. In fact, one could get just about as much of an idea as to the purpose for which the meeting was held, by reading over the above statements, as if he had been present himself.

Now whenever a mass meeting is held by a body of students, or people in general, it is usually for the purpose of taking some definite action on a definite subject; otherwise the meeting is held to no purpose, and a fair-sized zero may be chalked up for the result. Again, whenever definite action is decided upon, it is usually put in the form of a set of resolves, which are printed and distributed among those concerned, and posted in conspicuous places about the different rooms. A few copies are also preserved in a proper place, so as to make the result of the meeting permanent, and to hand it down to succeeding classes.

On the other hand, if some such step is not taken, the spirit in which the meeting was held is soon lost, and in the course of a year or two, even a few months, the same conditions arise again. This is contrary to the purpose of a mass meeting, the idea of which is to settle permanently the question or questions under consideration.

We had a meeting of students in the college chapel. There was plenty of the right spirit manifested but it was not guided in the proper channels. Instead of wasting so many cubic feet of air to no purpose, would it not have been better to have appointed a committee of three or five to draw up a set of resolves to be submitted to the college body; acted upon and then published? It is not too late to attend to this matter now. If a copy were to be handed to our President would it not help greatly a favorable consideration of our recent petition for change of reading room?

The purpose of the above article is simply to call attention to an apparent oversight, and the writer trusts it will be so interpreted.

SUMMARY OF THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

The Spanish American War is now a thing of the past. The Protocol settled all the difficulties of the peace negotiation except the question concerning the Philippine Archipelago. This group contains from one thousand to twelve hundred square miles. They are scattered over a wide area in the Pacific Ocean and China Sea in the heart of the tropics, and during stated seasons of the year are subject to hurricanes and volcanic disturbances, especially earthquakes. The inhabitants present a queer mixture of low humanity and are positively incapable of governing themselves. The total population is about seven millions.

Our only advantage to be gained from annexing these islands is that of trade, which is more apparent than real, judging from the experiences of Great Britain. We can probably buy the products of these islands as cheaply to-day as will be possible after we have paid twenty million dollars for the privilege of protecting their interests. When they have become our property a large standing army will be necessary to retain the islands, owing to the vast territory to be guarded; and the support of this army will more than over-balance the trade profits. The government of the Philippines will ever be difficult on account of possibility of corruption in office which is thus presented.

It is said that England, by annexation, has done much in elevating humanity, and we are as well able to do so as England, therefore we should annex the Philippines. But is it really to be supposed that we, a nation that has so rigorously excluded the Chinese, is suddenly seized with a love for seven million Mohammedan Malays and savages who never heard of us? It seems rather improbable.

The present condition shows that after we have disposed of Spain we shall be obliged to subdue the Philippines. This means renewal of hostilities and the death of more American soldiers. Whether we shall annex the Philippines or not will soon be settled. The outcome of annexation, time alone can tell.

T. C.

Teacher—"What is your name?"

Bright (?) Freshie—"Feathers, but Pa calls me 'down.'"—*Ex.*

MY BIBLIOPOLIST.

It was one rainy evening that I first came to know my bibliopolist. I had been detained at the office rather later than usual and as I was in no mood to return to my lonely bachelor apartments, I took a light lunch down town at a nice little German restaurant I know of and which I shall not describe to you, as half its charm lies in the few customers who patronize it, and then, in spite of the rain that was coming down in torrents, I wandered about the city,

The Strand was teeming with people hurrying home after a hard day's work and I turned into Pater Noster Row to escape the busy throng. Pater Noster Row is hardly larger than a good-sized bridle path and its stores cannot boast the luxury of a sidewalk, yet this meagre alley-way is filled with treasures culled from the libraries of the world.

I had so often visited its stores that I passed them by and went on my way toward Charring Cross. The inclemency of the weather and a certain restlessness of spirit occupied my attention so fully that I was not conscious of my location until I found myself beside the National Academy. The rain had now ceased somewhat and so I resolved to keep on in the general direction that my fancy had taken.

When I reached the old Shaftesbury Theatre the down pour had recommenced with increased vigor and, as it was nearly impossible to face the increasing wind, I stepped into a doorway to await the passing of the storm.

There were few people about at this time and the lights along the street cast a fitful glare upon the pavements, silhouetting the solitary cab that had its station near the theatre. A sudden change in direction of the wind caused me to turn my head and I saw that I had inadvertantly stepped into the doorway of a second-hand book dealer whose existence I had not known.

I had flattered myself that there was not a bookseller in all London whom I did not know and it quite astonished me to find one in so central a location. My library, which is somewhat numerous, had been gathered from just such places as the one in which I now found myself and many were the treasures that I had picked up from the hidden shelves of some musty old second-hand store. •

It was, therefore, with a feeling akin to real pleas-

ure that I entered the room and saluted the clerk who happened to be sitting behind the counter. The terrible condition of the weather was a sufficient excuse for my presence had there been no other, but the warmth of the room and the piles of old books that lay scattered about upon the floor had awakened my love for such treasures and it was not many moments before the clerk found that he had a customer as thoroughly *en rapport* with his wares as he, himself, was.

It was in this manner that I came to know my bibliopolist, although it was some time before we met personally. I learned first of all to love this mythical personage through the books that lined the dusty shelves and my estimate of the man was that of one who was thoroughly versed in book lore, and whose taste was irreproachable.

* * * * *

I used to visit the store daily for months and take delight in sitting in a corner, poring over some rare edition that had escaped the ravishing hand of the book-buyer. The clerk had become so used to me that he hardly noted my presence and rather considered me as one of the appurtenances of the place.

My advent was hardly recognized even by a nod of welcome, nor was my leave-taking any more profusive in demonstrations of regret at my withdrawal.

Day after day of close communion with this little stock of books gradually enlarged my knowledge of its contents until finally I felt that I knew each book upon the shelves as I knew my own life, and the withdrawal of a book for a sale or a loan was to me much as the loss of a dear friend.

I had been visiting the store for the better part of eight or ten months when I discovered a very singular fact. Although the stock was large and varied and sales were frequent, there never was a new book added to the shelves. No new consignment of second-hand literature had ever entered the door, at least since I had been there.

The number of volumes had been so large and my interest so absorbed in those I had picked up, that it was some time before I perceived the diminution of the library. I questioned the clerk about the fact and he was bound to acknowledge that my inferences were true. He had never added a new book to the shelves as he had been expressly ordered not to, by his master

I asked him who the owner was and why he never was in the store when I happened in. His reply astonished me greatly for he said that he did not know who owned the books. It seems that he was hired by an agent to sell the books at the best price that he could get and was under no circumstances to renew the stock.

This seemed to me to be the idiosyncrasy of some peculiar individual who, perhaps, had been obliged to part with library for financial reasons but who did not wish to have the fact published. With this thought I dismissed the affair from my mind and resolved to enjoy the benefits of the place while they lasted.

* * * *

I soon learned that I was not the only frequenter of this literary treasure house and that there were others beside myself who delighted in spending a quiet hour in its nooks and crannies. Old white-haired men, shabbily attired, burly be-whiskered socialists in search of some lost volume on economic law, this cadaverous law clerk seeking a cheap library, shared my solitude and I came at last to look upon them as boon companions, although I do not believe that I ever exchanged a word with one of them.

Gradually, however, my ghost companions thinned out in numbers as did the volumes upon the shelves, and I was left alone with the wreck of my treasures excepting for a tall gaunt female whose face I had never seen.

This lady, for I judged she must be one from her manner, hovered about in a sort of aimless fancy, flitting from book to book as if in search of something. All this I was conscious of from my dim corner although I had never paid her movements the slightest attention.

I had gradually gathered about me such books as I found to my interest until I had quite stocked my retreat to my own liking and, strange as it seems to me now, I never noticed at the time that my books were never missing. Customers had come and gone, bargains had been picked up, but still my books were undisturbed. I am afraid I came to look upon special corner as if it had become my own property and I know that, if the clerk had attempted to sell any of the volumes, I should have resented the act as a piece of vandalism.

* * * *

One day when I mentioned this fact to the clerk he smiled and assured me that my stock would never be disturbed. When pressed for an explanation of his assertion he calmly replied that he had received orders from the agent that I or my books were to be left severely alone.

"But, my dear fellow," I said, "surely your agent has made some mistake. Why should he do this favor for me?"

"Of that I am ignorant," the young man said. "I receive my orders; my duty is to obey them."

When I got to my room that night and had lighted my pipe, I pondered over the whole affair until my brain swam with fantastic imagery. I could not solve the problem. Why should I, a total stranger, be allowed to interfere with this trade? Why should I, a chance visitor, a poor bird of passage, be accorded such condescension? I could not satisfy myself as to its reality. The only loop hole I could imagine for the peculiar owner was that he had determined that I desired the books I had collected, the choicest in his collection, and that later I should receive a bill of trade. This rather annoyed me as my purse was very meagre and the volumes were of value far greater than any I could afford. This idea became so fixed upon my mind that I finally determined to keep away from the store for some time and let matters take their course.

* * * *

It was, perhaps, three months before I again ventured in the direction of Shaftesbury and I was surprised to find the same old book-store and the same clerk where I had left them on my last visit. I imagined that the whole stock had been sold but in this I was wrong.

Every volume had disappeared but the few I had treasured up. No customers now came to the store except the lady whom I had noted and she only to look over my gathering, without, as she said, any intention of buying.

This state of affairs struck me as being very peculiar and I did not like its looks. I closely questioned the clerk but he could not enlighten me upon any of the subjects that troubled my head and I was finally obliged to go home with my curiosity unsatisfied.

When I entered my rooms, I found a nicely wrapped parcel lying upon my centre table, neatly ad-

dressed to me in a man's handwriting. It is needless to say that I hastened to open it and to break the seal of an enclosed letter. You may the better judge of my astonishment when you have perused the contents of that strange epistle which I copy down here just as I read it on that night.

"My dear Sir :

I am directed to inform you by the owner of the library that has lately been for sale in Shaftesbury Avenue, that the store will shortly be closed owing to a scarcity of stock and that the books in the alcove designated for your use will be shipped you at your orders. The owner also desires me to send you the enclosed copy of the original letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett which you were kind enough to desire in the presence of the aforesaid owner. The copy is a little the worse for wear, but, you may believe me sir, that if you knew as well as I do in whose hands this wearing was incurred you would deem it an honor, rather than a deterioration.

Believe me sir, I am

Your humble servant,

John S——n."

I gazed at the signature and then re-read the letter. Again I read it, but it all seemed inexplicable to me. I took up the volume and it looked strangely familiar, like some old friend who had turned up after years of absence. I opened the fly leaf and read this verse inscribed upon it :

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and—Thou
Beside me,—singing in the wilderness.
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enou."

And as I gazed at it, the words took on a new and deeper meaning; a poet's sadness seemed to pervade them and the letters became blurred and indistinct. And then, I don't know how it happened, I suddenly recognized my own boyish handwriting and the past flashed through my mind.

* * * * *

JACK'S HIGHER EDUCATION.

Jack, a college man, though not an M. A. C. man, made up his mind to run down to Boston and spend a Sunday at home.

Accordingly he boarded an afternoon train and was soon speeding homeward when he glanced at his new

gold watch to see what time it was getting to be.

There happened to be a child of one and one-half or two years in the seat in front of him with its mother, who seeing the bright watch seemed to wish to obtain possession of it at once.

With outstretched arms over the back of the seat the child cried, "me wants it," "me wants it."

Jack did not at first comply with the child's wishes who at once began to cry at the top of its voice.

Rather than hear such a continuous racket, as the mother's efforts seemed to be of no avail in soothing the child, Jack relenting unsnapped his watch from his chain saying, "O, did baby want to hear the watch tick?" but before he got the watch half way to baby's ear it was snatched from his hand by the wrathful youngster, who, stopping his howling dashed it to the floor in a spiteful manner.

With a suppressed oath Jack jumped from his seat, and picking up the watch found that nothing was broken except the crystal.

He could have stood this had not the child's mother jumped on him saying that he "should have known better than to let a playful little baby take his watch who didn't know the difference between a watch and a rubber ball."

The kid now began bawling anew while Jack grabbed his bag and started for the smoker, cursing pickaninies of all descriptions as he did so.

He was scarcely seated when an old farmer in the opposite seat accosted him with "How air ye?" Jack replied that he was pretty well but the old farmer continued the conversation by asking "Where'd ye hail from anyway?" "I should hope not from the same place you did," replied Jack rather shortly.

"No I guess yer didn't as we don't have sich high-headed looking fellers as you up to Pine Holler. What's that pin yu've got there? O, a college pin is it? What's that big D stand for? Dunces? Wall that's about what all the college fellers are that I ever see."

About this time the conductor called "Next station Cordaville," which reminded Jack that he had a great uncle living there who had often invited him to come and visit him and now, thinks Jack, I'll improve my opportunity by spending Sunday with him.

So Jack alighted at this station and to his dismay found that his uncle lived two miles out and that there

was not a hack there.

He was told that he could reach his destination by going across lots at a distance of only about a mile and this he determined to do.

Jack's uncle was an old farmer and stock-breeder. As Jack neared his premises he came upon a flock of dorset-horned sheep quietly feeding.

Suddenly the largest one looked up and seeing Jack in the distance, rapidly going by, started after him at a dead run.

Jack saw him coming, but thought it was one of the tame ones which he had heard his uncle tell about and thinking that he had no time to stop to caress the sheep passed on with rapid strides.

An instant later he heard a rush from behind but before he had time to look around he was struck in his hinder-most parts in such a manner as to throw him on his face a rod ahead.

He scrambled to get up, but by the time he got onto his knees and was scratching the dirt from his eyes, he was struck again even more terrifically than before!

So sudden and unexpected was the attack that Jack fainted away and when he came out of his swoon saw the sheep going back to the others with a satisfied air.

Jack then picked up the remains of his Knox hat and crawled to his uncle's where he recovered from his injuries in the course of three weeks and returned to college a "sadder but wiser man."

TO FOOTBALL.

Here lads is a toast to King Football,
The king and monarch so grand,
And here's to his subjects so valiant,
Who govern the world with their hand.

Ye tell me, ye faint-hearted wizards,
Whose heads are bursting with lore
Of fistcuffs, of anger, of carnage,
And gridirons brimming with gore.

Ye tell me of words that are wicked,
Of actions abhorrent to you,
And the Art of your grave accusations,
Is the lowering of manhood so true.

But tell me, ye wizards ye cannot,
Of a hand so worthy, so strong,
That can vie with the followers of football
In opposing the right to the wrong.

So here's to the health of King Football,
May he ever be mighty and grand,
May his followers ever be ready,
To assert the true strength of his hand.

JIM.

College Notes.

—Examinations!

—There will be special music at the chapel next Sunday.

—Thaddeus Graves spent Sunday at his home in Hatfield.

—The winter term will commence Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8-00 A. M.

—The Junior Promenade at Amherst College will be held Friday, Feb. 10.

—Prof. C. S. Walker entertained friends from Worcester at his residence last week.

—Prof. S. T. Maynard entertained a party of friends on Tuesday evening of last week.

—S. E. Smith of the senior class entertained his father during a visit to Amherst last week.

—J. E. Nelson has been chosen captain and C. L. Rice manager of next year's football eleven.

—The meeting and banquet of the Boston Alumni association will be held in a short time in Boston.

—Mrs. R. S. Lull and Miss Sargent have gone to New York city where they will remain for a time.

—Dr. J. B. Lindsay and Prof. F. S. Cooley addressed a creamery institute held in Enfield Dec. 2.

—Professor Levi Stockbridge and wife have left town for Florida where they will remain for the winter.

—H. M. Thomson of the Hatch Experiment Station has been elected steward of the Amherst Grange.

—President Goodell will deliver an address before the State Grange at the annual session held in Worcester this week.

—The next lecture in the Union Lecture Course, given by Prof. Hibbard and local talent, will be held sometime in February.

—Many of the students were unavoidably prevented from returning on time after the Thanksgiving recess on account of the severe storm.

—President Goodell delivered an address at an institute recently held by the Deerfield Valley Agricultural Society at Charlemont.

—The Horticultural department made a fine exhibition at the Town Hall last week during the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture.

—W. E. Hinds '99 recently received a visit from his father who came to Amherst to attend the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture.

—Special cars were run at times last week for the convenience of members of the State Board of Agriculture who wished to visit the college.

—Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Walker are attending the annual meeting of the State Grange held in Worcester this week. Mrs. Walker will read a poem.

—The roof of the chapel is being re-slatted in places where the slates were torn from the roof during the storm which did so much damage elsewhere.

—An incandescent light has been placed on the south corner of the chapel. This is a great improvement and lights up the entrance to the chapel.

—The freshman class sweaters have arrived and are proudly exhibited by every '02 man. The sweaters are woven alternately with red and black and present a neat appearance.

—J. L. Lovell has been selected as the photographer for the senior class. Any others who wish the same rates as obtained by the members of the class should apply to D. A. Beaman, chairman of the committee.

—When a reception is held in the chapel the hymn books are always removed to an adjoining room. We would suggest after such an event is held, that the hymn books be returned to their proper place in time for use the next morning.

—The meetings held by the State Board of Agriculture last week were very interesting and especially instructive to members of the college. Dr. W. H. Jordan, Dr. G. Stanley Hall and J. H. Hale in their lectures brought out many points which are of direct practical use to the student.

—Although the season is not very far advanced, yet, considerable interest has already been shown in polo. We believe there is much talent in the lower classes which only requires bringing out. One thing which may be detrimental is the condition of the pond for practice. There are many other places where it is possible to practice, which may be reached in a few minutes and if the condition of the pond is not improved it would be well to avail ourselves of the opportunity to practice in other places.

—Those students who desired to attend the meetings held last week by the State Board of Agriculture were excused from the college exercises which conflicted with the time set for the meetings. Many of the students attended the different lectures, and all feel well repaid for their trouble.

—A mass meeting was held immediately after chapel Monday morning for the election of officers for the polo association. H. E. Maynard '99 was chosen captain and F. H. Turner '99 manager. It was also decided to organize a basketball team and for this W. R. Crowell '00 was elected captain and M. F. Ahearn '01 manager.

—The thirteenth annual banquet of the Massachusetts Agricultural College Club of New York will be held at the St. Denis Hotel, Friday evening, Dec. 23, at half past six o'clock. The subject for discussion will be: "Is it expedient to change the name of the college?" President Goodell will present a memorial of Capt. Walter M. Dickinson.

—On Wednesday morning of last week a large number of the State Board of Agriculture visited the different departments of the college. A number of students from each class were assigned to act as guides to show these visitors through the different departments. The guides were dressed in uniform and were stationed in the reading-room of the chapel.

—The football goal posts should be taken down, in fact, they ought to have been directly after the last game. Standing through the winter will not do them any good and one is already nearly blown down. It is the football manager's business to attend to this but he cannot do it alone, so don't be afraid to help him, it is as much your duty to lend a hand as his to get the posts down.

—Turn the lights on in the morning! Why can not this be done? Many of the fellows are obliged to rise early in order to get to their work, and have to do so by a kerosene light, or by none at all. Others find it necessary to rise early in order to get their lessons, and they are in the same predicament. If we could only have the lights on at five o'clock, or shortly before, it would be a great convenience to all.

—Considerable injury was done to the south dormitory by the fierce storm which struck the town last week. Many of the slates were blown from the roof

and large blocks of stone and numbers of bricks were torn from the south side of the tower. The building has been temporarily repaired. Some damage also was done to the chapel, the large colored glass window on the south side being shattered by the force of the gale.

—G. R. Bridgeforth '01 was the victim of a serious accident a short time ago. While working in a field near the Hatch barn, a charge of dynamite with which he was blasting suddenly went off in his face. He was immediately taken to the Pratt hospital, in the town, and was examined by Dr. Branch. It was found that five teeth were missing and that both his eyes were seriously injured besides being cut in many places on the face. Mr. Bridgeforth has had the best of treatment and we are pleased to say that he is improving rapidly and will ultimately recover the use of his eyes.

—The stone chapel was the scene of a pleasant gathering last Wednesday evening. The occasion was the reception tendered the State Board of Agriculture by the students. The room was prettily and tastily decorated with potted plants, grasses and hemlock, and presented quite a cozy appearance. It was a very informal reception, the students and guests intermingling and becoming mutually acquainted. The evening was enlivened by college songs, sung by a number of the students. It was much regretted that on account of several of its members being out of town, the banjo club was unable to play. Frank Wood of Amherst catered.

—The question of more electric lights about the college grounds has been spoken of before but its importance will pardon a repetition of some points. One place where a light is needed much more than any where else is at the junction of the North Amherst road and the road by the north side of the residence of Mr. Haskins. It is here that the cars stop when any special function is held at the college and here most of the strangers stop when visiting the institution. There is an arc-light at the house of Mr. Gilbert, a very short distance away, and it seems favorable that wires could be continued from there to the corner without much expense. Although the students do not wish to ask anything unreasonable they hope that it can be arranged to place a light at this spot where it seems very necessary.

—The drill hall has been in such condition this term that it is only right to say something concerning it. Although it has not been used by the military department, it has been used as a gymnasium by the students and the amount of dirt and rubbish which has accumulated there is disgusting. We inquire if there is a janitor to the building? If not we suggest that some one be immediately appointed to take charge of the building and see to it that the hall is at least kept decently clean. This is a question which directly affects the students and all desire to see some action taken in the matter.

—Since Thanksgiving, basket-ball has been the prevailing amusement of the college. Almost every evening the fellows congregate in the drill-hall and an exciting game follows. The freshman class, this year as last, first started the movement by purchasing the ball. They already have a very good team selected, and expect some close games with the other classes. The sophomores have elected their captain and it will not be long before they will be ready to meet the freshman team. We certainly must have some class games next term, for they not only help to enliven the winter evenings but make good sport for both the players and those interested.

—A week ago last Saturday morning a mass meeting of the college was called by the vice-president of the senior class. Its object was to talk over the unpleasant happenings which have occurred for some time past, and to try to promote a better spirit and manliness among the students. One theme of the talks, given by some of the students and by members of the faculty, was the behavior of the men in the reading-room and other public places. Prof. Lull said that instead of spending our energies in boisterous amusements about the college we had better put them into athletics and hold indoor meets—a plan which was carried out several years ago with great success. We are heartily in favor of this movement and hope to see it materialize next term. Several other members of the faculty gave impressive talks, and the men went to their recitations with new ideas and resolutions. Here's to our new era.

Let us respect the busy bee—once full he starts straight for home.—*Ex.*

Alumni.

The following is a partial list of the alumni who were present at the meetings of the State Board of Agriculture held in Amherst Dec. 6, 7 and 8, 1898.

G. P. Smith '79,	H. J. Fowler '94,
E. F. Richardson '87,	A. H. Kirkland '94,
F. J. Smith '90,	R. A. Cooley '95,
H. D. Haskins '90,	H. D. Hemenway '95,
F. O. Williams '90,	G. A. Drew '97,
C. A. Magill '91,	G. I. Goessmann '97,
H. N. Legate '91,	S. W. Wiley '98,
C. G. Clark '98.	

'81.—J. L. Hills. On the morning of Dec. 8 the State Board of Agriculture was addressed by Dr. J. Hills on the subject, "How can New England compete with the West in dairying." In opening his address Mr. Hills spoke of the pleasure in being able to address the Board at Amherst the home of his old "Alma Mater." The address was handled in an interesting, practical way and showed the result of years of experience, emphasizing particularly the necessity of up-to-date methods. During the discussion points of interest were brought out that had come up at a meeting of the Maine State Board at Portland which the speaker addressed the morning before. Mr. Hills is Dean of the Agricultural department of the University of Vermont as well as director of the Vermont Agricultural Experiment station.

'85.—C. S. Phelps. On the afternoon of Dec. 8 a large audience listened to Mr. C. S. Phelps who was scheduled to address the State Board of Agriculture on the topic, "Grasses and Forage Crops." The grasses of economic importance and their relations of the different classes of soil was given an interesting discussion, then passing to the forage crops many points of value were brought out: the discussion was illustrated by means of samples and charts. Mr. Phelps holds the position of Professor of Agriculture at Storrs Agricultural college and vice-director of the Storrs Experimental station.

'94.—H. J. Fowler's address for the present is North Hadley, Mass.

'95.—H. W. Lewis. We are pleased to receive a letter from Mr. Lewis correcting a mistake made in a former issue of the "LIFE." Mr. Lewis is a

member of Battery "M," of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, made corporal Nov. 8th 1898. The battery which has been stationed at Winthrop, Mass., during the summer, moved Nov. 23, to Savannah, Ga., where they have since been joined by the rest of the regiment expecting to leave for Cuba by January 1st, 1899. Address Corp. Henry W. Lewis. Batt'y "M" 2nd Art'y. 7th A. C. Savannah, Ga. Permanent address, Rockland, Mass.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Science of Finance, An Investigation of Public Expenditures and Public Revenues. By Henry Carter Adams, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Political Economy and Finance at the University of Michigan. pp. 273. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1898.

This is without doubt the best contribution on the subject of finance made in recent times. Professor Adams has been fitted by his scholarship and by his experience in administrative work for the task which he has so well achieved. Besides providing an excellent text-book for colleges he has produced a manual of great value to the officers of our state and national governments and to statesmen who are grappling with the difficult problems of taxation.

He discusses the whole subject of government expenditures and revenue, showing a remarkable comprehension of all that is involved. His analysis is full, his definitions accurate. He gives the arguments for and against the various kinds of taxation, direct and indirect. He shows how taxation affects different classes. The last part of his treatise relates to the public credit and questions as to the payment of the public debt.

The work is invaluable as a thesaurus of facts, principles, arguments and conclusions relating to all questions of levying, collecting and expending taxes.

Exchanges.

NOVEMBER.

The leaves are falling fast;
Blown hither, thither, round and round,
Now in the air, now on the ground,—
No shelter from the blast.

The days are short'ning fast;
Soon winter's chilling blast will blow,

The earth be carpeted with snow,
And autumn will be past.

The years are flowing fast;
Another, perhaps a few, pass by,
When we shall enter, you and I,
Eternity so vast.

O Father grant us this;
When all life's sorrows are no more,
And we have left this careworn shore,—
To dwell with thee in bliss.—*Ex.*

A one talent man who decides upon a definite
object accomplishes more than the ten-talent man
who scatters his energies, and never knows exactly
what he will do.—*Ex.*

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Editorials.

THE military aspect of our annual ball has in the past been one of its attractive features, and though it seems impracticable to conduct this year's ball upon exactly the same basis, let us remember that we possess many advantages which tend toward making the affair a success. We have one of the best floors in the vicinity and with the Plant House so near at hand, a most convenient source of elaborate decoration. A committee has been elected from the two upper classes that is already at work upon the necessary arrangements. Let us give them our whole-hearted support, doing all within our power toward making the occasion one which shall be recalled with pleasant memories.

It has been the experience of many of our athletic managers in the past that one of the most difficult undertakings in connection with their work has been to collect the money after it has been subscribed. This is a deplorable state of affairs. Every dollar sub-

scribed and left unpaid is a stumbling-block in the way of the manager. He has made his schedule and contracted expenses on the basis of the subscription and so is left in a bad position when any man fails to pay what he has, before the whole college, agreed to pay. If you can't afford to subscribe five dollars for the support of the football team, don't do it. But if you do make that subscription meet your obligation like a man. It will help the team far more to subscribe and pay two dollars than to subscribe ten dollars and then not pay a cent.

THERE is one respect in which we think the conduct of our various athletic teams, and other organizations as well, may be improved. The managers of these organizations are the representatives and agents of the student body. They are intrusted with the finances subscribed by the students, or to speak more exactly, with that part of such subscriptions which is paid. Every manager should expect, and hold it as his privilege, to make a full report of his stewardship. This is due to the manager that he may show to the stu-

dents that he has discharged his duties faithfully. It is also due to the students that they may know what use has been made of their money. Such reports have been published in a few instances. Will it not be better to make it the rule with all our college organizations? The LIFE stands ready to help by printing all such reports.

ON Dec. 28, occurred the death of Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, the "father of the agricultural colleges," after a life of nearly eighty-nine years, forty-four of which had been spent in the national service. He first came into prominence as the author of the Morrill tariff act of 1861, the basis of all tariff legislation during the civil war, and he continued to take a deep interest in financial and commercial questions until his death. In 1862, he secured the passage of the Morrill Land-Grant Bill, establishing the state agricultural and mechanical colleges, and throughout his career he ably supported their cause. He was a staunch believer in scientific education for the masses. His most important and lasting work was done in connection with them, and it is chiefly for this that he will be remembered. In recognition of his services several state universities will hold memorial exercises in his honor sometime this month.

NEAR the close of last term a mass meeting was held in the chapel one morning to discuss particularly a few matters connected with the conduct of the reading room in North College. At that time a strong, manly spirit was aroused among the students, which found expression from the lips of many in the form of a determination to see that certain abuses were corrected in the future. But alas for the weakness of human resolutions! We fear that it will not be long before the former conditions will again prevail unless some stand is taken to check the first tendencies toward retrogression. Are our memories so short that we have already forgotten the resolutions made but a few short weeks ago? It certainly seems so when we see upperclassmen to whom we listened at the mass meeting, coming into the reading room and forgetting to remove their cigars or pipes from their lips. Such conduct is too often taken by lower-classmen as a criterion for their own acts, and the result is that the upper classman forfeits the respect

which he should command. We believe that every fellow in college has sufficient regard for his own rights to respect those of others. There are many men who do not use tobacco and who have a strong aversion to inhaling the fumes from their neighbor's pipe. Without arguing the right or wrong of the matter it seems to us that our regard for our college-mates should lead us to see that this annoyance is stopped at once.

JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL.

When the sad news is brought to a people that a great and noble man has fulfilled his mission in this world, and that his soul has passed into the vast unknown, that people as a unit instinctively bow in reverence. And so, when on the twenty-eighth of December, eighteen hundred ninety-eight, news was wired over the country from Washington that the venerable Senator, Justin Smith Morrill, was dead, we as a people felt keenly our loss; and it is especially appropriate that in these columns we review briefly the life of him by whose untiring efforts the existence of our college and forty-six others was made possible.

Justin Morrill, a son of Nathaniel Morrill, and grandson of Smith Morrill, one of the pioneers of his native town, was born in Strafford, Vt., April 14, 1810. He received in his youth a meager education at the district school and then went to work in a country store. Here he managed to save a little money,—enough to allow him the means to become himself proprietor of a small store. Later he was owner of many large country stores.

Up to the age of forty-four he had held no public office higher than justice of peace. He suddenly came into prominence. The late Andrew Tracy, of Woodstock in 1854, after having been representative of the second congressional district in Congress but one term, refused to serve another term, so a few of the far-sighted friends of Justin S. Morrill suggested him as the man to succeed. In consequence he was elected by the Whig party, but as the party was in a state of dissolution he appeared at Washington as the champion of the new Republican party, in whose organization in Vermont he had taken a leading part.

His career as representative was most exemplary. In 1857 he spoke in opposition to the tariff bill, and his speech was read throughout the country. He carried

through the house the first bill against Mormon polygamy; and it was he who introduced the bill to grant public lands for the establishment and support of agricultural, scientific and industrial colleges. He was re-elected to serve his district five times by majorities varying from 7,000 to 9,000. While he was in the house no man had greater influence excepting Thaddeus Stevens. As a reminder of his hard labor and keen insight he has left the "Morrill Tariff" of 1861, "a monument of industry and practical wisdom;" and the internal revenue tax of 1862.

From the house after twelve years of honorable labor, Mr. Morrill was transferred to the senate in 1866. Here he served his country with that same business integrity that had characterized his former years, and he was honored with the most influential position in the senate—chairman of the committee on finance—and his opinion on any financial question by reason of his position carried great weight in Congress.

Mr. Morrill looked back on forty-three years of Congressional life, and a career that has been absolutely spotless.

The *Washington Star* (D. C.) says of him:

"Senator Morrill has departed at a great age, but still while serving his state and the country with zeal and great ability. There has not been in our affairs a more impressive instance of a veteran dying in harness. He had long since earned repose. He had everything to induce him to seek repose—a comfortable estate, honors gathered from long years of public service, and hosts of friends. But he remained in commission, and, to the last, set an example of industry and fidelity to duty which fitly crowns, as nothing else could, a notable life's work.

C. A. C.

DEATH OF ASA WILLIAMS DICKINSON.

Col. Asa Williams Dickinson, one of the leading citizens of Hackensack, N. J., whose death occurred at Easton, Pa. Sunday morning, was a native of this town, where he was born Oct. 24, 1853. He was educated at Williston seminary and the Mass. Agricultural college, and for a time followed the profession of journalism in New York and Jersey City, being connected with the *New York Times*, the *Jersey City Evening Journal*, and during one winter with the Asso-

ciated Press Agency at Washington. He studied law with Mr. Gilchrist, of Jersey City, was admitted to the New Jersey bar in 1879, and commenced practice in that place, where he built up a large and lucrative business. His firm, Dickinson, Thompson & McMaster, has been prominently connected with much of the important litigation in Jersey City during the last ten or fifteen years. Col. Dickinson was collector of the port of Jersey City during the administration of Presidents Arthur and Cleveland and was a member of the staff of Gov. Wertz of New Jersey. He was very prominent in the political affairs of Hudson and Bergen counties and enjoyed the special confidence of William Walter Phelps, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy during the lifetime of the latter. His father, Captain Marquis F. Dickinson, of Amherst, and his mother, Hannah Williams Dickinson, both survive him at an advanced age. His younger brother, Captain Walter M. Dickinson, of the 17th U. S. Infantry, was killed at Santiago last summer. His only surviving brother is M. F. Dickinson, Jr., of Boston. Col. Dickinson was named for his maternal grandfather, Asa Williams, of Shutesbury, who was a Revolutionary soldier. In their boyhood Col. Dickinson and his brother Walter were playmates and intimate friends of the late Eugene Field, who then lived in Amherst. Mr. Field, in his writings, made frequent reference to the "Dickinson boys" and the events connected with his boyhood in the college town.

Col. Dickinson took a deep interest in the Agricultural college and was always present at the alumni meeting held in New York. He had been president of the association there, and in June, 1897, on the 25th anniversary of President Goodell's connection with the College he was selected to present the loving cup which had been procured by the alumni for the occasion; and it was just as he was about to enter the College chapel at Amherst for the purpose of delivering this address that he was stricken with the shock which has finally resulted in his death. Since that time he had been able to attend to very little business, and last spring he went to Europe with Mrs. Dickinson in the hope of regaining his health. He was much improved until the news of his brother's death at Santiago reached him, shortly after which he had another severe shock, and from that time the

progress of his disease was rapid. Col. Dickinson was a man of remarkably genial disposition, a great story-teller and a universal favorite among the many friends whom he had both in Massachusetts and New Jersey, as well as in New York, and his death will be deeply regretted by many who have enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and learned to prize his noble qualities of head and heart. The funeral takes place at Easton this afternoon and the burial will be in that place. His wife, Annie, daughter of the late Jacob Hay, a leading merchant of Easton, survives him. Their only child died some years ago.—*Amherst Record*.

RUSSELL CONWELL'S LECTURE.

In writing this article I am aware that some may differ from me; that others who have a much greater searchlight of knowledge and of research into literature and its mechanism to throw upon the subject, will hold a different opinion of what I shall consider than that which I have offered for the reader's consideration.

All who heard Mr. Conwell's lecture on "Heroism in Daily Life" must have been impressed, not only by its entertaining qualities, but also by its power and force as an argument. That the speaker had a great moral truth to enforce, the title of his lecture clearly shows. It was a sermon in disguise; but well and completely disguised. It was in the main the story of a man's life; the thrilling account of the career of the Italian patriot Daniel Manin. But romantic as was that statesman's life, the speaker did not tell its story solely to entertain his audience. It was simply a means to an end; an appealing narrative used to enforce the underlying truth.

Apart from the color given to it by the personality of the speaker, and by his oratory, the lecture was a first-class literary effort. It was skillful. During the whole lecture we found ourselves listening intently all the while. This seems to me the proof of its skillfulness as well as the power of the speaker. We were compelled to swallow his doctrine and yet were none the wiser. I venture to say that few left the hall when the lecture was ended that were thinking of heroism in daily life, unless it was by trying to harmonize the speaker's subject-title with his subject-matter, after the thoughts that naturally occur of the speaker,

his figure, features, etc., that remain for a time before the mind's eye, had passed away, the next thought was of the strange and romantic incidents of the life that had been pictured. It was not till later, when revolving in our minds what we had heard, that the truths meant to be brought out forced themselves upon us. But upon a little thought they did enforce themselves; they could not help it. The mind was enriched with the beauty, romance, and pathos of the narrative, at the same time the seeds of truth were sown. As long as we remember the incidents and colors of the picture, so long will we remember the truth therein; their association necessitates this. As the setting sun sheds its beautiful crimson radiance over the western clouds of summer so the truth embodied in the man irradiates his life which though sometimes appearing dark is yet bright, because triumphant. Is not this what he wished to show?

In a biographical story the speaker well accomplished his end. In two ways he added life to his discourse; first, by giving the story of a man's life; secondly, by telling it, actually talking and acting himself. Had it been a written article designed to be read the former would have accomplished the end of growing life; but being an oration, the whole discourse was enhanced by the actual, palpable presence of the speaker, which made a few years of a past generation and its legacy of moral truth a living reality.

The presentation of his subject as a story seems to me to approach the allegorical; the thing to be described, the moral truth, the image, the patriot's life. By a story he makes the subject entertaining, its influence enduring; and at the same time it is instructive. Fundamentally metaphorical it transfers the discussion of an abstract truth in an abstract way to the portrayal of its embodiment in the concrete and palpable human being.

The story entitled "Constantine's Love" in *The Polytechnic* gives evidence of considerable merit. It well deserves the prominent position it is given in the paper.

"Well, what do you think of me now, my dear?"

The screw-driver tenderly said.

And the glad little screw then made answer,

"Why, you have completely turned my head."—*Ex.*

THE OLD TRAINMAN'S STORY.

Our locomotive had broken down, and we were obliged to wait for its repair. I had entered into conversation with an old trainman to while away the time. Our subject matter led from one thing to another, till finally we found ourselves discussing the curious ways in which our life's chosen work is often frustrated by the mysterious hands of Providence.

"Speaking of the peculiar ways in which one finds the course of his whole life changed, by some incident or other, into channels of which he never dreamed," said my companion, "I often trace the stream of memory back to forty years ago, when I first began service on the M. T. R. R.; and if you would like to hear about it, I will tell you how I came to be employed in the railroad service."

I eagerly assented, and the old trainman began:

A PERILOUS RUN.

I opened the telegram and read: "Come at once; I will be in B. to-morrow. Will."

"I wonder when that first train pulls out," I muttered.

After ransacking the pockets of five coats, I at last found a time-table in the top drawer of my desk; a not unusual result of my hunts after misplaced articles, if, indeed, I ever found the thing sought for. I had dubbed it my "epigrammatic system," sure to find a lost article by some unexpected turn of circumstances or of my own method, and never by a systematic, methodical search.

"Half after two," I muttered, continuing my soliloquy of the moment before. "Morning? No—Yes. Ten now, Three and a half hours sleep. Guess I'd better turn in; I'll need all the sleep I can get."

Setting the alarm I quickly undressed and sprang into bed, and knew nothing more, till awakened by the alarm. I struck a match and glanced at my watch. My clock was twenty minutes slow. I had twenty minutes to dress and catch the train. I jumped out of bed and into my clothes, and burying myself in my heavy ulster and jamming a soft felt hat over my uncombed hair, I siezed my grip and made for the street. I reached the station just as the train rolled in.

It was a crispy winter morning; the air was bitter cold. The mercury must have stood many degrees

below the zero mark. My coat collar was covered with ice where my warm breath had met it. Huge clouds of steam nearly concealed the locomotive, and brightly reflected the ruddy light of the fire when the fireman opened the door. There was no other passenger to embark from N—, and we were soon speeding on our way towards the city.

The train was made up of two cars, a baggage and an accomodaton passenger. The latter was at the rear end and empty when we left N—. The baggage end of the other was attached to the passenger, and the smoker looked out on the laboring locomotive. I had gone into the smoker, partly for the enjoyment of its freedom, partly for the companionship of its passengers.

I did not expect to find many travelers on such a cold morning. There were only three and these were scattered at unneighborly distances about the car. One sat near the forward end gazing vacantly out of the window into the darkness; another sat midway; while the third reclined on two seats in the rear. Placing my grip on a seat, I strode over to the door and looked out of its window on the engine as it plowed its way through the darkness into the dawn.

I enjoyed watching the powerful driver as it rocked swiftly along its course. We were making fast time that morning, and the fireman replenished the fires many times while I stood and gazed from the window. Thick volumes of smoke poured forth continually from the smokestack and trailed along in the wake of the rushing train. When the fireman opened the door, a soft crimson radiance was reflected from the stream of smoke overhead which lighted up the tender in front of me.

As I was about to turn away from the window, in the waning light as the fireman closed the furnace door, I saw a quick white gleam, as of a human face, on the coal in front of me, which disappeared as quickly as it came. My fellow-passenger gazing out of the window, was too low down to look over the end of the tender, and had not noticed it. I said nothing and waited for the smoke to again be illumined. Presently the furnace door was opened, and in the softly reflected light I made out the head and shoulders of two men, hugging the coal in the rear end of the tender, and low enough down to be out of sight of the engine men.

"Something uncanny is afoot," I thought, "I'll bet these fellow passengers of mine are mixed up in it."

I turned in an unconcerned manner and made my way to a seat near the rear. Taking out my pipe, I filled and lighted it and fixed myself comfortably for a smoke. If my fellow travellers were in any way concerned with the men on the tender, they showed no signs of uneasiness. Either I had thrown them off their guard, or else they were ignorant of the presence of the men.

"I will keep my eye on them, at any rate," I thought. "If they mean mischief I must learn their scheme."

Puffing vigorously at my pipe, with my attention apparently absorbed in the enjoyment of it, I closely watched my companions. The dense volumes of tobacco smoke served as an excellent screen through which I might watch them in the flickering lamp-light unobserved. I kept up my scrutiny many minutes with nothing to reward me for my pains. Each man seemed entirely oblivious of the other's presence.

"What a fool I am," I thought. "I have allowed my fancy to run away with me. These men, like myself, are but the victims of circumstances; were forced to keep some important business appointments and —." I stopped and would have dismissed the subject from my mind; but just then I remembered the two men on the tender. I fell at once into thinking what their intentions might be.

"These men have some purpose or other; either they are stealing a ride or else they are carrying out some carefully arranged plan. If they have some scheme—" and then it dawned upon me that old 921 might be heavily freighted after all. "I will fathom this thing to the bottom," I muttered, so loud as to attract the attention of the man in front of me, who turned around. I pretended to be sleeping. Circumstances favored me; my pipe had gone out some time before, and just then the train began to slow up. I pretended to awake, stretching my legs and yawning as though disturbed in sound slumber.

All three men left the car and I was alone. Presently I heard the unshackling of the locomotive, and the big driver steamed away. "Now is my time," I thought, and stepping to the door of the baggage room, I knocked.

"What do you want," asked a gruff voice,

"I have important business with you," I answered.

A slide was opened and a face peered through. Seeing me alone the man slid the bolt, and I entered.

"Just a minute," I said, stepping toward the door.

"No you don't," the man replied pulling me back. But I had seen enough. Five faces were peering from the darkness through the open door.

The door was then closed. The train jumped, paused and trembled as the locomotive struck her. Then once more we were speeding away. I glanced round the room. In one corner stood a large chest with a heavy padlock. The two baggage men proceeded quietly about their business apparently quite unconcerned. I began to think I had made a fool of myself, but there was no turning back. Besides, the five peering faces and the restraining action of the baggage man had served to whet my interest and urged me on. If nothing came of it no harm was done anyway. I was absorbed with these thoughts, when the man who admitted me turned and said:

"Well, my friend, what can we do for you?"

I related at once what I knew of the five men. Two of them I thought had been hiding on the tender; three had been my fellow passengers; and I had seen five men together outside the door of the baggage room peering in. He turned paler a shade or two, but beyond that betrayed no visible excitement.

"May I ask your name?" he inquired.

"Certainly," I replied, "my name is Henry Steele."

The other man approached and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you kindly tell me where you live?"

"In N—," I replied.

"And your occupation?"

"I am night telephone operator."

"Good!" he said, "and can you tell me who is night operator at Colbrook?"

"William Cadding."

"He's all right, Mr. Forbush. This is Will's friend of whom he has often spoken to me. Mr. Steele, this is Mr. Forbush, head baggage master of the M. T. R. R."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Steele," said Mr. Forbush kindly, "I think we can trust you."

I assured him that if I could help him in any way I would gladly do so; and then extending my hand to his companion I said:

"Is not your name, Darling, Harry Darling?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," I continued. "Will has often spoken of you. It is he that I am going to see to-day in B—." I then related my errand.

By good fortune I had run across a friend of Will's, and I now knew that my integrity would not be doubted.

"Mr. Steele," Mr. Forbush began, "you have rendered us valuable service this morning; your suspicions are correct concerning our trust. We have in this car as good as \$150,000. It was deemed expedient to send it on this train; for one thing because it would be less likely to arouse suspicion. Had you not seen the men on the tender we should probably not have learned of this desperate attempt in season to do anything. We are fully armed, and may be able to do a good deal yet. We must carefully discuss the matter now and devise some plan of procedure; for there is only one more station before we pass through that fifty mile stretch of wood that lies between Wayville and our destination."

"One thing we must do," he continued. "We must hold the car. It would be folly to leave the whole or part of the money at Wayville, unprotected. These five men, thinking to surprise us, will not probably be reinforced, and we will be pretty evenly matched."

"Don't you think Mr. Steele had better return to the car Mr. Forbush?" inquired Darling. "His absence may arouse the suspicions of the men and handicap our plans. If they saw him enter the car they will be sure to smell a rat unless we allay their fears in some way."

"But he may be able to give us a good deal of help," replied Mr. Forbush, "and if he goes back in the car he can do us no good. He might be in our way, too; and he would be at the mercy of the men if they got wind of our plans. Then, too, he is going to B— and does not want to get off at Wayville."

"We can fix that all right," continued Darling.

"He can get off at the station ostensibly to take a later train on the other road, and then make a circuit round the train to the back door where we can let him in. I believe the men will suspect something if he remains with us."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Mr. Forbush.

"But he must have some plausible excuse for this visit. Here, take this paper, Mr. Steele, and you can thank me as you pass out. And, by the way, when you leave the car sever the signal cord, please. Wait a minute till I look in the rear car."

He stepped over to a slide, opened it just a crack and peeked through.

(Continued.)

THE M. A. C. INDEX.

The *Index*, the Agricultural College annual, published this year under the auspices of the class of 1900, made its appearance Monday and since that time the members of the faculty and the students who had no part in its preparation have been setting up of nights studying its pages to learn how they fared at the hands of the editors. The 1900 *Index* is something larger than its predecessors and something more ambitious in the quality of its literary matters. While preserving the traditional features of such publications and presenting no startling innovations it shows a distinct advance in certain lines and is all in all a very creditable production. Some of the half-tone engravings are especially good, notably the portrait of Capt. Walter M. Dickinson. The volume is dedicated to Prof. Philip B. Hasbrouck, one of the most popular of the younger members of the faculty. The class histories are, as usual, entertaining. Considerable space is devoted to the college fraternities and associations, excellent group portraits being presented of the baseball and foot ball teams, the banjo club and the editorial board of AGGIE LIFE. The cut at the head of the page devoted to the Entomological society is the brightest "hit" in the publication. An interesting sketch is presented of the new veterinary laboratory with a fine illustration of the buildings as they will appear when completed. Accompanying the portrait of Capt. Walter M. Dickinson is a tribute to his memory written by Dr. J. B. Lindsey. There is also a portrait and a brief sketch of the late Harvey R. Atkins, a former student at the college, who died while in the United States service near Santiago. The grinds, and they are many, are of a kind best appreciated by the students but some of them show traces of genuine wit that is calculated to cause mirth even for the uninformed. The sketches accompanying portraits of members of the faculty are generally amusing and of a character to which the subjects can hardly

take exception. The editorial matter is excellent and deals with questions of interest and importance to the college. The *Index* is neatly printed on heavy coated paper. It is bound in green cloth with a unique design in gold upon the side. Its editor-in-chief is Arthur C. Monahan, its business manager Frederic A. Merrill.
—*Amherst Record*.

College Notes.

—E. E. Adams '02 has left College.
—Drill! Why are we not allowed to have it?
—Lieut. Col. Wright spent the holidays in town.
—J. K. Warden '02 will not return to College this term.
—The annual alumni dinner will soon be held in Boston.
—Ball '02 spent last Sunday at his home in Holyoke.
—Prof. R. S. Lull and family spent the holidays in New York.
—W. H. Armstrong '99 spent the holidays in Springfield.
—Thaddeus Graves Jr. spent a portion of the vacation in Boston.
—Prof. S. T. Maynard and family spent the holidays in Northboro.
—There are about eleven men who are taking the short winter course.
—Prof. F. S. Cooley and family spent part of the holidays at Ashfield.
—Prof. C. S. Walker has been elected chaplain of the Amherst Grange.
—The annual year book of Boston University has recently been published.
—Claflin '01 recently spent Sunday with C. M. Kinney of Northampton.
—President Goodell was in Boston during the greater part of last week.
—W. E. Hinds '99 was ill a few days while at home during the vacation.
—John Goodell has been seriously ill with diphtheria. We are glad to say that he has much improved and is nearly fully recovered.

—Prof. F. S. Cooley has been chosen deacon of the North Amherst church.

—S. E. Smith '99 sang in the choir of the Baptist church on Christmas Sunday.

—Captain Wright has been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. He is now in Cuba.

—A number of the students held an informal dance in Pacific hall last Friday evening.

—Dr. Stone read a paper at a recent meeting of a botanical society held in New York.

—Prof. Charles Wellington recently entertained a party of friends at his home on Amity street.

—The new dairy building north of the Hatch barn is nearly completed and will soon be occupied.

—The Gypsy Moth Commission has recommended an appropriation of \$200,000 for the coming year.

—Prof. R. E. Smith attended some of the meetings of the scientific societies held recently in New York.

—Dr. J. B. Paige had a touch of the grip last week and was unable to meet his classes for a short time.

—S. E. Smith '99 rendered several vocal selections at the meeting of the Amherst Grange last Friday evening.

—The next entertainment in the Union Lecture course will be given by the Boston Sextette club next Wednesday, Jan. 25.

—J. W. Stockwell has been elected secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. Mr. Stockwell had a son in the class '94.

—Dr. J. B. Lindsey and Prof. F. S. Cooley spoke at a meeting of the Deerfield Agricultural society recently held in Ashfield.

—Dr. Charles Wellington delivered a number of lectures upon subjects pertaining to the College, during the recent vacation.

—The senior division in German has finished the work which was assigned for last term and will now take up "The Private Secretary."

—William H. Bowker and J. D. W. French, both of Boston have been appointed trustees of the College. Their term of office holds for seven years.

—It is unfortunate that the drill hall has to remain in such a condition as it is, but there are some things which the students themselves cannot remedy.

—Capt. Cornish of the 5th U. S. Cavalry has been transferred to the 9th U. S. Cavalry. When lieutenant he was formerly military instructor at the college.

—The senior class has elected the following officers: Pres't, F. H. Turner; vice pres't, M. H. Pingree; Treas., W. A. Hooker; Sec'y, H. W. Dana.

—A large number of the students attended the lecture last Wednesday night by Rev. R. H. Conwell. The lecture was exceptionally good and all felt well repaid for attending.

—P. H. Smith, recently seriously injured his right hand in some of the machinery about the Hatch barn. His condition is much improved and he will soon be able to resume work.

—Quite a large number of students have been ill during the spell of bad weather which we have had. A number of professors also could not escape the clutches of "la grippe."

—Dr. Charles S. Walker, at the recent meeting of the American Economic Association held at New Haven, read a paper upon "Recent Economic Changes in Massachusetts."

—G. R. Bridgeforth '01 has returned to College. Mr. Bridgeforth has entirely recovered from his unfortunate accident and has suffered no disfigurement as a consequence of his illness.

—The senior class in prescribed English has been assigned a series of debates for the term. The training and instruction acquired by oral debate has a value which should not be under-estimated.

—The sidewalks around the different College buildings have been in such a state that it was extremely dangerous to attempt to walk upon them. A little sand or saw-dust would remedy this matter.

—A large number of townspeople and many students from both colleges attended "Macbeth" as played by Modjeska last Thursday night at the Academy of Music. They returned by special train.

—The College song book plays an important part in the life of every College. As yet we have had no song-book which we could call our own. An attempt is being made by some of the under-graduate students to get together a collection of songs which will be known as our College song book. This attempt is worthy of commendation and the students and alumni should give their hearty support to this plan.

—Carpenter and Morehouse have recently published a memorial of Captain Dickinson. The book contains an excellent picture of the Captain and also a fine photograph of the tablet which was placed in the chapel.

—The sophomore class has elected the following officers: Pres't, E. S. Gamwell; vice pres't, E. L. Macomber; sec'y and treas., W. B. Rogers; serg't-at-arms, Nathan Hunting; class captain, J. H. Chickering; tennis director, V. H. Gurney.

—The freshman class has elected the following officers: Pres't, J. H. Belden; vice pres't., D. P. West; sec'y and treas., H. L. Knight; serg't-at-arms, F. R. Church; basket-ball capt., E. S. Fulton; polo capt., W. Z. Chase; tract-team cap't., L. C. Claflin.

—There has been a slight change made in the College choir. Creditable work was accomplished last term and an improvement will doubtless be seen this term. The work cannot go on without a trainer and it is the duty of those in charge to see to it that a competent trainer is provided.

—An ice plane has been constructed by one of the members of the College, which if put to effective use will greatly facilitate matters in regard to polo. The plane is drawn by horses, the idea being to cut down the surface of the ice, removing all the roughened part, thus leaving a smooth surface for skating.

—On the last three mornings of the fall term there was a noted lack of students at chapel exercises. Many of the fellows had gone home, and what few were here seemed to think more of studying for the examinations than attending these exercises. If such is to be the case, why not abolish chapel on these three mornings, in the future. Rather none at all, than with such an attendance as was seen last term.

—Polo stock has depreciated since last term, for we have had no skating. An attempt to clear the pond was made last week, and proved quite successful as far as it went, but the two or three fellows who did the work soon tired of their job and nothing has been done since. An ingenious junior recently built a good ice plane and if some of the fellows would volunteer to help run it, we could once more have good skating and enjoy a good game of polo.

—The farm department has been harvesting its usual crop of ice. Although delayed a few days on account of the warm weather, the work has been continued, a fine quality of ice being taken from the pond. We would suggest, however, that some little regard be shown to officers of the polo association, when the position for cutting is selected. Instead of taking the only part of the pond available for skating it would be a little more courteous to start at one end where the ice is of just as good quality, thus leaving space enough for polo practice.

—We are glad to see that basket-ball has at last received a good foundation. Not only has a freshman-sophomore game been arranged, but a complete schedule for all the classes has been drawn up. It now looks as though every class is to have a team, and we shall see some exciting games as a consequence. The schedule is so arranged that the freshmen play the sophomores at the end of each series, thus the last game of the season is between these classes, and as there are three series this may be a decisive game. Everybody turn out for the first game Wednesday evening.

—Friday evening the opening lesson of the dancing course given by Prof. Petit, will be held in the drill-hall. A large number of students have already joined the class, and many more are expected to do so soon. This course, given by such an able man as Prof. Petit, is of great benefit to the students, especially those who cannot already dance. It not only prepares them for the military ball which is soon to come, but gives them an accomplishment which is always useful and delightful. Last year's class was a success and we only hope that this one may be even more so.

—One evening, only a short time ago, several of the students held a meeting in the chapel to discuss the advisability of forming a dramatic club. They talked the subject over carefully, and after reviewing the accomplishments of many of the fellows, along musical and other lines, decided that a first-class minstrel show could be gotten up. They elected a leader, and the next morning put the matter before the College. Through some bungling on the part of the one who spoke on the subject, the fellows did not receive a favorable idea of the enterprise and the sentiment

seemed to be against it. We believe the matter should be given more careful consideration. We lack a good musical or dramatic club and believe that such would be a help to the College. May this matter not be dropped but, rather, taken up with new interest.

—Now that the winter term has fairly started it is time to commence training in the drill hall for an inter-class mid-winter meet. Or perhaps a series of meets might be gotten up, each class competing with the other classes separately, then the upper and the lower classes contesting, and finally have the inter-class meet. By thus creating a rivalry in athletics, between the classes, an interest in the track team of next spring might be infused and the men be induced to try to make the team. Owing to the size of the college we have, perhaps, a better chance of making a name for ourselves in track athletics than in either base-ball or foot-ball; for it is very difficult for a small college to get together nine or eleven men that can successfully compete with the team of a college that has three or four times the number of men to choose from. Now in field and track athletics a few stars are sufficient to redound credit to their college without the aid of the other members of their team. And, since Amherst has so kindly offered us the use of their field and track, there seems to be no reason why we should not endeavor to turn out a track team that will be a credit to Old Aggie.

Alumni.

'75.—E. B. Bragg is general manager for the National Chemical Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

'78.—J. F. Hunt is Superintendent of the Brazer Building, State St., Boston, but his address is Cliftondale, Mass.

'81.—C. A. Bowman's address is 98 Walnut St., Clinton, Mass.

'85.—E. W. Allen, 1620, 17th St., Washington, D. C. Vice-Director, Office Experiment Stations.

'90.—F. J. Smith, Chemist for the Gypsy Moth Commission, is at his headquarters in Amherst during the winter; during the summer his address will be 17 Russell St., Malden, Mass.

'90.—G. B. Simonds is a teacher in the evening school and employee in the postal service at Fitchburg, Mass.

'92.—F. G. Stockwell is a graduate student at Cornell University.

'92.—R. P. Lyman's address is 997 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

'92.—J. L. Field. Address at 3646 Lake Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

'93.—A. E. Melendy is with the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Co., Worcester, Mass. Address at 4 Dover St.

'93.—C. A. Goodrich, M. D., practicing in Hartford, Conn. Office at No. 5 Haynes St.

'94.—E. F. Dickinson, D. M. D., Harvard '98 is practicing at 107 Main St., Northampton, Mass.

'94.—A. C. Curtis is Instructor in English at St. Austins School, West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

'94.—G. E. Smith. Address, Sheffield, Mass.

'94.—F. L. Green is studying for the degree of Master of Arts in the Teachers College, Columbia University, having been appointed over a large number of competitors to a graduate scholarship in education. His New York address is 321 West 117th St., permanent address, Southampton, N. Y., Box 266.

'95.—H. D. Hemenway is Superintendent of the College Greenhouses and Assistant Horticulturist.

'95.—H. W. Lewis, Corporal in Battery M 2d Artillery 7 A. C. Permanent address, Rockland, Mass.

'95.—G. A. Billings is for the present at Bennington, Vt., canvassing for a correspondence school.

'95.—A. F. Burgess is Assistant Entomologist to the Gypsy Moth Commission, 17 Russell St. Malden, Mass.

'96. F. H. Read is Principal of the Commercial Department of the High School at Woonsocket, R. I.

'96.—H. T. Edwards is with the Boston Book Store, Park St., Boston.

'82.—J. A. Cutter, M. D. In the December number of *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, a monthly journal of physiological medicine we notice the third part of a discussion on, "Brights disease and some of its allies considered as fatty ills," the first and second parts having appeared in the October and November

numbers. A full page half tone of Dr. Cutter is also given. Dr. Cutter is a graduate of the Albany Medical College in the class of 1886; is corresponding member of the Gynecological society of Boston; a member of the medical society of the Borough of the Bronx, American Medical association, etc. Address 120 Broadway, New York city.

'91.—The death of M. F. Hurley, ex-'91 occurred at his home in Amherst late Tuesday night Jan. 10. He entered college in 1887 with the class of Ninety-one but left in 1889 to accept a position with O. G. Couch, which place he has since held.

'90.—C. H. Jones was appointed Chemist of the Vermont Experiment Station, Jan. 1. His address is Lock Box 119, Burlington.

'93.—The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel A. Knibloe of New Milford, Conn., and Franklin S. Hoyt, '93, principal of the New Milford Center school.

'96.—J. Elton Greene, ex-'96, is a member of the firm of Greene Brothers, market gardeners and fruit growers, Spencer, Mass. Mr. Greene recently started for Colorado en route to California where he will spend the winter.

'96.—A. M. Kramer is draftsman for the Ludlow Manufacturing Co., Ludlow, Mass. Home address, 24 Spruce St., Clinton, Mass.

'96.—H. C. Burrington, 2112 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., with Walker Gorden Lab. Co

'97.—G. A. Drew is Superintendent of the Horticultural department of the college, and assistant Horticulturist to the Hatch Experiment Station.

'97.—C. A. Norton is with the Lowell Dry Plate Co., in New York city where he went from Portland, Me.

'97.—C. F. Palmer Assistant Agriculturist of the Storrs Experiment Station of Connecticut.

'97.—C. J. Armstrong, civil engineer with the Illinois Central R. R., at present stationed at Bellville, Ill., address, care of J. B. Ball.

'97.—H. F. Allen is Superintendent of a Poultry Farm at Boscowen, Merrimac Co., N. H.

'98.—J. P. Nickerson is student at Tufts Medical College, address at 704 Tremont St., Boston.

'98.—N. S. Fisher is at present canvassing New York state for Johnson's encyclopedia.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Those interested in chemistry will be glad to know that G. S. Newth's latest book has recently been added to our library. It is entitled *Manual of chemical analysis Qualitative and Quantitative*. The subject is treated in a thorough, yet in a compact manner, presenting at the same time many new ideas to the analyst. The book would be a valuable addition to any scientific student's library. Library number 543-75.

Navy Battles and our New Navy by Slippey. This book of nearly one thousand pages presents in a popular form many of the important naval battles of all time as well as some combats of squadrons and single ships which are interesting from the nautical skill and bravery shown in them. The descriptions are given in a concise manner together with the causes which led to the encounter. The author is strongly in favor of enlarging our navy. Library number 909-11.

CLARA BARTON'S BOOK.

Now that the responsible head of the American Red Cross is allowed a brief rest from active duty in the field, at the urgent request of those who have followed its work in this country in its ever widening effort for humanity, she has consented to place the records of the movement in permanent form; and the result of her labors will soon be given to the world in the shape of a book entitled *The Red Cross*, by Clara Barton.

Previous to this Miss Barton's duties have never permitted anything further than a few articles in the leading periodicals, these being devoted to some particular incident in her career; but she now feels that the American Red Cross has become an important and permanent institution, with a history well worth being placed in enduring form. Her publishers are confident that the story will be a fascinating and instructive one, since by reason of her position as a neutral, she must have become possessed of a large amount of interesting information never heretofore given to the public. It will be a history written from between the lines—inside history of the field work by which the Red Cross has endeared itself to the people of the country for the last twenty years.

Miss Barton's career as a humanitarian began in the days of our Civil War. At the outbreak of the Franco-German struggle she was recruiting her health in Switzerland, and by invitation of the International Committee of the Red Cross of Geneva she joined their forces in the field, and so endeared herself to both countries as to receive a public vote of thanks

from France, and the decoration of the "Iron Cross" from Germany. The cordial relations indicated by these public recognitions resulted in a warm personal friendship with the courts of these countries which continues at the present day. It is hardly necessary to add that Miss Barton has been a potent factor in the relief of such national calamities as the Russian Famine, Johnstown Flood, Mississippi Inundations, Yellow Fever Epidemics, Hurricane of the Carolina Islands, and in 1896 she successfully conducted the difficult problem of carrying relief to the Armenians in Asia Minor. Her work in the relief of the Cuban reconcentrados and in the Spanish-American War is still fresh in the minds of the people.

This book will be abundantly illustrated by photographs and sketches faithfully taken at the various fields of labor, descriptive of places alluded to, the methods of work, and historic features connected therewith. Many of these incidents and reminiscences have never been published, and but for this persistent effort on the part of her friends and admirers, would probably never have been given to the world.

Those desiring further information concerning this interesting work can obtain it by addressing their inquiries to the New York headquarters, 58 William St.

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Nineteen Hundred Index,		F. A. Merrill, Manager.	

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Editorials.

It is a long time since we have seen so much interest aroused in any sport at Aggie as is just now being shown over basketball. Night after night the Drill Hall is the scene of exciting battles either between class teams at practice or between the different classes. Much interest has been manifested at the games in the inter-class series. The attendance has been large and the support of the teams enthusiastic. Many of the games have been close and, as a rule, the winning team could not be picked in advance.

If the baseball and track teams in the spring should receive the hearty support which is just now being shown for basketball, what an innovation it would be! What a difference it would make to these teams! There would be some competition for the different positions. Everyone would have to do his best and a good healthy spirit of friendly rivalry would prevail. Then with leaders possessing the entire confidence and good will of their followers, why should we not

look forward to a more prosperous era for our athletics? Shall we not do our utmost to make it so?

Of course the interest in the Freshman-Sophomore game exceeded that in all previous games. This was the first time the lower classes had ever competed at basketball but we hope that it may become an annual event between those classes. It provides an excellent test of skill and endurance besides presenting more of interest to most students than does the rope pull, for instance. Furthermore, it is a game in which nearly everyone may participate and does not limit its followers to the few who may happen to be the largest or strongest men in their class. This tends to bring out the class of fellows who are seldom heard from in most athletic events. This ought to have a good effect on track athletics in the spring.

We wish to thank the Secretary and Treasurer of the M. A. C. Athletic board for his correction of some statements presented in our last issue. While we regret that such a mistake occurred, we cannot regret

that it results in bringing this matter more plainly before the student-body. We give the letter and the report of the Secretary and Treasurer of the board in another column so that all the students may see just the condition of the football treasury. The report plainly shows the truth of some other remarks in our last issue concerning the collection of money subscribed but left unpaid; whether the collecting be done by the Treasurer of the Athletic board or the Manager of the teams. How can we expect our teams to close the season free from debt if nearly one-third of the money subscribed is not paid? Is there a man in college to-day who will accept the ignominy of refusing to keep a pledge made before all his collegemates? Yet how can he escape it if he does not meet such obligations?

Shortly before the close of last term we had occasion to speak of a movement which should tend to draw the societies closer together. Its principal object was to secure some agreement among all the societies in regard to working men. This is a step which is sure to be taken very soon and now it rests with us to help it along. It is a step which, we believe, will have an elevating influence upon all the societies and will tend to place them upon a more equal footing. It will do away with several objections to the present system as it has been carried out in the past. We believe it will also be of material benefit to the new men in several ways. The conference participated in by delegates from each of the societies, resulted in a number of recommendations which were submitted to each of the societies for their consideration and action. This is a matter in which every student should take a lively interest and we are looking forward to some definite action thereon in the near future.

I struck her coasting down the hill,
My wheel the maid did toss—
She was the very sweetest girl
I ever ran across.—*Ex.*

The editor with gladsome cry
Exclaims, "My work is done;"
The manager with weary sigh
Explains, "My work is dun."

—*Exchange,*

COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR OF THE AGGIE LIFE:

My Dear Sir,—

As it appears from your editorial concerning athletic managers in the last number of the LIFE that a misapprehension exists as to the management of the athletic finances of the College, it seems necessary that an explanation in regard to this matter should be made. Since, moreover, the several managers are very unjustly taken to task in your editorial it is but fair to them that everyone should have a proper understanding of this matter.

According to the constitution of the Athletic Board, adopted by the faculty and student body, "The Board shall have control of the athletic interests of the Mass. Agricultural College and of any funds or income of any funds that may be entrusted to it for athletic purposes. The board shall have the power to raise and collect subscriptions and in other ways to increase the athletic funds of the College. * * * The Board shall appoint a resident Secretary-Treasurer who shall receive and deposit all money for athletic purposes, whether gate receipts, subscriptions, guarantees, or proceeds from benefit entertainments. * * * The duties of the Secretary-Treasurer shall be * * * to receive and account for all money of the Board in whatever way placed in his hands. * * * He shall pay out money for the expenses of the single associations only upon the written order of the manager of each association. * * * All of his accounts shall be kept in a book prepared for the purpose which shall be open for inspection at any time to the members of the Board. * * * Each manager shall make his returns to the treasurer within three days after a home event or on his return from a trip."

From these extracts from the constitution of the Board, which was published in full in your columns at the time of its adoption, it may be seen that the individual manager is not "intrusted with the finances subscribed by the students," has no accounts whatever to keep, and consequently cannot "make a full report of his stewardship." All money is either paid directly to the treasurer or collected for him by the manager or his agent. All subscription lists are kept by the Treasurer and all money for payment of guarantees or other expenses is disbursed by him, directly or through the manager. In short, the manager han-

dles no money whatever except under the immediate direction of the Treasurer and as his agent. Furthermore, all important arrangements are made only after consultation between the manager and Treasurer and the expenses and resources of each season are carefully calculated in the same way. Finally, the accounts of the Treasurer are kept "in a book prepared for the purpose," as specified by the constitution, each association by itself. All disbursements are accounted for by proper receipts and at the end of the year the accounts are examined by the Auditor appointed by the Board and the Treasurer makes his annual report.

As the Athletic Board was formed for the prime object of conducting athletic finances upon a sound and systematic basis, and comprises representatives from the student body, faculty, and alumni, the properly audited report of the Treasurer to the Board has been considered a sufficient guarantee that its finances are being conducted in a proper manner. There is, however, no particular objection to the Treasurer's making a report to the student body if such a precaution be deemed necessary and the accounts of the past football season are herewith included. It will be noticed that a considerable number of subscriptions remain still unpaid. In the senior class, for example, out of \$50 subscribed last September for the support of the football team during the fall term, only about one half has been paid up to this date, more than two months after the close of the season. It is not to be supposed that this is due to intentional dishonesty, but at the same time it is difficult to see how any right minded student, knowing that his subscription has been counted on in estimating the season's expenses, will persistently refuse or neglect to pay what he has promised and thus necessitate either a curtailment of the plans for the season or an extra burden on someone else.

FOOTBALL SEASON 1898.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Senior class,	\$50.50
Junior "	42.50
Sophomore "	90.00
Freshman "	78.00
Total,	\$291.00

RECEIPTS TO DATE.

Senior class,	\$25.00
Junior "	28.50
Sophomore "	67.00
Freshman "	53.50
Faculty,	33.50
Guarantees,	145.00
Sale of mileage,	3.00
Total,	\$355.50

EXPENDITURES TO DATE.

Coaching,	\$95.00
Rubbing,	5.50
Travelling,	151.00
Guarantees.	90.00
Supplies,	39.00
Total,	\$380.50
Receipts,	355.50

Balance due treasurer, \$25.00

DEBTS OUTSTANDING.

Due treasurer,	\$25.00
" A. C. Wilson,	16.00
" E. S. Gamwell,	5.00
" Incidentals,	14.00
Total,	\$60.00
Subscriptions due,	\$90.00
Debt,	60.00
Theoretical balance,	\$30.00

RALPH E. SMITH,

Sec. and Treas. M. A. C. Athletic Board.

THE MILITARY PROM.

On Friday evening February third, a Military Prom. will be given in the Drill Hall by the students of M. A. C. The patronesses are: Mrs. H. H. Goodell, Mrs. J. B. Paige, Mrs. R. S. Lull, Mrs. J. E. Ostrander and Mrs. Herman Babson. Music will be furnished by the Philharmonic Orchestra and the catering will be done by Barr of Springfield. There is to be a reception from 8 P. M. when dancing will commence and last until 2 A. M. Saturday morning.

The committee of arrangements consists of Mr. F. A. Merrill, Mr. F. H. Turner, Mr. Y. H. Canto, Mr. D. A. Bea-

man, Mr. Geo. H. Parmenter, Mr. W. A. Hooker, Mr. J. W. Kellogg, Mr. H. E. Maynard with Prof. Lull and Prof. Paige as the faculty members.

It is intended to make the Promenade as formal as possible; the Drill Hall will be decorated much as it was last year and the accommodations will be the same. No flowers will be allowed upon the floor.

The price of the floor tickets is \$3.00 which includes the gentleman and ladies. Gallery seats are to be fifty cents each. Those who desire hacks should apply to Mr. A. C. Monahan who has the matter in charge, the price being \$1.50 for lady and gentleman. As is the usual custom many of the professors will entertain the ladies at their homes during the night of the promenade.

Those who have not as yet purchased tickets and who desire to do so should apply to Mr. F. H. Turner.

DINNER OF MASSACHUSETTS ALUMNI.

The 26th annual meeting of the Massachusetts Alumni of the M. A. C. was held at the Quincy House on Friday evening Jan. 27. About sixty guests sat down to dinner after the regular election had been held. For the ensuing year, Mr. Samuel C. Damon was elected president.

The speakers of the evening were Pres. H. H. Goodell, Prof. Brooks, Lemuel LeB. Holmes '72, M. T. Rogers '79, S. C. Damon '81, H. J. Wheeler '83, Wm. C. Parker '80, Wm. H. Bowker '71, and F. A. Merrill who represented AGGIE LIFE. A quartet from the college rendered appropriate songs throughout the evening and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The President's address was the same as he has given us before in the Chapel. It dwelt with the story of how he, when a lieutenant in the Civil War, carried the pay of a regiment across the enemy's country to New Orleans, and was listened to with careful attention.

Prof. Brooks spoke of the needs of our college in regard to an athletic field and marked out a course to be pursued in order to obtain the same for future use. His appeal to the Alumni for aid, both moral and financial, was strong and pertinent, and deserves to meet with success.

Mr. Parker, who is a representative at the State House, spoke upon the need of hearty co-operation

upon the part of the Alumni to support the bill to increase the maintenance fund, that is now before the House. He impressed upon his hearers the necessity for each one of them to appeal personally to his representative and thereby bring all possible influence to bear upon the legislative branch to further so good an object. It is necessary for the future of the College that this bill should be passed.

Mr. Wm. H. Bowker spoke about the financial side of the management of the college and expressed great hope for a brilliant future. His remarks in regard to the spreading of nature studies and their aid toward advertising the college was novel and of much interest. His idea was that the college should print certain pamphlets of such an order that they could be disseminated through the high schools and in this way the name of "Old Aggie" would be brought prominently forward among a class that would be likely to appreciate the work done here.

Mr. Wheeler's speech dealt mostly with the attitude of the alumni toward the undergraduates and he lamented the lack of cordial feeling between the two bodies. The condition of the college and the support that it receives from the alumni were touched upon by Mr. Merrill whose speech we print in another column as we believe that it will be of interest to every alumnus who has the welfare of his Alma Mater close to heart.

The menus used for the occasion were tastefully gotten up and appropriate; the tables were well dressed and the dinner well served.

It is always encouraging to see so many loyal sons of "Old Aggie" gathered around the board and these annual reunions do much to firmly cement the feeling of comradeship that ought to and does exist in the Massachusetts alumni. X.

ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI:—It is many years since some of you left the cherished walls of your Alma Mater. Since then, Time has traced his hurried course with no uncertain finger, and into your lives has brought a certain portion of pain and of happiness. Multifarious duties have sprung up before you and claimed your attention; new faces have been welcomed and old ones lost forever. About you have grown the flowers of the earth, tender and sweet.

You have nurtured the slender spray until you have failed to recognize it in the sturdy oak to which it had grown.

Thus has sprung up about you a garden of the world's beauties, and yet, back of all this wonderful growth, lost in the labyrinth of newer lives, is still the seed that made you what you are to-day. To you these tender vines have turned for training and care, and what have you to give them? What is there in your nature that they claim;—that they demand?

Are you so different from the wild uncultivated briar that fringes the road-side? What have you that these growing replicas of yourself demand? Is it not the very essence of your character? Is it not that individuality on which you pride yourself?

And how came you by this selfsame individuality? Why are you not like the thousands of briars that lie tangled in the hedge-rows? Or why has not your life been choked by these same lowly vines that curl about your feet?

It was because, when you were young and uncertain in your growth, a kind and skillful hand picked you from the heterogeneous mass and trained you as you should grow. A kind and gentle hand it was; patient with your short-comings; ever watchful over your destiny; fearful for your future. When you were weak and tiny, it would have been a small thing to have allowed the briars to over-run you, but it would have been an ignoble action.

To-day, how do you stand? Even in all the splendor of your manhood! Have you met your obligations to the one who trained you for your present position? Can you say with a clear conscience, "That old Alma Mater, how I love her; how I long to repay her for her early kindnesses to me?"

Your Alma Mater takes fond pride in your past and in your future; you are her boys and always will be. To you she looks for the spreading of her influence. You are what you are, but you are only that through her training and her care. To her you owe everything, and what have you rendered her in return?

It is the duty of every alumnus to take a personal interest in the daily affairs of his old college; an interest second only to that of his family. Every college is strong only as its alumni is strong, and to you, who have gone before us, we must appeal for that strengthening aid that comes through close communion.

To keep in close touch, it is necessary that the undergraduate and the alumnus should have some means of communication, and that is always to be found in the college publications. The more the pity that so few of the alumni appreciate this fact.

Let us see for a moment how well the alumni have supported the college paper. Upon the books of the AGGIE LIFE appear the names of fifty men whose subscriptions are in arrears by some two years. Besides this number there are over thirty who owe for the last year's subscription, and it has been found nearly impossible to collect this money. A change of address is seldom sent to the editor and then complaint is made if the alumni list be incorrect.

Upon the editorial side there is a dearth of material. The advent of some literary morsel from an alumnus is almost unknown, and yet, there must be items of interest that you gentlemen meet with in every day life. The editor is always ready and willing to publish such pieces as you may deem important.

The *Index*, the Junior annual, receives scant support at your hands, and yet it is ever a worthy volume. Some three weeks ago we sent out two hundred notices to the alumni of this publication and we have received but six responses. Is this just?

In the *Index* we publish an alumni list at the expense of fifty dollars; that list is corrected by the President from every available means at his command up to September, after that date we send letters with request for corrections, to those whose addresses are doubtful. This year we sent out over fifty. Of these, four were returned by the post-office department, and of the remainder that certainly reached their destination, one third never came back to us. If then, the alumni takes so little interest in that which concerns them most, it is my advice to succeeding *Index* boards to suspend the publication of the alumni list.

To better your college it is necessary that you should take active interest in its daily affairs. Besides an annual discussion upon a technical phraseology in regard to name, what do you gentlemen do for the undergraduate? How often do we feel your influence upon our campus? What encouragement do you give us?

A spirit of adverse criticism has sprung up among you, and instead of a helpful hand, you are rather lending a destructive one. You have become icono-

clasts but you have set up no other images for us to worship.

We undergraduates cannot bear all this burden; it is not our place to. It is but natural for us to turn to you for help and counsel.

Gentlemen, you should awake to the fact that you have an Alma Mater. You should acquaint yourselves with the college that once knew you. You should return and open up new opportunities for us; you should start innovations and supply the stimulus that keeps them running; you should be broad and liberal, not crabbed and narrow. You should, above all, supply us with the example of an alumni whose loyalty to the college could not be questioned, whose enthusiasm could not be dampened, and whose patriotism could not be gainsaid.

F. A. MERRILL.

LENGTHENING THE SUMMER VACATION.

Why is it that our college year begins so early in the Autumn? September as a rule is a very warm month, and for that reason a hard time to begin study with any certainty of earnestness. Few other colleges open as early as ours; this is undoubtedly due to the warm weather. With us other factors are to be considered.

It is difficult for our men to find profitable employment during the short vacations which occur in mid-winter and early spring; at the same time some of these men are obliged to work although for small gain. If the summer vacation should be lengthened they could continue in their positions for another month with greater profit at that season than during the dull season of the short vacation.

Not only the working class would be benefited by this change but also those men who come from a distance state and can only hope to go home once a year. For these men, life around college, when the rest of the fellows are gone home, is filled with loneliness and gloom.

Another benefit which would come to the students is that of continued application, with intermission enough for rest and not enough to bring on dullness and laziness which come with too much inaction. We are well aware of the difficulty with which we take hold of our studies after an extended absence from the recitation room.

The change may be brought about very easily. At present the terms are unequally divided; the Fall term being much the longest. This might be cut down and the Christmas vacation reduced to one week and Easter vacation reduced still more. By cutting down these recesses two or three weeks might be added to the Summer vacation without shortening the present college year and still make it more enjoyable to both students and Professors.

THE OLD TRAINMAN'S STORY.

(Concluded.)

"There are two men talking together," he said when he returned. "They are probably the men from the tender. I wonder the conductor didn't notice them on the engine. And that makes me think, we must notify him and the brakeman."

Just then the brakeman entered, and Mr. Forbush told him his suspicions.

"I believe you are right," he exclaimed. "When I came through the car I heard one man say, 'it will only be a matter of a few minutes.' They stopped quickly when they saw me. It looks suspicious. I will tell Bill, and we will join you directly after leaving Wayville."

We were now only three miles from the station. I left the baggage room, Mr. Forbush accompanying me to the door where I thanked him for the paper.

"I suppose that I must wait till daylight for the through train to Connington?" I asked.

"Till 5-45," he replied, and shut the door.

In the smoker I found my fellow travelers engaged in a game of cards, but carrying on a conversation in an undertone. They looked up as I entered, but I betrayed no surprise. I strolled over to the door and looked out. My friends on the tender were gone. The train slowed up and I left the car, severing the cord as I went. A man from each car watched me as I went along the platform. None of the other men got off. Nearing the building I put down my grip, struck a match and lighted my pipe as though preparing to spend as comfortably as possible the time that I must wait.

The engineer was oiling his engine for the long run; the fireman was fixing his fires. I tried the door of the station. It opened and I entered. Going out through a door in the rear, I made a hurried detour,

gained the baggage car, and crawled in. In a moment more we had left Wayville station behind us and had begun our long run of fifty miles through the desolate forest. The brakeman and conductor soon entered the car, and we immediately began to formulate our plans.

"It may be ten or twenty minutes before these fellows strike a blow," said Mr. Forbush, "but we must be ready for them at any time now. Will you, Mr. Steele, watch the smoker and you, Darling, the rear car, and report what you see. Do you think we had better remain here or sally out, Bill," he said, addressing the conductor.

"I think we'd better stay," was the reply. "We don't know with certainty that these men have evil intentions. In any case we can probably hold out against them. By a little strategy we may be able to capture the gang and hand them over to the authorities at B—. The engineer will run right through, for the cord is severed and they cannot signal for a halt. I don't see but that we have things pretty well in our hands."

"It is the better way," Mr. Forbush replied. "We will stay; we will stay. Well, what do you see?" he asked, turning to me.

"They have scattered," I replied. "They are looking this way. They are coming along the aisle toward the door," I added, quickly closing the shutter. Darling closed his at the same time.

"The two men are tiptoeing up to the door," he said on coming up.

"Cock your weapon and be ready to draw when I signal," said Mr. Forbush. A knock from the smoker followed his words.

He stepped to the slide and opened it. "What do you want?" he inquired.

"May we come in and warm up a little?" asked one. "It's colder than a barn out here."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Forbush, closing the shutter and stepping to the door. "Be ready," he whispered, and slipping the bolt he opened the door. The men filed in and the door closed.

At the signal we covered the men. "Hands up," cried Mr. Forbush.

Two responded; the third drew his weapon, but I was too quick for him and fired, disabling his arm. A terrific blow followed the shot and the rear door fell in

with a crash. The two men brought up at the muzzle of the revolver of Darling and the brakeman. One of the men turned and jumped; the other threw up his hands. We soon disarmed the men and bound them. Powerless to help themselves they soon confessed their crime. The engineer knew nothing of the matter till we reached B—, and then he would not believe us till he saw our prisoners. A more surprised man I never saw. We handed the robbers over to the authorities at the city.

At the trial they confessed their guilt and divulged the name of the bank official, who had confided the secret to them. They each got ten year's hard labor, and the bank clerk lost his position.

* * * * *

"What became of the man who jumped off?" I asked.

"He dislocated his leg and broke an arm in the jump, and being unable to help himself, perished from the cold. His body was recovered the next morning.

"It was a pretty clean-cut job, at any rate," I remarked.

"Wasn't it!" replied the trainman. "It was a daring and desperate attempt. The time and manner were both unique. It would probably have succeeded, too, if I hadn't discovered the two men."

"How was it they happened to hide on the tender?" I asked. "I should think they would have found it better to have gone to Wayville the night before."

"They couldn't make the arrangements," he replied. "Oh, it was a well-laid scheme just the same! The conductor and brakeman both acknowledged that they supposed the men got on at Wayville until they learned otherwise. But the capture is the neatest thing of the kind, without exception, that I ever heard of. What do you think?"

"It certainly was a remarkable success," I replied.

"And so it was," said the trainman in conclusion, "that I entered the employ of the M. T. R. R. It was the turning point of my life. Receiving an offer I accepted, and have served this corporation ever since, a period of forty years."

EVERETT.

One swallow does not make a summer,
A long forgotten poet sings,
But I have seen a small grasshopper
Make a half a dozen springs.—Ex.

BASKET BALL.

ORPHANS, 22; FRESHMEN, 10.

The interclass series in basket-ball opened Wednesday, Jan. 18. The game was very exciting from the start to the finish and those who were fortunate enough to witness the contest were well repaid for their time. Although the Orphans never played together before they put up a stiff game and surprised the spectators by defeating the Freshmen team. The features of the game were the playing of Crowell and McCobb. The summary:

ORPHANS.

Chapin, l. f.
Stanley, r. f.
Morrill, c.
Crowell, l. b.
Halligan, r. b.

FRESHMEN.

l. f., Fulton
r. f., McCobb
c., James
l. b., Hall, Dellea
r. b., Chase

Referees—Rice, Dorman. Umpire—Ahearn. Goals from field—Crowell 4, Halligan 3, Chapin 1, Morrill 1, Stanley 1. Goals from fouls—Crowell. Time—20 min. halves.

ORPHANS, 11; SOPHOMORES, 8.

The second game in the interclass series was played Friday, Jan. 20, in the Drill Hall before an enthusiastic crowd. Tin horns, megaphones and numerous other instruments were prevalent. The game opened at 7-10 with the Sophomores defending the south goal. In the first three minutes 'Ol threw two goals. Then the poor Orphans woke up and before the half was over succeeded in scoring six points. This was indeed a complete surprise for the Sophomores for they expected to win.

The second half opened with the Orphans throwing for the north goal. After two minutes' play Crowell found the basket for two points. Chickering then fouled and Crowell threw the goal. Each side made two more fouls but the goals were missed. The first half was played without a foul but in this half the play was rough. The summary:

ORPHANS.

Pierson, l. f.
Chapin, r. f.
Morrill, c.
Halligan, r. b.
Crowell, l. b.

SOPHOMORES.

l. f., Ahearn
r. f., Dorman
c., Rice
r. b., Chickering
l. b., Wilson

Umpire—James, Whitman. Referee—McCobb. Goals from field—Ahearn 3, Dorman 1, Crowell 2, Halligan 1, Chapin 2. Goal from foul—Crowell. Time—20 min. halves. Score—11-8.

FRESHMEN, 9; ORPHANS, 4.

The Freshmen met the Orphans Wednesday, Jan. 25, and succeeded in beating them by the above score. It was a very loosely played game and owing to the number of fouls made on the losing side it proved uninteresting. The summary:

FRESHMEN.

Fulton, l. f.
Dellea, r. f.
James, c.
Hall, l. b.
Chase, r. b.

ORPHANS.

r. b., Crowell
l. b., Halligan
c., Morrill
r. f., Chapin
l. f., Brown

Umpire—Dorman, C. Rice. Referee—Ahearn. Time-keeper—Chickering. Time—20 min. halves.

FRESHMAN, 13; SOPHOMORES, 7.

The Freshmen and Sophomores met for the first time in the basket ball series and played a very interesting game.

The roughness generally displayed when the two lower classes meet was done away with and as a result the game was all the more interesting.

Both teams played fast ball but the Sophomores showed lack of practice. Luck seemed against them especially in the first half when several goals were missed.

Team work was the feature of the Freshmen's playing:

The summary:

FRESHMEN

Dellea, r. f.
McCobb, l. f.,
James, c.
Chase, r. b.,
Fulton, l. b.,

SOPHOMORES

r. f., Chickering
l. f., Ahearn
c., Rice
r. b., Dorman
l. b., Wilson

Umpires—Crowell, Morrill. Referee—Halligan. Time-keeper—Whitman. Time—20 m. halves. Goals—Ahearn, Dorman 2, Fulton 2; McCobb 3, Dellea 1. Goals from fouls—Dorman, Fulton.

The following little verse, a clipping from one of our exchanges, very uniquely points out a certain feminine weakness:

"She walked into the dry goods store
With stately step and proud;
She turned the frills and laces o'er
And pushed aside the crowd.
She asked to see some rich brocade,
Mohairs and grenadines;
She looked at silk of every shade,
And then at velveteens,
She sampled jackets, blue and red,
She tried on nine or ten,
And then she toss'd her head and said
She 'guessed she'd call again.'"—Ex.

College Notes.

—Military Promenade.

—West '02 spent Sunday at his home in Northampton.

—Mr. Geo. H. Ellis visited the college a short time ago.

—A. F. Frost is singing in the choir of Unity church.

—Prof. C. H. Fernald recently made a short trip to Boston.

—F. A. Merrill '00 attended the alumni meeting held in Boston.

—The class of '94 expects to hold a reunion next commencement.

—The farm department has resumed the work of harvesting the ice on the College pond.

—H. P. Kendall, a Senior in Amherst College, is taking a course in entomology at the Insectary.

—Mr. E. H. Forbush, Field director of the Gypsy Moth Commission, recently visited the college.

—The condition exam. in agriculture was held last Saturday. That in chemistry was given Monday.

—Mrs. S. T. Maynard will give a talk on birds at one of the future meetings of the Amherst Grange.

—The annual Junior Promenade was recently held in New Haven by the Junior class of Yale College.

—Rev. H. R. McCartney of the Village Congregational church, recently exchanged with the college pastor.

—Prof. R. E. Smith has been in Boston, where he attended the meeting of the alumni held there last week.

—The Amherst College Seniors will present Pinero's farce, "The Magistrate," for the annual Senior Dramatics.

—President Goodell delivered a lecture at a meeting of the Farmers' Institute held in Plainfield, Saturday, Jan. 21.

—Prof. F. S. Cooley at the last meeting of the Amherst Grange gave a talk on "How to make Good Milk and Butter."

—A. C. Monahan '00 has entire charge of the hacks for the Promenade and all those desiring to secure them should apply to him at once.

—The next entertainment in the Union Lecture Course will be a lecture by Prof. R. G. Hibbard, the elocutionist, assisted by local musical talent.

—At the last meeting of the Amherst Woman's Club, a program prepared by Mrs. C. S. Walker, was rendered by members of the music committee.

—Copies of the Memorial of Captain Dickinson have been distributed to members of the Senior class and to students who especially desired to obtain them.

—J. Williams Macy, the humorist and buffo-basso, will appear in the town hall this evening. The entertainment is given under the auspices of the Methodist society.

—President Goodell delivered an address before the Horticultural society of Worcester last Thursday upon "The Agricultural and Horticultural Products of Turkey."

—Prof. G. F. Mills will lecture upon "Bees and Books" in the course of lectures now being held in town, under the title, "Familiar Talks in Friendly Parlors."

—Representative G. E. Fisher of North Amherst, has introduced in the Legislature a resolve to make an annual appropriation of \$10,000 to the college for educational purposes.

—The address which President Goodell delivered at the meeting of the State Grange, held in Worcester in December, has been published with the proceedings of that organization.

—Those of the students especially interested in music may be interested to know that a "Piano Conversation" will be given in the court room Feb. 18, by Prof. Story of Northampton.

—At the Union Institute of the Hampshire and other county agricultural societies held at Hadley last Thursday, Prof. Charles Wellington spoke on the subject, "How Massachusetts Farming is to be made Successful."

—Much interest has been shown in the debates as scheduled for the Senior class. Last Friday the subject of the debate was "Woman should have the right to vote." W. E. Hinds and W. A. Hooker supported the affirmative side of the question, while H. E. Maynard and G. C. Hubbard spoke for the negative. The subject for the debate for next Friday is, "High Schools should be supported at Public Expense."

—The first hour last Thursday morning was devoted to exercises appropriate to the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Prof. Neill of Amherst College addressed the students and Superintendent Hardy gave an interesting talk.

—Photographers from Holyoke have been about the college for a few weeks, taking pictures of the different classes in their recitation rooms and also many interior views. The work is done by flashlight and the results obtained are very fine.

—Prof. George H. Palmer, LL. D. delivered a lecture in College Hall, last Monday evening upon "The Profession of the Teacher." This was the second lecture in the course on "College Thought and Public Interest." The students should avail themselves of the opportunity to attend this course of lectures.

—The annual meeting of Massachusetts Agricultural College Alumni association was held Friday evening Jan 27, at the Quincy Hotel, Boston. A large number were present at the dinner. President Goodell addressed the association upon the subject, "How the Pay of the Regiment was Carried to New Orleans." A quartette consisting of S. E. Smith, Thaddeus Graves, Jr., C. A. Crowell and H. E. Maynard, rendered several selections.

—In order to make the Military Promenade a success this year it is necessary to have the co-operation of the majority of the students. The trimming and decorating of the hall lies entirely with the students and much depends upon their efforts. H. E. Maynard '99 and J. W. Kellogg '00 have charge of the decorating and this committee should receive the support of all the students. Those who do not expect to attend the Promenade should offer their services and assist the committee all that is possible.

—During the past week the dancing class has made rapid progress. Three lessons a week are being given, so that the members may be in time for the ball Friday evening. Prof. Petit has even a larger class than he anticipated and is putting a great amount of interest into it. His time is given especially to those members who are just learning and it will not be his fault if they are unable to dance at the ball. A piano has been placed in the drill hall and under the inspiration of good music many a new beginner is able to swing his toe, where otherwise he might be puzzling blindly over the uncertainties of the fantastic waltz.

—The basket-ball schedule, which has been so successful thus far, will be broken into this week by the military promenade. The two games which should have come this week will be played next Wednesday and Friday evenings. The following is the revised schedule of games for the next series :

Feb. 8—1900 vs. 1901

" 10—1899 " 1902

" 15—1900 " 1901

" 17—1900 " 1902

" 22—1901 " 1902

—Members of the Natural History Society are anxiously awaiting the course of lectures given every year under this auspices. The committee on entertainments has been appointed and the first lecture is promised soon. Last year many interesting and instructive talks were given, and we only hope those of this year may prove as pleasing. Among the speakers already secured for this year are Dr. Fernald, who will be the first, Prof. Smith, and Dr. Stone. It is also hoped that Pres. Goodell can be secured for one of his war reminiscences.

—When the decorating committee for the military ball opened the armory last week and examined the rifles and other equipment, they found them to be in very poor condition. The belts were covered with mold and the inside of the rifle barrels were full of rust and dirt. Since the college is under bonds for the good condition of this equipment it would seem as though they would see to their being kept in good condition. The rifles are not used by the students and so are not cleaned as formerly, but nevertheless they will soon spoil if left in their present condition.

—Dr. Goessmann received lately the information, from the Secretary of the "American Chemical Society," that he had been made a member of the Council of that society in accordance with a provision, of the new Constitution, which reads as follows : "All Past Presidents shall be members of the Council, until they shall express their desire to be relieved from the duties of said position." The new Constitution went into effect on Jan. 1, 1899. The society has been made a national one, during the past year, in consequence of a union of the different "Chemical Societies" in various parts of the country. Dr. Goessmann has been an active member of the society since its organization.

—Next week, without fail, base ball practice must begin in the drill hall. It must be good hard practice, too, and none of the fooling such as we saw last year. We have a fine place for battery and batting practice and should make the most of it. There is no reason whatever why we cannot turn out a team this year which will surpass that of all other years. Plenty of good material has shown itself and by getting in some good stiff practice before the season opens we can begin by winning games instead of losing them. There is a good prospect of a trip north this spring and this if nothing else should bring out the candidates. Every man remember that our chances of putting a first class team in the field this year depends on himself, and when Capt. Crowell calls for candidates every man come over and do his best, whether he has played the game before or not.

Alumni.

'71.—An article which recently appeared in one of our prominent daily newspapers dealing with the success of one of "Aggies,,, pioneer graduates, has come to our attention; and we take pleasure in publishing it here in full. It is entitled: "Marked Success of a Sunderland boy." There is such a thing as grasping your opportunities and on the other hand there are many people who would not recognize an opportunity even after being introduced to it. Back in the late 60's and early 70's there was a nice old gentleman named Russell living in Sunderland. He lived much longer, too. He was an old-school Democrat, of good ability, honest and frugal. He brought his children up to fear God and be good citizens. His son, William D. Russell, was educated in the schools of the village, and at one or the other of the Amherst colleges and then he located in Turner's Falls.

In the days of Colonel Alvah Crocker, the pioneer. Colonel Crocker was the business creator of Turner's Falls. He saw the superb water power and harnessed it and put it to work. One of the industries that was planted there alongside the Connecticut river was the Montague Paper company. One of the master minds that came into the corporation that was formed was George E. Marshall. As a paper maker he was great. He had demonstrated that fact beyond question. It was Colonel Crocker who knew this and induced him

to come to Turner's Falls.

Of Mr. Marshall it was truly said "he could make more and better paper out of a given amount of stock than any other man living." That was a high compliment, but it was deserved. Under this man of almost genius in paper making came the Sunderland boy, W. D. Russell, fresh from college, with good habits, a clean conscience and having the gift of taking hold of an opportunity when it came within his reach.

It came almost at once under George E. Marshall. The two men supplemented each other, B. N. Farren, another master hand, recognized the worth of young Russell. It was seen that the young man came near coming under the head of those who cannot be dispensed with. In time George E. Marshall died and young Russell was elected as treasurer of the great corporation. There was no chance about it. It was seen that he was a safe and capable financial manager. He had brains and he used them. He was ably supplemented in the mill by Porter Farwell, the superintendent. They worked in harmony and the dividends were superb. Stockholders like large dividends. It happens sometimes that a man is "a great financier" when things are going his way and he dominates and uses them. But there comes a time when the dividends drop off partly from errors and partly from changed conditions, and the great financier finds that his magic touch is gone and the stockholders who praised now hasten to kick.

Competition grew fiercer, but the Montague mill continued to make money. It tells the story to say that the management was superb in office and mill. Where other mills less ably managed failed, the Montague made money.

Then came the plans for the great International Paper company that now dominates that particular kind of paper making for this entire country. It has a capital stock of \$40,000,000. When one stops to consider that the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, with all its branches, has a smaller capital than the paper company, then one gets an idea of the size of the corporation.

This tremendous paper making corporation came in sight. The Montague company, making money rapidly even with the keenest of competition, desired to keep out of the big one and did so as long as it could. But there came a time when it was inevitable that it

should be swallowed by the new corporation.

Another opportunity came along for W. D. Russell, now in the forties of life. Of course he grasped it. It was seen by the great men of the gigantic corporation that Russell was a man that could not well be dispensed with. He organized one phase of the business. He showed the great corporation which had swallowed a tremendous great meal how it was to be digested.

And now the Sunderland boy that was, is earning a salary of \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year and is rich in addition. Still there are no frills about him.

'74.—H. L. Phelps, recently appointed Deputy Sheriff, West Springfield, Mass.

'77.—D. H. Benson is president of the Standard Dry Plate Co. of New Rochelle, N. Y.

'91.—We are interested to learn of the appointment of Dr. E. P. Felt '91 as entomologist of the empire state and we take pleasure in reproducing here, what the "Country Gentleman," one of the leading agricultural papers of that state has to say of Dr. Felt:

"The Regents of the University of New York have appointed Dr. Ephraim Porter Felt, State Entomologist, a previous appointment made by the governor having proved to be without authority in law. We give Dr. Felt's portrait herewith, and feel that the people of the state are heartily to be congratulated on his accession to the place made illustrious by the lamented Lintner. No better successor could have been named.

Dr. Felt was born of American parentage at Salem, Mass., Jan. 7, 1868. His earlier years were spent in eastern Massachusetts, where he attended the public schools and spent about two years in the high school. Leaving home at the age of 14, he worked on farms, and at 19, with but \$25, after purchasing his time, started for the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Through the kindness of friends and by close attention to business, he was able to work his way through without incurring large debt—the last year being spent in work at the insectary under Dr. C. H. Fernald. Upon the latter's recommendation, after being graduated in June, 1891, with the degree of Bachelor of Science, he was appointed specialist to the gypsy moth commission, and spent the summer in studying that dangerous insect. In the autumn of 1891 he

entered Cornell University, taking post-graduate work with entomology as his major study, and was elected to a fellowship the next spring. His course in Cornell under Prof. Comstock embraced nearly three college years. In 1893 he was elected a member of Sigma Xi; June, 1894, was awarded the degree of Doctor of Science. For two years he taught the natural sciences at the Clinton Liberal Institute, Fort Plain, N. Y., and was appointed assistant state entomologist in the autumn of 1895. He has now been engaged in entomology to a great extent for over nine years, nearly two under Prof. Fernald, three under Prof. Comstock, and as long with the late Dr. Lintner. During the two years he was teaching, considerable time was spent upon his favorite branch. The 10th to the 12th reports of the state entomologist were issued after his connection with the office, and show to a certain extent the character of his work. His principal publications are: On Certain Grass-Eating Insects (Cornell Bulletin 64); the Scorpion-Flies (Appendix A of 10th Report, N. Y. State entomologist), the Elm-Leaf Beetle (Museum Bulletin 20), and his Report for 1898, soon to be issued."

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Editorials.

BUT one more issue of the *Life* will appear before the election of the new board of editors. This election will be held on March ninth. All articles to count in the competition for the board must be received on or before that date. Thus far the competition has not been satisfactory. It has not been up to previous standard. No candidate can feel assured of a place upon the new board unless he does some lively work in the next three weeks. All competitions will have a fair and equal chance and the new men will be selected on the ground of the amount and quality of work done and their general fitness for the positions.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations held in Washington two weeks ago it was voted, first, "To recommend that all Land Grant Colleges observe April fourteenth, next, Senator Morrill's birthday, with appropriate services in his honor; second, To ask President Buckham of the

University of Vermont to prepare a set of resolutions to be presented at their next convention; third, To ask President Atherton of the State College of Pennsylvania to prepare an address on Senator Morrill's life-work in the interests of the education of the industrial classes. This work for popular education, Senator Morrill considered as the crowning work of his life. The resolutions and address will be presented to the association when it meets in Washington next year. A committee will soon be appointed from our Faculty to see what we shall do in observance of the day.

UNDER the Morrill Act of 1890 the maintainance fund of the Land Grant Colleges was provided for by the sale of public lands. Last year an attempt was made to push a bill through Congress giving away these public lands to anyone who would settle upon them. This act if passed would surely be a death-stroke to most of the State Colleges established under the Morrill Act. It would immediately cut from our income some \$16,600 dollars. A strong resistance was made to the bill last year and it was finally defeated.

But a bad penny often returns and this year the same bill was again introduced by Mr. Pettigrew. Last week President Goodell was obliged to go to Washington to oppose the bill and the opposition was so strong that Mr. Pettigrew has decided not to attempt to push the bill further at this session of Congress. It is hoped that in the near future a change may be made so that, instead of being dependent upon the sale of lands as at present, the funds may be taken from appropriated sums in the Treasury.

THE late Professor James Hadley, one of the most eminent professors at Yale, was asked, what advice he would give to a student who asked him how he could learn to write well. His reply was "I should tell him to write as well as he can." This reply points out clearly the path to success. All arts are acquired by practice. We learn to do things by doing them and we learn to do them easily by doing them often. We learn to do them best by doing them many times and each time as well as we can. Writing is an art to be acquired only by patient practice. No portion of a person's education can be of more constant daily utility than the ability to give oral or written expressions of thought in correct, effective English. To give this ability is one of the aims of the English Department. But to acquire it requires frequent, patient, earnest practice. One of the principle objects of a college paper is to stimulate and assist such practice. We do not mean that the paper is for the students alone; it should be a bond of union between the past and the present, the alumni and the undergraduates. But the establishment of a college paper creates a responsibility for its support which rests largely upon the undergraduate. Writing for your paper is then both an opportunity and a responsibility.

FOR several years past the Seniors have been allowed to elect their studies. No restrictions have been imposed on this privilege but the result has not been all that is desired. Much difficulty has been experienced in arranging the schedule so as to avoid a conflict in hours. With the best efforts of the schedule committee it has been found impossible to arrange for some combinations of studies; because it is evident that with a given number of professors and a limited number of hours only a limited number of combina-

tions can be made. Furthermore it has been found in experience that students too often choose their studies rather blindly. There is a committee of the Faculty, on Senior studies of which Professor Mills is chairman; but this committee is seldom consulted by the students. The result has been that as many as eighteen different courses have been elected. Often students have found their mistakes only when it has been too late to change. Many courses have been selected in which the studies have had not the slightest correlation. It is evident that in such cases there is a great loss through lack of this. Having carefully considered these reasons for a change: the inability to arrange the hours and the misdirected efforts of many students the Faculty has decided to offer elective courses instead of elective studies. To this end eleven elective courses have been prepared for senior year. These courses may be found in another column.

SENIOR COURSES.

1. Agriculture, Political Economy, Veterinary.
2. Agriculture, Chemistry, German.
3. Botany, Chemistry, Veterinary.
4. Horticulture, Entomology, Agriculture.
5. Chemistry, Astronomy and Geology, Horticulture.
6. Entomology, Botany, German.
7. Political Economy, English, History.
8. Mathematics, Engineering, Political Economy.
9. Veterinary, Chemistry, German.
10. English, Latin, Mathematics.
11. Botany, Horticulture, English.

THE MILITARY BALL.

The military ball of eighteen hundred and ninety-nine is now a thing of the past; nothing remains but the memory of a delightful time, which lingers as a dot along our course of life. What is more enjoyable than gliding over the smooth floor with a pretty maiden resting on your arm, keeping step to the swing of the music? Few there are who could answer this question in the negative, claiming some other enjoyment the better; certainly none of those who attended our last ball. And this, perhaps, is the reason for its great success.

Never was the old drill-hall more prettily or tastily decorated. As last year, the walls garnished with swords, bayonets, rifles, and sabres. Red, white and

blue bunting formed a gorgeous tent overhead and colored lights added their bright rays to the splendor of the scene.

At the lower end of the hall, under the balcony, was a corner, prettily arranged with easy chairs, rugs, lamps, and palms, where Mrs. Ostrander, Mrs. Lull, Mrs. Babson and Mrs. Paige received as patronesses. At the upper end was the Philharmonic orchestra of Springfield, surrounded by palms and other plants from the college plant-house, and on each side, screened from the musicians was the charming tete-a-tete.

Along the sides of the hall the chairs and couches were arranged in small alcoves, separated from each other by stacked arms. Rugs in profusion added to the richness of the effect, which certainly was charming.

The program consisted of twenty-four members—waltzes, two-steps, and five-steps and were very neat in themselves. After the twelfth number an intermission was given, during which Barr of Northampton served refreshments.

To the committee in charge—composed of Prof. Lull, Dr. Paige, Messrs. Merrill, Turner, Maynard, Beaman, Hooker, Kellogg, Parmenter, and Canto—nothing but praise is due. Theirs was the work and theirs should be the credit, for without doubt this was the best ball ever given by the college.

Although the military suits, so conspicuous last year were missing, still the full dress gave, perhaps, an even more pleasing effect. May it be hoped that all future balls given by the college, be as pleasant and successful as that of eighteen hundred and ninety-nine. Among those present were :

Prof. and Mrs. Babson, Prof. and Mrs. Lull, Prof. and Mrs. Ostrander, Dr. and Mrs. Wellington, Dr. and Mrs. Goessmann, Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Paige, Prof. and Mrs. Maynard.

Miss Tufts, Miss Baldwin, and Miss Ellis of Boston, Miss French and Miss Smith of Springfield, Miss Keyes and Miss Ball of Holyoke, Miss Billings of Hatfield, Miss Sanford of Belchertown, Miss Wood and Miss Sinclair of Worcester, Miss Adler of Rochester, Miss Monahan of South Framington, Miss Greenough of Deerfield, Miss Kelley of Ware, Miss Daniels, Miss Roberts, and Miss Hobart of North Amherst, Miss Allen, Miss Gaskell, Miss Maynard, Mrs. Haskins, Miss Gilbert, Misses Goessmann, Miss

Sullivan and Miss Gleason of Amherst, Misses Beaman of Leverett.

Messrs. Whitman, Gamwell, Parmenter, Kinney, Maynard, Ball, Dickerman, Graves, Dorman, Gile, Smith, Walker, Rice, Root, Merrill, Atkins, G. Stanley, Hubbard, Hooker, Harris, Freeman, Haskins, Kellogg, Goessmann, Canto, Monahan, Barry, Frost, and Beaman.

MY NEWSBOY FRIEND.

The first time I ever saw him he was standing in the doorway of an electric car shouting, "Morning papers." He was a ragged little urchin not wholly unlike the many thousands who sell papers in our great cities; but there was something in his face and general appearance that prompted me to look at him more closely. His face and hands were clean, and apparently an attempt had been made to comb his unruly hair, and he walked with so gentlemanly an air that I could not help smiling at the incongruity of his occupation and his manner.

He sold one or two papers and was about to jump from the car platform when a fire engine came in sight carrying with it that excitement which always accompanies the prospect of a fire. He hesitated a moment, then turned and shouted back into the car, "Morning papers; full account of the big fire; morning papers." Every one in the crowded car saw the genuineness of his wit, and many were the smiling faces that were turned to look at the grinning newsboy. An elderly gentleman sitting near the door called out, "Come sonny, I guess I'll take a paper and read about that big fire. Give me a Herald." Nor was he the only one to show his generous appreciation of the boy's wit. Many were the hands that went deep into capacious pockets to bring out the two pennies necessary for the purchase of a paper.

My business was such at that time that I had occasion to ride over the same road every morning and evening, so that I saw the newsboy very often. Sometimes if his business was not pressing and we were riding in an open car, or in a closed car that was not crowded, I would ask him a few questions concerning himself and his family. I learned from him that which I had heard so many times before; the curse of drink was the reason why he had to sell papers. "Father," said he to me one day, "is good

to us except when he's drunk,—then he's awful. But mother, she can handle him though, for she's big and strong. I go out most always when he comes home drunk, and take my sister along with me. Ma earns a good deal house-cleaning and the like, so with my money we gets along pretty well—most times."

We kept up our friendship and occasional chats for about two years. In that time he had become a strong little fellow of fifteen, too old, as he confided to me one day, to be a paper-boy any longer. He told me also that he was going to try to get a position as office-boy somewhere, and so, when two weeks later I missed him for several days, I naturally supposed that he had gone out of the news-boy business, and had succeeded in obtaining a position. My curiosity as to his whereabouts began to get the better of me especially since I had heard of a position that I believed he could fill. I began to make inquiries. You can, perhaps, imagine my surprise when I learned that he was in a hospital suffering from severe injuries; but you can also imagine my joy when I learned that those injuries were received while saving a child from sure death.

It seems, that while he was going early one morning in answer to an advertisement for an office-boy of which he had read, and while the car was going at full speed down Blank Street, a little boy about five years old ran onto the car track and stood back to only a few yards in front of the car. The motorman yelled, but the little fellow was so intently watching something that he did not hear. Fortunately my young friend was seated on the front seat of the car. Seeing the danger he jumped onto the fender, and holding on by one hand he reached out and grabbed the child; but as he did so he lost his balance and fell. His presence of mind still served him so well that he succeeded in actually throwing the child out of harm. He himself was picked up a few minutes later senseless and crushed.

He afterwards, when I called on him at the hospital, said to me in telling the story, "Mister, when I saw the little feller standing there in the track and we going at him. It seemed as if I couldn't move and I closed my eyes so as not to see us hit him. But something came over me all of a sudden and I felt as strong as a man and I just did what someone else made me do."

What his future may be we can not tell, but if that same quickness of thought befriends him in the future as it did when he was a newsboy and again when he was on the electric car, we can not expect from him anything else but success. To-day he is doing well in a responsible position secured for him by the father of the boy whom he saved. He still has in his left leg a very noticeable limp which he will probably carry to his grave.

AN INJURY AND A REPARATION.

"Have ye jest come to town? Ah, I thought so; can allus tell you city chaps. Come to stay awhile? Yes, thet's right. No, there's nothin' much goin' on jest now; 'bout all the diversion ye can git is gossipen' 'bout yer neighbors.

"See thet tall, stoop-shouldered, down in the mouth sort o' a man jest leavin' the store? Ye'd never think thet feller was a likely looken' chap in his youth. Love did it. Ye see when he was jest old enough to vote, he got mashed on Ida Hesshing, and to all appearances she was stuck on him. But up steps Frank's college bred cousin, Bill Weston, and cuts him out. Thet upset Frank Avery so much thet he didn't even attend the weddin', and all his former gumption clean left him; and now the height of his ambition seems ter be' to go off an' die like a sick cat. Why, he's so indifferent thet when his rich uncle died a little while ago, and, contrary to everyone's way of thinkin', left all the property to Bill, Frank didn't seem to care a bit. Mr. and Mrs. Weston heve jest moved into the house left to 'em by old Major Marston. They say Bill don't make Ida as good a husband as he'd a beau. Like ter see the place? Well jest foller yer nose fer 'bout a mile down thet road; look to the right, an' you can't help seein' it." Thus saying, the town oracle closed his jaws over the stem of his pipe and relapsed into silence.

All the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Weston had called at their new house and offered aid and advice. Even Frank Avery called, much to everyone's surprise, and Bill Weston's discomfort. As Frank approached the old homestead, the peculiar scenery threw him into a reverie, and he went into the house through the unlatched hall door, without thinking of announcing his presence. He entered the room that was formerly his uncle's den, still in a state of abstraction; but was

brought to himself by the sight of his cousin taking some neatly folded paper from his uncle's private desk and crumpling it up. Frank's attention was not so much attracted by this not unusual act, as by the guilty manner in which his cousin did it. Bill carried the crushed paper to the fire-place, and before casting it into the flames, looked around as if afraid of being seen. Frank's presence startled him so that he dropped the paper in his confusion. Quickly recovering his composure, he greeted his cousin: "By Jove, Frank, you startled me; when did you come? How long have you been here?"

Frank did not commit himself; he simply said that he had just arrived. Bill gave an audible sigh of relief, and started to talk lightly about commonplace subjects; all the time, however, the paper on the floor seemed to worry him; yet he seemed afraid to pick it up for fear of attracting Frank's attention. Finally he remarked, "My, but it's untidy in this room, I'll get one of the servants to clear it up a bit. Hump! the bell is out of order; if you'll excuse me, I'll go and call one myself." With these words he left the room. Hardly had he disappeared when Frank stealthily got some crumpled paper from a nearby waste-basket, exchanged it for that on the floor and put the paper dropped by Bill into his pocket. Soon Mr. Weston returned, followed by a maid who began to set the room to rights. The cousins talked awhile longer, then Bill remarked casually, "Pick up that paper, Mary, it looks untidy. Yes, throw it into the fire." With unnatural intentness Bill watched it curl and writhe in the flames until only a few black ashes remained. He then conversed with less restraint, as though some burden were off his mind. To Frank's inquiry concerning Ida, he replied, "She's not very well to-day; sort of melancholy and all that. Just as we have moved into our new quarters, too; why can't people get sick when there's no necessity for them to be well?"

Frank was eager to leave and Bill did not urge him to stay; so he was soon in his small hut with the crumpled paper smoothed out before him. Quickly glancing over the formal titles of the legal document, as it proved to be, he perused very carefully the following: "For reasons known only to two persons, I, Major James Ronald Marston, do hereby bequeath to Frank Avery, my nephew, all my property, both per-

sonal and landed; to wit: My property in and about the town of Marstonville, including my residence called Marstonmount; also fifty thousand dollars in mortgages, elsewhere itemized, and twenty-seven thousand dollars in government bonds." Without reading the detailed list of the bequeathed property, Frank naturally looked at the date: "August 29th, 1895." "Hump, a year after the other will which left the property to my cousin Bill. So the reason why uncle changed the will is known only to two persons? It's true only two persons know it now—William Weston and Frank Avery. Even Bill doesn't know I laid the trap that caught him stealing the first will. After finding it in his favor he was returning it when he was discovered,—how strange it must have seemed to Bill that his uncle happened to be looking for the will at that very moment. And now Bill has tried to make away with this will also. Well, it's my turn now, I hold the trump cards; how shall I play them?"

* * * * *

The inquisitive of Marstonville had not had material enough to satisfy their curiosity for a long while; now, however, Frank Avery's changed habits set their tongues wagging at more than normal speed. They saw him no longer lounging about the town stores, and the belated often reported meeting him on some lonely road either looking at the stars and moon or gazing with head upon his chest at the ground as he paced restlessly by. Yet he was just as taciturn as ever and even more reserved concerning his own affairs; to their impertinent questions he now answered with asperity, instead of maintaining a stupid silence. Surely some momentous question was weighing heavily upon his mind. And when the "Oracle" reported that he overheard Avery mutter, "What shall I do, or shall I do nothing," the gossips were all the more determined to fathom the mystery.

While Frank Avery was taking one of his now customary strolls on a calm, serene evening of spring, his indecision concerning the one subject that filled his soul found vent in a monologue address to no one save the night whose loneliness seemed a bond of sympathy between them. "Why should that scoundrel's perfidity remain a secret? Why should he live in ease and luxury upon the property that should be mine,—yes, that is mine? People should not be ignorant of the true character of this man who, as chief

citizen of the town, exerts so much influence over them. It's a duty I owe to society to paint this man in his true colors. Then why don't I bring him to justice; why haven't I already done it? Ida! My God, I couldn't look her in the face after such an act! But what do I care for her, what is she to me now? Ah, old remembrances are not so soon forgotten.

"Before this serpent crept between our mutual love all went well. I can remember distinctly the summer vacation my cousin spent at our uncle's, after graduating from college. Time hung heavily on his hands, and so he entertained himself by paying attention to Ida. This he enjoyed the more because Ida was good-looking, and especially, I imagine, because he saw how he tortured me. It was after the Major happened to say to him that he was very well pleased with the engagement of Ida and me, also that he intended to fix us comfortably in life, that Bill resolved to cut me out and to marry Ida himself. I can see now how systematically he undertook and carried out his plan. He commenced entertaining her by describing the latest operas, the city sights, customs and society, and in fact talking about everything that would be of interest to a girl, and especially a country girl. He even touched upon moral and spiritual matters, and with such deftness that he voiced her own latent ideas. Now it would be strange if such a clever scoundrel couldn't divert Ida's thoughts somewhat from me to the intensely entertaining things he talked so well about. And that's just what happened; her love for me gradually cooled; then she became indifferent as time wore on, and my persistent efforts to monopolize her society annoyed her. Being so much in Bill's company Ida naturally became interested in the man. Whether he loved her then, or does now, is a question to my mind. They were married as soon after our engagement was broken as decency would allow, and then it was that Uncle James made the will that is in Bill's favor. About this time, also, my cousin tried to steal the will, and as a result our uncle made the one that is now in my possession.

"According to divine doctrine, all are eventually punished for their transgressions; human laws try to bring to justice those that commit crimes. Now, if I divulge this rascal's guilt and let civil law deal with him, will I be forestalling divine justice, or will I be an instrument of justice, both human and divine?"

Thus between Scyla and Charybdis Frank wavered. His present position was intolerable, he felt as if he could not remain silent; yet he had not the fortitude or the indifference to cause the gossip, confusion and grief that must surely result if he disclosed his secret. In all his thoughts Ida was present, it was for Ida's grief he felt, the shame would surely crush her; as for Weston, he cared not a jot.

Unconsciously he wandered toward the house in which Ida was. He walked up to the gate, and leaning heavily against it, he gazed at the somber mansion. From a window of a second story room a light faintly glimmered.

"That must be her room," he thought, "for it is the best room in the house, and the best is hardly good enough for Ida."

The proximity of his former sweetheart carried Avery back to the days when they loved unmolested. Trivial happenings loomed up in his mind; their conversation on a certain sleigh-ride he remembered almost verbatim; he saw her as she appeared at the first ball he escorted her to, he remembered her fascinating smile. What good times those were!

Suddenly the window is lost to view and instantly becomes illumined by an intense light from within the room. A scream pierces the stillness of the night; another and another scream of abject terror. "Ida," gasps Frank. Vaulting the gate he was up the drive to the house, shouting, "Fire! fire!" Frantically he wrenches the door free from its rusty lock, bursts into the hall not even stopping to question his cousin, who is working at his safe in miserly haste, he bounds up the stairs and gropes through the smoke-filled corridor. No need to hesitate; in front is a fierce glow, he hears the flames cracking and hissing as they fiendishly lick the dry, well seasoned wood work of Ida's room. With the vigor born of rage and despair he throws himself against the half burned door. It yields, together door and man fall into the furnace.

* * * * *

As William Weston and half the town people were rummaging in the ruins of the Marston family's ancestral home, they came upon the charred remains of two bodies. When the debris had been removed, they saw that the corpses were firmly clasped in each other's embrace. The silence of awe fell upon the multitude. None spoke; for once words failed the town oracle. Quietly they went away and left William Weston gazing in gloomy loneliness at the reunited lovers.

L. C. CLAFLIN.

MAUD.

Some few days ago I received a bit of information which I think would have baffled all attempts to obtain it in a more scientific manner. My source was rather an unusual one, perhaps not very trustworthy, but I will leave it to one of our learned Professors if, of all the knowledge we have of the matter, this is not the most reliable.

It was rather late in the evening as I was dozing on my couch, that the lights disappeared without a flicker and left the room in total darkness. For some time I did not move except to button my coat, for the room was rather chilly.

Suddenly a queer chill came over me—I say queer to distinguish it from the ordinary South College chills—and springing from my couch I confronted a naked bony spectre, visible in the dark room by its phosphorescence. Falling back on the couch, I gazed at this fearful apparition, trembling and unable to remove my eyes.

Calmly drawing a chair close beside me it seated itself and commenced to jabber in French—a language with which I am not very familiar. My fear finally subsided somewhat so that I was able to understand part of the words which came from the bony jaws. From what I understood I obtained, as I believe, the outline of the life of the unfortunate being whose only remains can be seen in the college museum.

It was the story of Madelon Damoclès, a French heiress, who had mysteriously disappeared some fifteen years ago. She was the only daughter of M. Damoclès, a retired banker who owned large estates in Paris and vicinity. A distant relative of Madelon's, a man of uncertain character, was an unsuccessful suitor for her hand, and sought revenge for thus being hindered in his pretensions. In this part of the story the words came too fast for my scanty knowledge of French to interpret, and I obtained only a few of the closing sentences.

* * * A few weeks later she disappeared and no trace was ever discovered of her fate, so carefully was her body smuggled from the country.

As I was gazing, listening intently to every sound, the vision changed and I beheld the form of a beautiful young lady, richly attired, rise and glide from the room.

As she disappeared, I awoke, exultant over the

thought that I had unintentionally learned the secret of Maud's life. If what I learned from the Index is true, I am not quite sure but that my experience will be envied by interested persons. M.

A VISIT TO THE DAIRY SCHOOL.

One of the departments of the college which is not perhaps so well-known to the students as its work merits, is the Dairy School connected with the short winter course. It has been established but three years and has received no especial encouragement. Yet even under these circumstances it has proved itself both interesting and instructive. Its aim is to show in operation the processes of a first-class dairy. To do this it assumes the form of a miniature creamery, with the students as workmen.

The school is held Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons and Saturday morning, and the north wing of the barn is fitted up especially for this purpose. As we enter the milk-room up-stairs, we first notice a number of students, wearing the regulation suit of white, busily at work weighing the milk for the day. About 800 pounds are made into butter daily, and is supplied from the college barn, Hatch barn, and one or two outside sources.

In a few moments we hear the hum of the separators down stairs, and hastening down we find them well under way. It is always a fascinating sight to watch the stream of cream and skimmed milk flowing from the rapidly revolving bowls. The instructor, Mr. O. H. Leach, a graduate of the dairy course in 1897, tells us that the machinery inside runs faster than any other made. The bowls actually traverse a distance of nearly two miles a minute. It seems a mysterious process, till the principle of centrifugal force is understood, and two hundred years ago would have been looked upon as witchcraft. Usually two of the many styles of machines at hand are used each day, and they seldom need to run more than an hour.

Meanwhile, another division, under Prof. Eckels of the Iowa State college, has been churning the cream separated the day before. A mass of butter now lies on the working-table, ready to be put up in prints and boxes for sale. The "M. A. C." on a package is a guarantee of good quality, and there is always a brisk demand.

The third department is directed by Prof. Cooley,

who also has general charge of the whole. His work includes practical testing of milk and its products by means of the Babcock Test and the lactometer. The Babcock Test is of scarcely less interest than the separator, and does its work on the same principle of centrifugal force.

There are now fourteen students in the school, nine from the winter course men, and five from the four-years course. In order that all may understand each machine, there are three divisions which do the work of the three departments on successive days. An individual, written report is made at the close of each day's work, and prizes of \$50 and \$25 await those members of the short course who do the best work along this line.

On Feb. 23, a creamery convention will be held at the school, for the purpose of stimulating interest in dairy work. Prof. Eckels and Mr. White of Boston will deliver addresses and an attractive feature will be the exhibition of various specimens of butter, among others some foreign samples loaned for the occasion by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The Dairy School has already proved itself a positive influence. In many states it holds a more prominent position than it does here, but to everyone interested in dairying it seems indispensable. Even to those who may not be intending to take up that work, it gives a thorough training in the handling of rather complex machinery, and in the methods of managing a successful business, that cannot but be useful in any pursuit.

H. L. K.

BASKETBALL.

SOPHOMORES, 13; ORPHANS, 8.

The Orphans and Sophomores played their second game in the interclass series Wednesday, Feb. 8, and the game resulted in the above score. It was a very loosely played game and owing to the slippery condition of the floor good playing was impossible. The playing of Ahearn and Crowell were the features. Summary:

Score, 13-7; Referee, James; Umpires, Cole and Cook; Timekeeper, Wilson; Goals from fouls; Ahearn Crowell, Halligan; Goals from field, Dorman 2, Whitman 2, Ahearn 2, Halligan, Crowell, Turner. Time, 20 m, halves.

College Notes.

—Basket Ball!

—Prof. Fernald recently made a trip to Boston.

—Dr. Goessmann expects to spend next year abroad.

—C. L. Rice '01 spent last Sunday at his home in Pittsfield.

—President Goodell recently made a short trip to Washington.

—The dancing class will meet at the drill hall next Friday evening.

—Prof. S. T. Maynard has been sick with the grip for the past week.

—Prof. George F. Mills delivered a lecture in Ware last evening.

—W. B. Rodgers '01 has just recovered from a severe attack of the grip.

—The condition examination in Trigonometry was held last Friday afternoon.

—The College Shakespearean club was recently photographed by J. L. Lovell.

—A flash light picture of the interior of the Drill Hall was taken on the evening of the Promenade.

—Do not be over confident about the weather. There is still time for an other old fashioned blizzard.

—The annual Junior Promenade of Amherst college was held in the Pratt gymnasium last Friday evening

—The senior division in Political Economy is taking a new course of lectures on "Banking and Finance."

—The "Commencement March" which was played at the Military Promenade was composed by Prof. Babson.

—A son was recently born to Prof. Philip B. Hasbrouck. The LIFE begs to present its congratulations to the Professor.

—The Leon W. Washburn's big double minstrels will appear in the Amherst Opera House, Tuesday evening, Feb. 21.

—The students should remember to be as quiet as possible in the Drill Hall, on the evenings when the dancing class is held.

—Prof. and Mrs. S. T. Maynard entertained the "Young Peoples' Guild" of the Unity church, in their parlors last Saturday evening.

—B. H. Smith '99 has been elected president of the Natural History Association in place of W. E. Hinds who has resigned the position.

—Among the list of brevet nominations recently made up by Pres't McKinley, was the name of Walter M. Dickinson to be major by brevet.

—Mr. James Draper, one of the trustees of the College who has been seriously ill at his home in Worcester, has nearly recovered from his illness.

—Dr. Charles S. Walker has been re-appointed a member of the council of the American Economic Association, his term to end in the year 1901.

—Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Fernald entertained the members of the Epworth League of the Methodist church, in their parlors Monday evening, Feb. 16.

—At the annual meeting of the public library association recently held in town, Pres't Goodell and Prof. Mills were appointed to serve on the board of managers.

—At a recent meeting of the Holyoke Horticultural society, Mr. A. S. Kinney, a graduate of the College in the class of '96, read a paper on "Plant Diseases."

—The senior division in Agriculture recently partook of a complementary dinner through the kindness of the head of that department. All report a royal good time.

—The Military Promenade has been a decided success. We hope that a precedent has been strongly established for the continuance of this event in future years.

—The next entertainment in the Union Lecture course will be given this evening by Prof. Grosvenor of Amherst college, who will speak on "The Evolution of the Spaniard."

—The temperature in Cuba is about the same as it is in this region in July. Perhaps some of the students would like to exchange places with H. A. Paul, who is now at Mantanzas.

—Dr. Stone was recently serenaded by some of the students of a musical inclination, but the Professor was equal to the occasion and satisfied the desires of the students in a fitting manner.

—Dr. C. S. Walker spoke at the recent meeting of the Hampshire County Pomona Grange, held last Thursday, at Easthampton. He took for his subject, "Our Duty to our New Possessions."

—R. E. Kimball, who entered College with the class of '02, recently spent a few days at the College. Mr. Kimball is at present a freshman in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston.

—At a recent meeting of the Union Institute of Hampshire County and Franklin County Agricultural societies held in Sunderland. Dr. J. B. Lindsey spoke on "Summer and Winter Care of Dairy Cows."

—Those students, if there are any, who are intending to try for positions on the LIFE board, should make an effort immediately, as there is only a short time left before the election of the new board of editors.

—At the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Agricultural College Alumni club, held in Boston, S. C. Damon was elected president and J. M. Barry secretary. Mr. R. D. McIntosh was elected treasurer.

—The Chemical Club is holding an interesting series of meetings this winter. The organization not only tends to promote interest in science among its members, but also after the discussion of the evening is over, it affords a pleasant social gathering.

—Dr. Goessmann will speak at an institute meeting of the Worcester South Agricultural Society, held at West Brookfield, Feb. 18, the subject being; "The position of commercial fertilizers as a source of plant food in a rational and economical system of raising farm and garden crops."

—On Friday, Feb. 18, members of the senior class will debate upon the proposition, "A protective tariff is a national benefit." H. W. Dana and W. E. Hinds will support the affirmative while W. A. Hooker and G. C. Hubbard will speak for the negative side of the question.

—The special class in Chemistry meets every Wednesday afternoon with a good attendance from all classes. The topic "Chemical Bibliography" has been treated at the last two meetings. The class has met in the library and its members are now much better equipped in regard to consulting references than formerly.

—For the last week it has been a very noticeable fact that a large number of students have been continually late to chapel exercises in the morning. Carelessness is probably the chief reason for their tardiness and if the students would only start a few moments earlier, the matter would be remedied.

—The programme of the Hampshire County Pomona Grange has just been issued. Among the list of speakers are, Dr. C. H. Fernald who will speak at the meeting held in Amherst, on "How to protect our trees from their insect enemies," and Dr. J. B. Paige who will speak at the meeting which will be held in South Hadley on "Our invisible friends and foes."

—Although we do not have facilities for many kinds of indoor athletics, yet it may be safely said that we have facilities for indoor base ball practice. The drill hall is very commodious and a large number of men can have opportunity to practice there. The base ball practice should commence at once to give all those trying for the varsity a chance to obtain the best results.

—The announcement has been made of the marriage of Dr. George E. Stone and Miss May Clark of this town. The marriage took place Friday morning, Jan. 28 at the home of the bride, Rev. Milton Waldo, officiating. Dr. Stone is one of the most popular professors at the College and all the students wish him success and happiness in the future. Dr. and Mrs. Stone will be at home after March 15, at their home on Mt. Pleasant.

—President Goodell has recently secured a valuable relic of the Spanish-American war, which because of its associations, will be of especial interest to members of the College. The relic is in the form of a square block of reddish colored wood which was originally a part of the block house at "El Caney," in the storming of which Capt. Walter Dickinson lost his life. The block is of a peculiar kind of wood very solid and extremely heavy and especially adapted for the purpose of defense, for which it served. Lieut. Colonel Wright made a trip to El Caney on purpose to secure this relic and President Goodell received it a short time ago. The block will be divided, one half to be presented to the family of Capt. Dickinson and the other half to be placed in the College library where it may be seen at any time.

—Mr. Warren Judd, son of selectman Judd of South Hadley Falls, a short time ago met with an accident which is liable to prove serious. While attending this College a few years ago he had such trouble with one of his eyes that he was forced to undergo an operation for its removal, which finally compelled him to leave his studies at this institution. A few days ago Mr. Judd attended a fire in the vicinity of his home, and while watching the conflagration a piece of glass from the burning building entered his uninjured eye. After a close examination of the wounded member, the attending physician announced that there was little hope that the young man would recover his sight.

—The committee on Agriculture of the Legislature, recently gave a hearing on the bill presented by Representative Fisher, appropriating \$10,000 for an annual maintenance fund to the College. Pres't Goodell, Secretary Sessions of the State Board of Agriculture and representatives from the New York and Boston Alumni associations, as well as many friends and graduates of the College spoke in behalf of the M. A. C. and considerable pressure was brought to bear upon the case of the College. This bill is of especial importance to the College as there has been a deficit of a certain amount in the College treasury, which would be eradicated by the establishment of this maintenance fund.

—At the session of the Chemical Club, held on the evening of February 6th, Messrs. Pingree and B. H. Smith '99, jointly read a paper on the "Use of the Polariscopes in the quantitative estimation of sugars." The subject was presented in a clear and efficient manner, and was listened to with much interest by the twenty men present. At the meetings of this club, the presentation of similar subjects by students as well as by more advanced men, is encouraged and these meetings offer opportunities for the acquiring of a knowledge of the practical side of chemical operations. The subsequent social part of the entertainment, re-enforced with gastronomic felicities of changing variety, offers a means for digesting the more valuable and intellectual food which does not accompany the ordinary College exercise. It is hoped that this means for increasing the opportunities for study may prove to be of value to the students.





Alumni.

'81.—The news was recently received in Amherst of the death by suicide of Henry H. Wilcox '81, at Honolulu, H. I. For several years previous to Jan. 11, he had been suffering from neuralgia and insomnia, on which day, in a temporary fit of insanity, he committed the act with a revolver. Mr. Wilcox made many friends in Amherst while in college and since leaving has been a very successful business man, being reported to be worth \$80,000.

'86.—Dr. G. E. Stone was married on Friday, Jan. 27, to Miss Mary Edwards Clark, at Amherst; at home to friends after March 15.

'87.—F. B. Carpenter is chief chemist for the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. at Richmond, Va.

'88.—W. A. Parsons. The following is an account taken from the Springfield *Union* of Dec. 15, last:

"There was a pretty "carnation" wedding at noon yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Swazey on High street, when Mrs. Swazey's niece, Miss Martina Annie Way, and Wilfred Atherton Parsons were united in marriage. Mr. Parsons is the youngest son of the late Isaac Parsons, and is one of Southampton's most popular young men. He attended Williston seminary for two years and was graduated from Amherst Agricultural College in the class of '88. The bride came to this town about four years ago from Portland, Me. and has won many friends here, who extend to her their heartiest congratulations at this time.

The ceremony, which was a ring service, was performed by Rev. John Cowan in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends. The rooms were prettily decorated with carnations, and the bridal couple, who were unattended, stood against a handsome panel of ground pine, in which were the initials "P. W." The bride was prettily attired in white mull and carried bride roses. Many handsome and valuable gifts were presented.

Refreshments were served by Barr of Springfield. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons left on the 2-20 train for a short wedding trip and upon their return will begin housekeeping, their home being now in readiness."

'89.—James R. Blair, chemist with C. Brigham Co., milk contractors, 158 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

'91.—A. G. Eames is reporter for the Boston *Journal*.

'92.—G. E. Taylor '92 was in town last week and called on old friends at college.

'92.—H. F. Stone ex-'92, has just accepted an appointment as professor in Columbia Law School of New York City.

'93.—E. H. Lehnert, D. V. S. is practicing at 86 Church St., Clinton, Mass.

'93.—S. E. Barrus ex-'93, died Jan. 3, 1899, of diabetes at Goshen.

'94.—F. Fayette Keith is traveling salesman for a firm in Boston. Address at 25 Congress St., Room 5.

'94.—C. H. Barton, ex-'94, is president and treasurer of the C. M. Clapp Shoe Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

'94.—F. I. Parker, ex-'94, is first salesman for the C. M. Clapp Shoe Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

'95.—D. C. Potter is superintendent of an estate of A. A. Pope at Farmington, Conn.

'95.—E. A. White is assistant superintendent of an estate at Farmington, Conn.

'96.—H. H. Roper and A. B. Cook were in town last week.

'96.—F. B. Shaw is train dispatcher and telegraph operator at North Cambridge, Mass.

'96.—A. C. Crook who entered with the short course in the class of '96 died Dec. 19 of heart failure at Portland, Me.

'96.—F. E. DeLuce has been mustered out of service and has returned to his old post in New York City.

'96.—W. B. Harper, who at the commencement of the late war joined the 2d Regiment Virginia Volunteers thereby giving up his studies at the Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va., was recently mustered out and has returned to his studies at Blacksburg.

'98.—R. D. Warden, address' at 256 A 9th St., Jersey City, N. J.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University has written a book entitled *The Principles of Agriculture* which is a valuable addition to our agricultural treatises. The author states that to the scientist, agriculture has been largely an application of the teachings of agricultural chemistry; to the stockman, it is chiefly the raising of animals; to the horticulturist it may be fruit growing. The fact is, however, that agriculture is pursued primarily for the gaining of a livelihood, not for the extension of knowledge; it is therefore, a business, not a science. But at every point a knowledge of science aids the business. It is on the science side that the experimenter is able to help the farmer. On the business side the farmer must rely on himself; for the person who is not a good business man cannot be a good farmer, however much he may know of science.

Organic Chemistry, by John Wade, B. S. This book is to a large extent parallel in sequence with the historical development of the subject, with the names of investigators and dates of their discoveries introduced wherever practicable.

The Last Link, by Ernest Haeckel. This work gives this distinguished scientist's ideas on evolution and will be found of especial interest to the class in Zoology.

A World of Green Hills, by Bradford Torrey. Observations of nature and human nature in the Blue Ridge of North Carolina and Virginia.

A Lover of Truth, by Eliza Orne White. An extremely interesting story.

Exchanges.

MUSIC.

It is the last appeal to man—
Voice crying since the world began;
Cry of the ideal—cry
To aspirations that would die.
The last appeal! In it is heard
The pathos of the final word.

Voice tender and heroic—
Imperious voice that knoweth well,
To wreck the reasonings of years,
To strengthen rebel hearts with tears.

—Ex.

PANSY PREACHERS.

I was sitting in my study
On a July morning bright,
When a bed of blooming pansies
In the garden caught my sight.

As I saw them through the window,
With sweet faces wet with dew,
With a soft voice each was saying,
"Tender thoughts I bring to you."

There were blue, and gold, and purple,
Black, and bronze, and pearly white,
With their curious little faces
Turned with smiles to greet the light.

As I paused and looked upon them,
Every pansy had a voice,
And was preaching me a sermon,
From the text "I say rejoice."

And they said "Be strong and cheerful;
Trust in God and do the right;
Catch the sunshine God is scattering;
Keep your soul turned towards the light."

REV. J. D. LE GROW.—Ex.

Freshman: Something green, but if fertilized will
ripen into a sophomore.—Ex.

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Editorials.

THE LIFE is glad to announce that the college will shortly be presented with a large oil painting of the late President Clark. This painting is a gift of the family of President Clark and has been tendered the college through the kindness of Mr. Atherton Clark of Newton, Mass., a member of the class of '77. President Clark was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and the gift will be greatly appreciated by the whole college.

THE Maintainance bill, providing for an annual maintainance fund of \$10,000 for the support of this College, has been favorably reported by the committee on Agriculture and has been passed on to the Ways and Means committee. Should this latter committee also be favorably impressed with it, it will be sent to the Legislature and will, in all probability, become a law. The importance of this maintainance fund to our College can scarcely be over-estimated. It is simply a question of whether we are to keep up

in the front ranks of modern science and investigation, or whether we are to drop back into a third or fourth class institution. No man in his senses can be long in deciding the proper course to be followed.

At the last alumni dinner a few weeks ago, our representative complained to the assembled graduates of the lack of interest taken by them in the LIFE, the representative paper of their Alma Mater. At this date of going to press we are happy to say that we have received a few contributions from our honored alumni and are confidently and expectantly on the lookout for more. Maintaining the high standard of a college paper is no easy task and the difficulty is increased when both alumni and students make little effort to help it along. The alumni have no idea how their assistance aids to keep up the tone of the paper. There are many incidents occurring in the lives of our alumni which if written up, would relieve some of the burden of the editors and greatly benefit our readers. It is our hope that we may receive more of these contributions in the future.

At the last Faculty meeting a committee consisting of Dr. C. S. Walker, Dr. C. Wellington and Professor H. Babson was appointed to consider the advisability of holding special memorial exercises on April fourteenth in memory of the late Justin S. Morrill, United States Senator from Vermont. The recommendations of the committee will be considered at the next Faculty meeting. The committee recommends that on Friday, April fourteenth all regular college exercises be suspended from 10-15 A. M. to 12-15. That from 10-30 to 12 exercises appropriate to the occasion be held in the Chapel. President Goodell will preside and give some personal reminiscences of Senator Morrill. It is probable that there will be several other speakers. These will be announced later. With the exception of these two hours in the morning other college exercises will be held the same as usual.

In the February number of the Intercollegian Timothy Dwight D. D., LL. D., who recently resigned from the presidency of Yale University, writes to the students of the country upon the *Formative Influences in College Life Apart from the Curriculum*. It is an article which every college student and especially those who are about to enter college would do well to read and consider. The great majority of students enter college with no well defined ideas of the opportunities that are open before them for intellectual and moral culture aside from the regular curriculum, of the many and varied influences for good or bad to which he is necessarily subject, or of the new and great responsibilities which come to him in this new sphere of life which he is entering. Too often the students principle aim is to merely pass the required work and aside from that to enjoy life as much as possible. Dr. Dwight gives as two habits which are of as much importance as any others. "First, that of assigning particular hours in each day to particular work, and secondly, that of concentrating the mind upon the special work in hand during the time which is set apart for it.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Taking a hard "exam";
He passed it, of course,
With the aid of a "horse,"
Then said, "What a good boy I am."

—Ex.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION IN ALASKA.

For the past two years Congress has made small appropriations to enable the Department of Agriculture to investigate the possibilities for agriculture in the Territory of Alaska, looking to the possible establishment of an experiment station. The first year the Territory was partially explored and information collected as to such agriculture as was practiced there, the methods employed, the natural agricultural resources, etc. It was found that with the exception of a few small gardens, there was comparatively little land cultivated. The natives eat very little vegetable food, but live largely upon fish. Native grasses of good quality grow abundantly, but there is difficulty in making hay on account of the excessive rains and humidity during the summer. From the experience in small garden patches and of one or two "farms" it was quite evident that the Territory is not unsuited to agricultural pursuits, and probably sufficient food crops can be grown to supply the Territory and materially improve the diet of the people.

Last season Prof. C. C. Georgeson, a native of Denmark and recently professor of agriculture in the Kansas Agricultural College, was placed in charge of the work. He spent the season there in making trials of various crops and vegetables, starting co-operative tests in various localities, looking up sites to be reserved for experimental work, and making the preliminary arrangements for a station. An observer from the Weather Bureau was sent out with him and systematic weather observations were begun. The crops grown by Professor Georgeson last year give much promise of success. Barley, oats, and flax of excellent quality were produced, field and garden peas did exceptionally well, and potatoes, beets, and turnips were all that could be wished for in yield and quality. Potatoes and turnips can be relied upon in most parts of the Territory. In addition, beans, cauliflowers, cabbage, cress, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, onions, parsley, parsnips, radishes, rhubarb, and salsify were successfully grown. Several grasses and forage crops were tested with promising results.

This year Congress has appropriated the \$15,000 regularly given to the experiment stations in each state and territory, and a station will be formally established. The supervision of this work will be entrusted to the

office of Experiment Stations, with Professor Georgeson in immediate charge. Several pieces of government land have been reserved by President McKinley for the use of the station, and the first work will be to get parts of these in condition for experimental work. The plan will be to have the main station at Sitka, the capital of Alaska, and to conduct trials at several other points as well. A building will be erected at Sitka in the spring, which will contain offices, laboratories, and quarters for the director and the weather observer. Some of the land near Sitka will be cleared and prepared for field trials. Work will also be instituted this season at Kenai, a small town farther west on Cook's Inlet. The experiments which can be taken up immediately will necessarily be quite simple and limited to the growing of different kinds of crops, studies of soils, methods of culture, etc. Experiments will be made in ensiling the native grass as a means of preserving it, and log silos will be erected for this purpose. It is hoped that before long experiments in the care and feeding of live stock may also be feasible. It is believed that cattle and sheep raising is well adapted to some localities. Considerable will be done in the way of coöperative trials in different parts of the territory where opportunity offers.

The difficulties under which Professor Georgeson will labor are quite unusual. In addition to the lack of available land which is freed from stumps and underbrush and in condition for field work, there is great difficulty in obtaining laborers and in securing the necessary supplies. No implements or work teams are to be had there. The new land is raw and sour, frequently covered with several inches of rotten wood. There are almost no roads and few good trails, so that the difficulties of getting about can scarcely be appreciated. It will be necessary to begin at the very beginning, but Professor Georgeson is convinced from his experience and observation that both the soil, when brought under cultivation, and the climate are favorable to quite a varied agriculture. The climate of the coast region is temperate and equable. The lowest temperature recorded at Sitka in forty-five years is 4° below zero, and the highest temperature is 86°.

Professor Georgeson will take with him a graduate of the Michigan Agricultural College as an assistant at Sitka, a superintendent for the Kenai station, and several laborers, together with oxen, stump pullers,

plows, and other implements. He will start for Alaska with his force early in March, and plans to make Sitka his residence for the present.

The progress of this new agricultural experiment station under somewhat novel conditions will be followed with more than usual interest.

E. W. ALLEN.

Office of Experiment Stations,

U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THE BUTTERMAKERS' CONVENTION.

Those who believe dairying a decadent industry in New England need only to have visited our college on Feb. 23, to have been convinced of their error. The large crowd of buttermakers, the excellent exhibits, and the interest manifested in the addresses and discussions all showed conclusively that Massachusetts still holds a worthy place along this line. It was the intention of the Mass. Creameries association and of the Dairy Bureau, through whose united efforts the convention was held, to make the meeting especially interesting as an object-lesson and as an example of what the state could do. It was certainly a great success.

The morning was spent at the barn, in examining the stock and accommodations and in inspecting the exhibits. The recitation room was given over to makers of creamery apparatus and supplies nearly all prominent manufacturers being represented. In the next room were the samples of butter, forty-two entries in all. Specimens of so-called "process" or "renovated" butter and of American butter made for sale in English markets, attracted much attention. A complete lot of foreign butter bought in the European cities and showing what other nations were doing, had been promised by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, but owing to negligence on the part of the railroads, it did not arrive in time, much to the disappointment of all. The work of the Dairy School excited much interest and seemed to please everyone. The thorough manner in which the several divisions performed their duties showed that something was taught besides theory, and the excellence of the butter made by the different students, most of whom had had previously no experience, was a good illustration of what a dairy course could do.

The exercises in the afternoon and evening were

held in the chapel. About two hundred were present. G. M. Whitaker, chief of the State Dairy Bureau presided. The first address was by Prof. C. H. Eckels of the Iowa State College who spoke on "Cream Ripening." He considered flavor the most important point in butter, and in order to get the best he recommended greater cleanliness in milk, the use of a starter, and some means of testing the acidity. The M. A. C. Banjo Club next gave two pleasing selections. A lively discussion of Prof. Eckels' paper followed, especially on the subjects of pasteurization and creamery inspection. The report of the judges of the butter showed that in the creamery class New Salem was first with a score of 95.5 with Springfield second and North Orange third. All the butter of the dairy school scored high, the lowest being 91. In this class C. A. Tallberg of Uxbridge led with 96, H. L. Knight of Gardner, 95.5, second, and C. E. Buckley of Northboro 95, third. The highest score of all was 96.5 on a sample of pasteurized butter made by Prof. Eckels. After a discussion of these scores, E. L. Jaynes of the Vermont Dairy School read a paper on "How Gilt-Edged Butter is Made."

The address in the evening was by Major Alvord, the head of the dairy division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. As a means of off-setting the lower cost of production in the West he urged co-operation in New England creameries. Union would aid in developing special forms of dairy products, like table cream and pasteurized milk, and also in obtaining favorable legislation. He considered "renovated" butter a most dangerous foe, and advised a careful study of it. He also spoke of the prospects in foreign markets. F. G. Stanley and E. W. Curtis gave a banjo duet, after which the convention adjourned.

Such meetings as these are always valuable, both to the college and to those attending. The college can furnish visitors with numberless object-lessons, which teach far more than can theory; but the college is aided as well by becoming more widely and favorably known, and also by being brought into closer relations with the agricultural interests of the state.

K.

Patterson—Do you believe in signs?

Crossley—Yes; if I get up and find it raining, it is the sign of a wet day.—*Ex.*

THE PATRIOT MARTYR.

A TALE OF 1776.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.—*Scott.*

"Why, Mellicent! sweet sister Mellicent, are you dreaming that you stand so motionless, gazing at the heavens, or are you summoning spirits from the vast depths of the bright waters?"

The maiden started from her reverie—

"I was indeed dreaming, Marmaduke, and the vision was so glorious that I would you had not awakened me! see!" she continued with much energy, as she drew him forward to the bank where she was standing—"I looked forth upon this splendid picture, and dreamed that America might yet be free." The scene, to which she enthusiastically pointed, was magnificent indeed; the declining rays of an autumnal sun had lit up the golden bowers of the west with gorgeous beauty, and the bright waters beneath glittered like an oriental maid when decked in her bridal robes of glory. The boundless woods which lined the river's side, were colored with every variety of shade, and their proud summits caught a radiance from the glowing heavens, like the jeweled trees of a fairy dream. Range upon range of the distant mountains reared their Titan heads to the sky, while a silvery mist, which hung gracefully about them, seemed to veil from earth the insupportable lustre of the Eternal's throne. All was hushed into Sabbath stillness, save the occasional rustling of the leaves, when the wind spirit swept them with his fragrant wing.

"Is this," said the maiden, with a brightened cheek and flashing eye, "is this a land for slaves? Shall we, who draw our breath amidst this proud creation, stoop our necks to the oppressor's chain? Oh! shall we not rather water the ground with the best blood of her children's veins!"

"Why you audacious little rebel, what will a *certain person* say to this unfilial disaffection to the mother land!"

"And why should Algernon Leslie think otherwise; he has indeed been educated in England, but America is still his country, the land of his birth and affections? Besides, I am well assured, that all the generous and truly noble among the British would rejoice to see America awake from her long trance of submission;

and willingly hail us as brothers, did we assert our right to be called so by the free ! ”

“ But should it be otherwise with this same *ami uncounsee*,” continued her brother, who appeared to delight in bringing the bright flush into his sister’s cheek — “ be so staunch a royalist, that he would rather fight for King George than against him ; what then, dear Mellicent ? ”

The girl paused a moment before she answered him. There was an apparent struggle in her feelings, but it passed, and an expression of deep devotion sat on her brow, as she replied :

“ Marmaduke — it is true that my heart turns warmly to my cousin, though we can hardly be said to know each other — the wishes of his noble father — the last commands of my sainted mother — my own remembrance of happy childhood, all conspire to endear him to me ; but if I know myself, I dare to say, that were the warmest and dearest affections, the brightest prospects, the most cherished hopes put into competition with my country’s love, or opposed to her interests, I would trample them beneath my feet, though every fibre of my heart bled as I rent them away.”

“ Take care, take care,” exclaimed Marmaduke, laughing ; “ that your eloquence does not raise some British official to arrest you for high treason ! and see, here certainly comes some one — now all good angels guard your neck, sister — for it is in jeopardy ! ” As he spoke, a figure emerged from behind a cluster of chestnuts, and came hesitatingly forward. He had the appearance of an Englishman (then more distinguishable than now), was tall and finely formed, and wore his own bright brown hair unincumbered with powder or queue. Marmaduke regarded him for a moment, then suddenly exclaimed, “ Saints preserve us, for our words have raised a ghost, I think — this must be either Algernon Leslie or his spectre ! speak ! ” he said, springing gaily forward — “ I’ll call thee friend ! cousin ! noble Leslie ! so thou’lt but answer me ! ”

“ I will not give you much trouble,” replied the stranger, advancing, “ I am too happy not to answer to that name, the very first time of asking ! ”

“ And it is you, indeed ! ” said Marmaduke, clasping his cousin’s hand ; “ when did you land ? what ship did you come by ? what news do you bring ? ”

“ Before I answer these many enquiries,” replied

the other, whose eyes had already wandered to the graceful figure of Mellicent Glanville, “ reply to one of mine. Is not this ! — ”

“ To be sure it is — why, man, I knew what you were going to say. Yes, this is little Milly, your wife, as you used to call her, fifteen years ago ! ”

Mellicent came forward as he spoke ; his words had called a brilliant blush over the composed paleness which was the general hue of her features ! and as Leslie gazed on the pure beauty of those features, and met the soul-fraught intelligence of her dark eye, and heard the sweet music of her voice, speaking his welcome home, he might be forgiven for the hacknied simile “ of an Angel ” which rose in his mind — or even for doubting, that Heaven held any thing half so desirable and lovely. The father of Algernon Leslie, and the mother of Mellicent Glanville, had been left orphans while very young, and their desolate condition had bound them to each other with a lasting affection, that neither absence or other ties had power to break. No sooner was Mellicent born, than the parents projected her future union with Algernon’s only child, a noble boy of five years old ; and though his affairs afterward carried him to England, where he died, the last wish he expressed, was for his son’s reunion with the family of his beloved sister. Eighteen years had passed since then, but the link seems unbroken betwixt the cousins, for every letter brought affectionate remembrances to his little wife, and warm assurances of his unchanging regard to America and home. And now he was returned, to find her all that the warmest fancy could believe of heaven or know of earth ; and so fixed was his gaze, so warm his claimed salute, that Mellicent felt embarrassed, and proposed that they should seek her father in the house.

“ But,” said Marmaduke, who had been talking all the time, unheard and unattended to by either — “ but you have not answered one of my questions. Do you indeed like England so much better than America ? ”

“ Yes — yes — much better,” vacantly replied Leslie.

“ And you really think there is nothing here worth looking at ? ” No — nothing at all — ”

“ Why, you must devoutly wish yourself back, then ? ”

“ Exactly — precisely so — ”

A loud laugh from the mischievous young man roused Leslie to consciousness. He looked up and

beheld the arch look of Mellicent and apologized with a smile for his inattention.

"You must forgive me, Marmaduke, for my excuse is a fair one. Now, what was it that you said?"

"Why, you spoke in your last letter of a British officer, Lord Frederick Montague, who was to accompany you over, has he arrived?"

The absence of Leslie seemed to return at this question, for he spoke not for several minutes, and then said, with some confusion:

"No—yes—that is, he sailed, certainly; but he has not arrived, for he died upon the voyage."

"I wonder (thought Marmaduke to himself) if my cousin is a born natural? He could not have a better reason," continued he aloud, "but considering he was your intimate friend, you do not seem overburdened with sorrow for his loss."

"No," answered Leslie, "I have all his clothes and effects."

A broad stare from his cousin, and a slight start from Mellicent, made him continue, more sadly:

"No doubt I regretted him deeply as my friend, but his sentiments as a man were so much opposed to my own, that it barred the attachment which would have existed between us."

"A thundering royalist, I suppose. Well, I am glad you are not one, also; "what did you want, good friend?" said he to a man in livery, who approached them.

"To speak with my master, sir," said the groom, touching his hat; "will you give me an order to get out the luggage, my lord?"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Leslie, hastily—"pray drop that ridiculous appellation. This man was servant to poor Lord Frederick, and forgets that he now serves only simple Algernon Leslie," continued he to Marmaduke.

"Indeed," replied he; "well, give him the order, and let us adjourn to the house."

H. McK. Z.

(to be continued.)

Papas condemn extravagance
In language so distasteful
That daughters pinch their pretty forms
To be no longer waist-full.

—Ex.

Divided we stand, united we fall—Stepladders.—Ex.

TAMMANY.

"It's peculiar, to say the least," remarked Cary at the club the other night, "how a nickname will cling to a man. Now take your case, Jones, you've always been 'Tammany' to us ever since I can remember, and yet I can't see why you ever received the name. There certainly is no connection between you and Boss Croker."

"I supposed you all knew the reason," replied Jones, as he lighted a cigar preparatory to beginning the story which he saw was expected. "It illustrates Cary's point very well, for it was given to me against my will a good while ago. I have done my best to get rid of it too, for it is a continual reminder of the presidential campaign where I played a part that I have never been especially proud of."

The fall that Cleveland was first elected I was visiting a New York uncle of mine. Like any other twelve-year-old I was tremendously interested in the election. You remember what a close contest it was and how much work was put in by both sides. It was early seen that the vote of New York state would probably turn it one way or the other, and the result was considered very doubtful, the district I was in being particularly so. No pains were spared to bring out the full party vote.

My uncle was an enthusiastic admirer of Blaine and of course I shared his views. As usual he had offered the use of our team to the Republican town committee, but on election day, he found that he would be unable to drive it. I begged earnestly to take his place, and after some hesitation he consented. I worked hard that morning bringing up voters to the polls. At noon, I was generously praised by one of the local politicians as "a right smart youngster, who had done as much for Blaine as any of them." This tribute to my abilities I considered an abundant reward. In fact, my success made me over-confident. I became impressed that my genius was only surpassed by that of George Washington and Daniel Webster; and I resolved upon a still more wonderful record for that afternoon. Alas! Pride goeth ever before destruction!

I went back early but found no one at the Town Hall to give me directions. Of course someone would soon have come, but I, too impatient to wait, was so reckless as to start out on my own responsibility. I

was not very well acquainted with the people of the town, but I had heard uncle speak of a family living in the outskirts named Kent. There were four voters, the father and three sons. I felt confident that they had not voted, for their horse had been recently killed so there was no way for them to get to the village. Hence I selected them for my trip, thinking how pleased the party managers would be with my self-reliance, as well as with the four votes which might otherwise be lost. I did not expect to be gone over an hour.

I found the distance rather more than I had expected but at two o'clock I was at their farm. Father and sons were at home, getting ready to cut wood. In response to my inquiries, Mr. Kent declared that they had too much to do to be botherin' round with votin' but if I would help a few minutes he would see about it. Accordingly, I soon found myself turning a grindstone. I always disliked this job more than any other but there seemed no alternative. So, comforting myself with thoughts of the aid I was giving the Republican cause, I toiled valiantly on, though the "few minutes" lengthened into hours. How my arms did ache! I can feel it now. The supply of tools seemed limitless, axes, scythes, knives and even hoes were brought out to be sharpened, though why it all had to be done that afternoon was something I couldn't understand. I began to have misgivings as to the wisdom of my course, for the day was fast drawing to a close, and nothing had been said about voting. At last I ventured to remind them of it. "Wal I vow," replied Mr. Kent, "I'd clean forgot all about it. I guess there aint no special rush though you jest finish that axe and then we'll get ready." The polls closed at 5-30 and there was a large crowd waiting as I drew up at 5-25 to leave my passengers, the eldest son saying as he left me, "We won't be ready to go back fore nine but you needn't wait unless you feel like it. Much obliged for your trouble. I s'pose our votes will do Grover a pile of good."

His last words startled me. Why did he say Grover? Was it possible that they were not Republicans? Such a case had never entered my head. But the same politician who had praised me before soon enlightened me.

"You'e done a good job this afternoon, and no mistake," said he in a sarcastic tone loud enough for

all to hear, "Your team hasn't done a thing, and we've lost twenty votes sure by not having it. I don't know who put you up to it, young man, but your judgment in racing after those Kents was something wonderful. They have voted the straight Democratic ticket the last ten years and probably always will. It wouldn't be strange if you have lost the whole election for us, and if you have, you've done well. Just keep it up and before you're twenty you'll be the equal of Tammany."

The comparison caught the fancy of the crowd, and jeering shouts of "Hurrah for Tammany," "Three cheers for the loyal Republican, Tammany Jones!" and the like, greeted me on every side. I slunk away in complete dejection, fully assured that my mistake had ruined Blaine and the Republican party forever. The strain of the hard day's work and my mortification were too much for me, and when I reached home, big boy though I was, I cried like a baby. Not even my uncle's comforting words, or the news that Cleveland was elected by a majority of thousands could console me for some time. Even yet I cannot wholly forgive the Kents for their meanness in taking advantage of my youth and inexperience.

I shunned the village for weeks, but my first visit revealed that the incident had not been forgotten. The name of Tammany was mine from that fatal hour, and as you know I have borne it ever since.

H. L. K.

THE LITTLE AND THE GREAT.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high,
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin.
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood:
And millions who humble and nameless
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

BASKETBALL.

FRESHMEN, 20; NORTHAMPTON, Y. M. C. A., 13.

On Saturday, Feb. 25, the Freshmen and Northampton Y. M. C. A. played a somewhat loose, but very interesting game of basket ball, the Freshmen winning by the above score.

The game was started at 3:30 p. m., the Freshmen defending the south goal. The Freshmen went into the game with a snap and vim which promised fair for them, and after one minute of play McCobb threw a goal. All through the first half the Freshmen found the visitors easy and when time was called they had run up a score of fifteen points. During the first half one of the visiting players insisted on playing football, so he was taken out and another man substituted.

When the second half began the Y. M. C. A. men showed themselves to be awake, and went into the game with a determination to win at any cost; for a few moments they fairly carried the Freshmen off their feet, and it looked as though they might even up the score. The Freshmen rallied, however, and managed to score five points in this half.

The game as a whole was clean and good natured, most of the fooling coming from the gallery. The Freshmen did well; but showed themselves weak in team work, some of their players always throwing wild. The visitors were strong in team work, but were unable to throw goals and did not cover well. The game showed that the freshmen have a very strong team so that with proper training they ought to be able to compete with a class team from any college.

The features of the game were mostly in the playing of McCobb and Dellea and the quick passing of the visitors. Carver played the best game for the visitors.

FRESHMEN.

McCobb, r. f.
Dellea, l. f.
James, c.
Chase, r. b.
Fulton, l. b.

Y. M. C. A.

r. f., Carver.
l. f., Conroy.
c., Cartwright.
r. b., Harris, Oefinger.
l. b., Jarvis.

Score: Goals, McCobb 5, Dellea 2, Conroy 3, Carver 2, Jarvis, James 2. Coals on fouls, Dellea, McCobb. Oefinger. Referee, W. R. Crowell, M. A. C. '00. Umpires, Foster, Amherst; Chapin, M. A. C. '99. Timekeeper, Cole. Time 20 min, halves,

College Notes.

—Where is the College catalogue?

—F. A. Merrill, recently made a trip to Boston.

—A. R. Dorman '01 spent last Sunday at his home in Springfield.

—The Q. T. V. fraternity was photographed by J. L. Lovell last week.

—The sittings for the senior class pictures must be completed by May 1st.

—Prof. Fernald has been chosen a trustee of the Methodist church in town.

—Professor Babson is the author of a short poem which appear in *Leslie's Magazine*.

—Allen March, a former member of the College, was recently in town for a few days.

—W. E. Hinds and B. H. Smith of the senior class spent last Wednesday in Springfield.

—The Banjo club rendered several selections during the session of the Dairy Institute.

—F. H. Turner and S. E. Smith of the senior class recently made a short trip to Springfield.

—The members of the dancing class, expect to give a reception and dance, at the close of the term.

—Rev. E. W. Gaylord filled the College pulpit Sunday before last, in exchange with the College pastor.

—Excuses were granted to those students who wished to attend the different meetings of the Dairy Institute.

—John Goodell, eldest son of President Goodell has gone to Texas where he is employed as civil engineer.

—C. A. Crowell '00 has sold out his business to Hall '02, who will be glad to see you at No. 17 North dormitory.

—H. D. Hemenway of the Botanical department, returned last week from his home where he had been for a few days.

—Last Wednesday being a legal holiday no exercises were held at the College. Several of the students went to Springfield to see Julia Marlowe, who played in one of Shakespeare's plays at the Court Square Theatre.

—The dancing class will meet in the drill hall next Friday evening. There will be two more lessons after next Friday.

—At the meeting of the Dairy Institute held at the College last week, an exhibition of different samples of butter was made.

—Rev. Calvin Stebbins, who recently preached at the Unity Church, was the guest of President Goodell, during his stay in town.

—The senior English division has finished the textbook which has been in use and will take up a review of the remainder of the term.

—An exciting game of basket ball took place last Saturday afternoon between the freshman team and the Northampton Y. M. C. A.

—F. J. Smith read a paper at the meeting of the Amherst Y. P. S. C. E. held at North Amherst last Friday evening. R. A. Cooley gave a talk.

—At the debate held last Friday on the subject, "A protective tariff is a national benefit," the merits of the debate were awarded to the affirmative.

—Many of the professors of the College, attended the annual reception of the Amherst Club. President Goodell was a member of the reception committee.

—In the exhibition of butter, made at the Dairy Institute, C. B. Tallberg, of the Dairy course, scored the highest number of points on a sample of his own make.

—It has been voted by the faculty that the members of the senior class decide in what department they will write their graduating theses, by the end of this term.

—The dairy institute held at the College last Thursday, was well attended and much interest was shown in the different meetings which were held in the Chapel.

—Professor Fernald recently made a short trip to Boston. While there he appeared before the legislature at the hearing of the bill concerning the Gypsy Moth appropriation.

—The next lecture in the course of "College Thought and Public Interest," will be given Monday evening, March 6, by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia University who will take for his subject: "The future of republican governments."

—Sunday, Feb, 12th was recognized as a day of prayer for colleges. Hubert Clark of Amherst College addressed the Y. M. C. A. at their Sunday afternoon prayer meeting.

—A report on the brown tailed moth is soon to be issued which will be something after the style of the Gypsy Moth report. A large share of the work will be done by Prof. Fernald.

—Prof. S. T. Maynard will address the joint institute of the Hampshire, Franklin, Hampden, and the Hillside agricultural societies, which will be held in Williamsburg, March 1st.

—Professor Maynard expects to attend the meeting of the Massachusetts Fruit Growers Association, held in Worcester in March. The professor is now secretary of the Association.

—On Friday, April 14th, special exercises will be held at the College, commemorating the birthday of Senator Morrill. A programme consisting of speeches and addresses is in preparation.

—The next entertainment in the Union Lecture course will be given next Wednesday evening, March 8. The Boston Artists' Quartette will give a concert which will be the last entertainment in the course.

—Prof. Charles H. Fernald will speak at the 5th annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fruit Growers association which will be held in Worcester, March 8 and 9. He will take as a subject, "Insects injurious to Orchard Fruits."

—The sidewalks about the College grounds have been in a deplorable condition. In many places it is almost impossible to get across the road without going through several inches of mud and water. A little attention paid to the crossings would be appreciated by the students.

—The base ball season is at hand. Practice has been commenced in the drill hall and those who have any talent in the line of ball-playing are urged to try for positions on the 'varsity nine. There is only a little time remaining this term in which to practice and the students should put in some good work before the spring vacation. If this is done baseball affairs will have received a stimulus, so that at the beginning of next term a great deal can be accomplished toward the production of a winning team.

—Charles H. Keyes will deliver a lecture at the Unity church this evening upon the subject, "What the community has a right to demand of the High School." Mr. Keyes is principal of the Holyoke High School and is thoroughly informed regarding his subject. The admission will be free and every one is invited.

—For the past year there has been no inspection of rooms at the College. The students should remember that a clean room is a matter of health more than appearance and that they should keep their rooms clean as a duty to themselves. The dormitory should have as neat an appearance now as when under the eye of an inspector.

—On the evening of March tenth Prof. G. F. Mills will give in the College Chapel a lecture on the subject, "Bees and Books." The lecture will be free and open to the public. Those who have once heard Professor Mills speak are always glad to listen to him again and if the weather conditions are favorable a large attendance is assured.

—Dr. C. A. Goessmann lectures on Saturday, Feb. 25th at an institute meeting of the Worcester Northwest Agricultural Society at Phillipston; in the forenoon, on Commercial Fertilizers with reference to their present resources as well as their general character and fitness for supplying plant food; and in the afternoon, on the sources of Nitrogen for manurial purposes, and the importance of selecting economical sources of supply to secure remunerative crops.

—The time for closing the collection of the American contribution to the Lavoisier monument has arrived. Readers of the AGGIE LIFE will remember that an American committee was organized as early as 1896 to solicit subscriptions for that purpose. The time for the dedication of the monument to the founder of modern chemistry "Antoine Laurent Lavoisier" has been assigned by the Academy of Science of Paris for the year 1900 during the coming Paris World's Exhibition. All interested in the matter are invited to send their contribution to C. A. Goessmann at Amherst, Mass. before April next.

—The monograph of the Pterophoridae of North America, by Prof. Charles H. Fernald, which appeared in the catalogue of the College for last year, has been published in book form. The "Canadian

Entomologist" says of the book: "It is characterized by its author's well known accuracy and conciseness of statement, and is a complete monograph of the family as far as this continent is concerned. We need not say more than that this is a full and entirely satisfactory work on the Pterophoridae, and that it maintains the high standard of excellence that we now expect in the author's scientific productions."

—Matters relating to the reading-room association have been discussed many times by the students and faculty, but no direct decision arrived at. It has been said that the room which the reading-room association now has charge of, is not suitable, and this fact is too true. It is to be hoped that a new room may be provided for the use of the students. It is suggested that some of the magazines which are now placed on the tables of the reading-room be transferred to the room in the chapel. Those persons desirous of reading these magazines would be willing to go to the chapel where the publications would be found in good condition and where reading could be carried on without interruption.

—When the drill hall was being trimmed and decorated for the Military Promenade all of the flying rings and other athletic apparatus belonging to the hall were removed. Now that the Promenade is over it is only right that these should be returned to their proper places. Many of the rings and different articles belonging to the Athletic Association are scattered about the hall and are in danger of being destroyed or lost. The Athletic Association does not own a great deal of apparatus but if the little it has is missed what hope is there that a gymnasium will be fitted out for the students? This matter should be looked into by those who have it in charge and it is hoped that affairs will be soon satisfactorily arranged.

Alumni.

An obituary sketch of Asa Williams Dickinson '74 for next commencement will be prepared by J. H. Webb '73; one of George P. Urner '76 by William A. MacLeod '76, and of H. H. Wilcox by George Cutler.

'72.—One of the latest books to give a comprehensive review of Porto Rico is, "Porto Rico and its Resources," by Frederick A. Ober ex-'72. Mr. Ober

has traveled extensively through the islands, visiting every port of importance and noting particularly the manners and customs of the people. This work shows the result of experiences of nearly twenty years standing, Mr. Ober having written many books describing the life of Mexico and Central America, but has not written before of Porto Rico. In a recent letter, Mr. Ober states that he has contracted to write a book a month, each book to contain 60,000 words, for the next ten months; in addition to newspaper and magazine articles. Mr. Ober is author of the well-known book "Crusoes Island."

'94.—In a recent letter we are informed by Lowell Manley '94, that C. H. Sanderson '94, who is traveling salesman for Peter Henderson & Co. of New York, as recently announced in the columns of the LIFE, travels through the New England district and makes Boston as headquarters, his permanent address however is New York. Mr. Manley's address is Weld Farm, West Roxbury, Mass.

'94.—F. G. Averell was home from Boston, over the holiday last week.

'94.—J. S. Goodell ex-'94, left Amherst last week to accept a position on the engineering corps of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé railroad under C. F. W. Felt, engineer-in-chief, a graduate in the class of '86; and is to be located at Galveston, Tex. Mr. Goodell graduated in the class of '98 from the Troy Polytechnic Institute.

'95.—F. P. Foley has been awarded the Benj. D. Greene scholarship for marked excellence in scholarship at Harvard. Address at 57 College House, Cambridge.

'96.—F. E. Barrett two-years course '96, married Dec. 28, 1898 to Miss Gladys Idella Williams.

'96.—R. S. Hayward ex-'96, is foreman of a farm at Ellington, Ct.

'97.—F. W. Barclay ex-'97, was married Dec. 1, 1898 to Miss Emma Buchel at Haverford, Pa.

'97.—C. A. Norton, address at 12 Relyea Place, New Rochelle, N. Y. Mr. Norton is with the Lovell Dry Plate Co.

'98.—C. N. Baxter has entered the regular course of Harvard University. Address at 80 Quincy Ave., Quincy.

'98.—W. S. Fisher's address for the present is at Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.

LIBRARY NOTES.

During the past weeks many new books have been added to our library among them are the following:

Extemporaneous Oratory by James M. Buckley LL. D. This helpful volume is designed for the use of both professional and amateur speakers. It contains no cast iron rules for the prospective orator, although some of its precepts, as a critic states, "may be compared to the best steel, which is elastic." While an effort is made to aid orators in every stage of progress to secure the art which is expounded, the character kept steadily in mind is that of a young man just entering upon his career.

William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, has portrayed in a unique manner the inner life of the college of to-day, in his *Evolution of the College Student*. The sketch under the title of "*His College Life*" was first published in *Scribner's Magazine* for June, 1896, and it is through the kindness of Charles Scribner's Sons that it appears in its present form.

Memorial of Frederick T. Greenhalge, published in commemoration of the life and public services of our late governor. The introductory remarks are by Roger Wolcott, prayer by Edward Everett Hale, and eulogy by Henry Cabot Lodge.

Rivers of North America by Israel C. Russell Professor of Geology in University of Michigan. This volume contains much scientific thought written in a popular form. The book is favorably commented upon by many of the literary and scientific journals.

Animal Intelligence by Wesley Mills, M. D. V. S. is an extremely instructive and interesting book.

Exchanges.

1879.

Farmer at the plow,
Wife milking cow,
Daughter spinning yarn,
Son threshing in the barn,
All happy to a charm.

1899.

Farmer gone to see the show,
Daughter at the piano,
Madam gaily dressed in satin,
All the boys learning Latin,
With a mortgage on the farm.

—Ex.

What the scare-crow would be apt to say if it was gifted with the power of speech—Get off my corns.

"I just took a very pleasant trip." "Where?" "I tripped and fell into a young lady's lap."—*Ex.*

A green little boy in a green little way,
A green little apple devoured one day,
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
On the green little apple boy's green little grave.

—*Ex.*

Freshman—I smell cabbage burning. Senior—You have your head too near the stove.

"Charles told to papa he was burning with love for me."

"And your father?"

"Put him out."

Mother—Charlie, you said you have been to Sunday school.

Charlie—(with a far-away look)—So I have.

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?

Charlie—I carried home the Sunday school paper, and the outside was all about Jonah and the whale.—*Ex.*

They told her not to worry
Nor sit up late to cram
Nor have a sense of hurry
In writing her exam.

And so she did not worry
Nor sit up late to cram
Nor have a sense of hurry
And she flunked in her exam.

—*Ex.*

Tommy (who has just received a piece of bread and butter)—"Mamma, can God see everything?" Mother—Yes, Tommy. Tommy—Well, I'll bet he can't see the butter on this bread.

It is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the sky by its beams.—*Ex.*

Went to college,
Joined the eleven,
Played one game,
Went to heaven.

—*Ex.*

Said one oyster to another
As near them came the scoop,
"Let's hurry and get out of this
Or we'll be in the soup."

—*Ex.*

"I was weighed on New Year's day, but the scales were wrong."

"Bad weigh to begin the year, wan't it?"—*Ex.*

Oh what a thing is love,
It cometh from above
And descendeth like a dove
On some.

But some it never hits
Except to give them fits
And take away their wits.
By gum!

—*Ex.*

We were seated in a hammock,
One balmy eve in June;
And the night was hushed in silence,
'Neath the guidance of the moon.
I had asked her just one question,
My heart was filled with hope.
But her answer never reached me,
For her brother cut the rope.

—*Ex.*

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Editorials.

THE PRAYER OF THE NATION.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
Men who possess opinions and a will ;
Men who have honor, and who will not lie ;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking !

—J. G. Holland.

THE refusal of Boston University to grant their diploma, except to those who have passed certain prescribed studies, among which is Bible Literature, seems to bar our graduates from obtaining it as they have in the past. Hitherto nearly all of our men have also taken this diploma and by it they have gained entrance to German universities if they cared to continue their studies in that country. Nearly all

of our students who have gone abroad have been to the University of Göttingen. This famous old German institution would recognize Boston University but not the Massachusetts Agricultural College. But very recently an effort was made to secure the recognition of our diploma by Göttingen and we are very glad to hear that the effort met with complete success. We congratulate the college upon this advance in its standing in the estimation of our sister institution. It certainly speaks highly for the work done there in the past by our graduates.

WE have spoken before in these columns of a movement looking toward a united action on the part of all the fraternities in college to postpone the pledging of new men until the opening of the winter term. Recommendations to that effect were submitted to each fraternity, for its consideration and action, before the end of the fall term. Since then we have heard nothing of the matter. Can it be that the impulse which started this reform was so transient? Will the men who were so unanimous in their approval of the

plan at the meeting of delegates from the societies allow the movement to die thus? If it is not dead, but merely forgotten, it is high time that some further action were taken. If such a change in regard to new men will be of any benefit to our fraternities, we cannot allow this opportunity of bringing it about to pass. Any action to have effect next fall must be taken this spring and one term is none too long a time in which to perfect the details of an agreement and the organization of a Conference.

It needs no argument to convince even the careless observer that our reading room is in a deplorable condition, and to those who know the financial condition of the association it appears even worse than it does to the careless observer. The support, or rather we should say, the lack of support, of the student body is one of the most shameful abuses in our college. Men who have the privilege of using the telephone as often as they wish, of enjoying the use of a hundred dollars worth of reading matter, and also have their mail delivered to them twice a day, refuse absolutely to pay a trifling two dollars a year for these accommodations. A radical change must be made very soon. We would suggest that this matter be laid before each class through its reading room director and if better support is not given, the room should be closed. Perhaps the value of the accommodations now given would be better appreciated if students have to get along with only occasionally a morning paper, and if they have to make a special trip up town instead of stepping to the telephone.

With this issue of the LIFE its editors from the class of '99 lay down their rusty pens with long-drawn sighs of relief—relief from the responsibilities for the conduct of the paper which for the past year have rested most heavily upon us—relief from the necessity of spending long evenings at our desks preparing for the next issue. But while there is a feeling of relief, there is no thought of regret for the time and thought devoted to the paper, because we realize the value of the experience gained thereby. It has been a valuable experience to us and we would say to others, don't miss any opportunity during your college course to gain the benefit of this experience. It

means work; but nothing of any real value can be obtained without work. Education does not mean taking your diploma with the least possible effort. As we glance back over the work for the past year, we can see that there is room for much improvement in the LIFE. It rests to a great extent upon the student body to make this improvement possible. We can now see at the end of the year far more clearly than we did at its beginning the possibilities of our paper. At all times we have had at heart its best interests, both for the present and for the future. We desire to thank all, both students and alumni, who have in any way assisted us in our work. As we leave our places to the succeeding board, we leave with them also our sincere good wishes for the future.

We are very glad to hear that in June the regular details of army officers to military colleges will be made. Those officers who had not finished their tour of duty when called away to the war will be returned to their posts if it is the desire of the college to have them finish out their tour. All those who have drilled under, or who are acquainted with Lieut. Colonel W. M. Wright will be glad indeed to have him return. He will find that during his absence of a little more than a year many changes have taken place. The entrance of two classes which will have had no drill whatever, and the exit of one senior class makes a decided change in the status of the battalion. More than half of the college must begin with the setting up exercises. But few in the upper classes will have had any experience in command above that of a corporal. It will require several years at least to bring the battalion to as high a condition of discipline and efficiency as it previously enjoyed. The effect of the absence of drill has manifested itself on all sides during the past year in ways that are most deplorable. The absence of all discipline and restraint has produced a lack of self-restraint. The absence of the respect required from a subordinate to his superior upon the drill ground has, we believe, not only resulted in less respect being shown to upper classmen by the lower classes, but also in less self-respect among all classes. It is needless to mention more of these effects. Aggie has sadly missed the past year's drill and we are very glad of the prospect of its re-establishment.

BEES AND BOOKS.

On Friday evening March 10. Professor Mills lectured before an appreciative audience in the Stone Chapel. Although for the past week the Professor had been suffering from a severe cold he had recovered sufficiently not to disappoint his hearers. His subject was "Bees and Books" and his remarks were based on observations made in the class-room.

The history of the last fifty years has been a review of scientific inventions. The microscope has revealed the minute wonders of plants and animals. The telescope has swept the heavens, and the astronomers now know many new facts concerning the heavenly bodies. The sun has been measured, weighed, and its chemical composition ascertained. Steam has been harnessed to engines and a new power established. And the literature of the past fifty years—what was it based on and to what was its strength due? Life was its stronghold. Life was the basis of the literature that helped to precipitate the Civil war, because the truest literature must draw its theme from life. The artificial literature, the literature that that has become estranged from life is tolerated less and less.

Without doubt literature should have a prominent place in our schools; it does, in fact, in Massachusetts more so than in other states. The study of nature is also receiving, in our lower schools, that attention due to such an important subject. The study of nature is not merely the study of its great branches—entomology, botany, etc., but it is the observations of things around us, and our endeavors to understand them. Problems of Chemistry and Physics are not for a beginner in the love of nature; they may come later. The student of nature sees in the butterfly a truth, in the flower a poem. An examination in nature study is useless; it is the spirit of the study we look for. Many poets show their love of nature in their works. Bryant is one of these. In his poem on "The Crowded Street" he makes no less than ten allusions to nature. Whittier is another, as evidenced from his poem on "The Hills."

Literature helps in the interpretation of nature, while nature gives to the author his thoughts, his materials of work. Thus literature and nature roam hand in hand, the one benefiting the other, for without nature literature loses its charm.

THE NEEDS OF THE COLLEGE.

In considering the needs of a college from an undergraduate point of view, there are many conditions to be taken into consideration before a just estimate can be placed upon any writings emanating from such a source. An undergraduate is very apt to have a biased opinion of the internal workings of his own college, that is influenced more or less by his environment and his standing in the college community. The personal equation is often of so prominent a nature that it destroys the value of his judgments.

The writer realizes how utterly impossible it is to entirely eliminate the personal equation from an article of such a nature as is this one, and it is only from a sense of respect and admiration for his Alma Mater that he would attempt to rectify some slight mistakes and unforeseen conditions that have arisen in the midst of what ought to be an ideal college life.

We are, generally speaking, too prone to judge hastily, too ready to accept the responsibilities of a judgment that it is not warranted by the facts of the case. This is, of course, a detriment to sound philosophy and is equally unjust to the accused and the accuser.

There is no community, be it collegiate or general, that has not made its mistakes and profited by them. Every state of society has had its transitional stage, and at present we are passing through that very interesting epoch. Transition is necessary to growth, be it advanced or degenerate. It is only necessary to so shape that transitional stage that it shall not become degenerate, and just here comes the struggle, when the powers of each individual should be directed along those lines that will benefit the community at large.

The question with us which is so pregnant with importance is our civil rights; that is, the rights of an undergraduate in respect to the college at large. We are a social community of more or less extent, and the laws that govern all civil rights apply equally to us. We are banded together for mutual advancement and not for mutual destruction. The act of one vandal in our midst is always directed against our good as a whole, and as such, should be thoroughly punished as it deserves.

Vandalism has played so large a part among us of late that it is high time it were suppressed. The acts

of individuals, irresponsible to a high degree, have repeatedly incensed us to more or less intermittent activity which has often been as ill-directed as the acts themselves. We have talked much and acted little; and this has been due, perhaps, to two causes; first, an insufficient general organism of the whole body of decent undergraduates, and second, to an insecure feeling that any action that might be taken by those who have the good of the college at heart, would not receive the firm support from those in authority that it would deserve.

It is hardly possible that the undergraduates as a whole can long tolerate the rowdiness that is daily evinced in certain definite localities on our grounds, nor can they longer permit the acts of destruction to college property that are so common. The student body is long suffering, but there must come a time when it will rise in all its majesty and put a stop to such actions that cannot be termed "ungentlemanly," for that is too soft an epithet to apply, but what can be better styled as "Un-American Vandalism" of a decidedly piggish nature.

There was a time in the development of this country when it was considered that the highest aim of the individual was to acquire what were known as gentlemanly qualities. Alas! that the days of the true chivalry have passed us by. To-day, we are living in the midst of a community that has little respect for law or order, and none whatever for personal rights.

The crying need of our college is a stronger, sturdier manhood, a manhood resplendent in its opportunities, free from all ignoble taints; a fitter sense of what is legitimate fun and what is horse-play; a truer conception of the respect due a professor and a classmate, and, above all, a just appreciation of individual responsibilities.

It is a collegiate shame that upon the various athletic subscription lists, as well as on those lists for college necessities, are the names of men who have so little sense of honor that they will subscribe their names to various amounts without ever intending to live up to their word. Such a matter should be publicly ventilated in the college publications and those names printed for public use, that we may point the finger of scorn to those who enter our reading-room and destroy property without even paying their just dues.

With others of us who have religiously paid our little mite to every list brought to us, it is very disheartening to learn that this, that, or the other cause is anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars behind on collections. The writer has finally been forced into the position of refusing to pay any new assessment until those who still owe have paid up in full; if more would do this, the good that would accrue cannot be estimated.

The writer is, perhaps, exceeding his license by this time and the reader most likely has come to the conclusion that he is a garrulous old busybody, but someone has to start a reform, an unwelcome task at the best, and it is only the intention of this article to point out a few salient points that need attention.

Unless the few students that desire a change for the better can feel assured that their actions will be firmly supported by the authorities little will be done, and at the present that feeling of security is by no means manifest. In the past it was an unwritten law that a man with a certain number of conditions could not participate in athletics and yet we have repeatedly seen the law ignored. At one time it was said that athletics would be prohibited if an earlier subscription list were not paid up, and yet the following season a team was in the field and the usual financial statement was forthcoming, i. e. a large subscription list, only about half paid up. Until the student body feels assured that hearty support will be given it in any reform it may inaugurate there is little likelihood of any being started.

If the writer were one in authority, matters might take a very different line and this article would never have been written, but fortunately he is not and so any advice he may offer would be presumptive upon his part. As regards the student body, he is not hedged in by any social laws such as govern his actions relating to the higher powers, and he is at liberty to strike a solar plexus blow if he can get it in.

But it must always be remembered that whatever criticisms the writer may put forth, they are always written with the best wishes for the good of the college at heart, however mistaken they may be. It is often necessary to destroy a bad social condition that a newer and better one may be established in its place. We are now at the transitional stage of our existence;—shall we advance or shall we become degenerates?

LEKMER.

THE PATRIOT MARTYR.

[Continued.]

Leslie took out his pocket-book and tore a leaf from it, but stopped short when about to write, and wrung his right hand with an expression of pain.

"I twisted my hand while on board," he said to Marmaduke, who was looking over his shoulder, "and cannot write a letter since. Do scrawl that fellow an order to the captain, while I and Miss Glanville walk forward to the house."

"Nonchalant enough, at all events," thought Marmaduke, as with the polished ease of high breeding, Leslie drew Mellicent's hand within his arm, and walked away, "And so, friend, your old master died on board."

"Lord Frederick Monk-Monkton what call you him?"

"Montague, sir."

"Aye, Montague, I say, what like was he? A cursed ugly fellow, wasn't he?"

"Much such another as yourself, sir."

"Humph! Nay, then, the devil take him who asks you any more questions;" muttered Marmaduke, as with imperturbable gravity and politeness, the English servant bowed himself away. "One may dig gold from the ocean, before one gets anything out of those liveried lacquies! Well I will follow my newly imported relative and Milly; they, I suppose, are traveling at the rate of ten miles a minute, on the road of love to the temple of marriage."

It was night, the moon had risen high in the azure vault of heaven, and poured a shower of silver light on the bright water, which mirrored back her beauty, and here and there a few solitary stars had kindled their pale lamps and harmoniously sang together, their eternal hallelujahs of praise and love.

The night blooming flowers were unfolding their crystal bells to the silent night, like holy vestals whose charms are veiled from earthly gaze, while their perfumed oblation of sweets, hung on the wings of the whispering zephyr, and were wafted up to His throne, who hath made all things to praise Him in their beauty—clumps of the cedars and locusts spread their graceful foliage over the lawn, through which the moonlight shone on the turf like mosaic pavement, while the fire-flies flashed through the air, bright as human hope, alas! as transient too. The stillness

and holy calm of nature seemed to reprove the maddening passions of man, and speak to the troubled breast of a better, happier home—of a home the fountain of eternal light, where the flowers ever blossom and the streams of living water flow unalterably pure, where the rejoicing footfall never wearies, and the incense of melody is ever breathing, where sin hath not darkened the beauty of holiness, nor sorrow dimmed the bright eye of faith with a tear, where the wicked may not trample on the bruised heart, where the weary and heavy laden may be at rest.

Beneath the clematis bower sat Leslie and his cousin Mellicent, and both were silent; yet far different feelings filled their hearts. She was sitting with her hands placidly folded on her bosom, her features composed into tranquil love, and holy gratitude, while her upraised eyes seemed to hold communion with the stars, which were not purer than her spirit. He was standing beside her, but the beauty of earth was unseen by him, on her alone he gazed with passionate emotion, and his flushed cheek and burning eye offered a strange contrast to the heavenly serenity of her aspect.

"Mellicent," said he softly. She turned, and as his flashing glance met hers, a troubled blush of earthly feeling tainted the saintly purity of her cheek.

"Let us return to the house!" she said, "for my brother appears to have forgotten us, and my father will wonder at our stay."

"And does the time seem long to you, Millicent? To me it passes rapidly as a dream of enchanted land, nay, do not rise," he continued, gently replacing her; "you may not pass from this fairy bower, until you have paid its monarch tribute!"

"And I do," she answered with bashful confusion, "I pay a tribute of unfeigned admiration and love to the power of beauty before me."

"But is your love for nature alone? May no earthly being ask a share?" ask Leslie.

"Let us return"—

"No, Mellicent, the hour is come when from your own lips I must know my fate. Oh! surely words cannot be wanting to tell you how I love you; my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, are filled with you alone, you are become the essence of my being, the pervading power of my spirit, without you, earth is joyless and heaven would be none were you away."

From the moment when he began to speak, Mellicent had ceased to turn from him; there was not in her noble nature one particle of coquetry, and she scorned that refusal which is given, that it may be won over by entreaty. But her air was sad, as she listened to his impassioned words, and the tears started unbidden from her clear dark eyes. He took her hand. "Speak to me, sweet Mellicent. Alas! I am most unworthy of your love, yet cannot live without it. Oh! speak to me, for never Indian worshipped the sun of his idolatry, as I do you, who are alone the light in which I live."

"Oh! hush, Leslie hush! These words are wild, and ill befit a very weak and faulty girl. Leslie, you are my cousin, and our parents' last wishes were for our union—you are my countryman and feel like me, the deepest interest in our bleeding land!"

Leslie impatiently interrupted her. "And are these the only claims I have on your heart, Mellicent? Is a cold duty to the dead and a colder tie of birth-place, all you return for my engrossing love, for my idolatry of heart?"

The maiden blushed, but instantly answered, "No, Leslie, I cannot affect a coldness which I do not feel, you are individually dearer to me than any of these bonds could make you; yet, alas! what avails our affection? Can we wrap ourselves in selfish gladness, while all around us is desolate and sad? Nay, be patient and hear me; the first feelings of my heart the first devotion of my spirit, was to my county; enslaved and oppressed as she was, I loved her; were she a thousand times more so, I should continue to do the same as long as I drew the breath of life; but the hour of her emancipation is at hand; the long, long dream of subjection is passing from the souls of our brave countrymen, and America will dash off her chains with a vigor that will break them for ever!"

"Sweet enthusiast! that hour lives alone in your warm fancy."

"I believe it not. The flame of liberty is already kindled, and God grant that it may never be extinguished, until it lights the bonfire of Freedom!"

"It will sooner light the funeral pyre of all who have followed its devious ray."

"Leslie!" said Mellicent sadly, "is it meet for you, around whose neck is the usurper's chain, to damp those hopes which are the only sunbeams that

pierce our darkness! But you have seen so much of English pride and English glory, that you believe them invincible."

"Not so, dearest! But what have these wars and tumults to do with my cherished hopes; you will not turn soldier, will you, my beloved, and strike yourself, for America and Freedom!"

"And if I could," she replied, with a kindling eye, think you that I would grudge the life's blood of my heart? Think you that I would shrink, though torture and death lay in my path? But these are idle words. I am a weak woman, and can only love the land I live in; but while her fate is thus uncertain, her glory so darkened, I will not bind a bridal wreath around my mourning brow, nor rejoice while she is weeping. Go, Leslie, the time is near, when the blow will be struck, strike with it. America needs every arm, every heart of her children. I will lend her yours, as I have already devoted my own. And should the God of battles aid our faithful cause, we shall pledge our hands in joy, at the free altar of a freed land."

"Mellicent," interrupted Leslie, impatiently, "this is a mere mockery and madness. You have received a visionary phantom into your imagination, and to it you mercilessly sacrifice my hopes and happiness."

"Leslie, if you loved your country, as it deserves to be beloved, all selfish interests would be as naught."

"I do not pretend to your seraphic purity, sweet love. I do love this county because you inhabit it. I wish her glory, for you wish it, nay, spare that reproving look, you may make me as ardent a patriot as yourself—give me your hand—join her interests and yours together, send me forth as your champion, and St. George himself shall not be a more puissant one. You shall not say me nay. Behold, I beseech you in behalf of the land you love!" He bent his knee, and gently took the hand of Mellicent; it laid trembling but unrelentant within his own. He started from his posture and folded her passionately to his breast—a merry laugh near, broke the agitated silence of his rapture.

"Too warm by half, man," said Marmaduke, who advanced with Mr. Glanville, "remember the market is to last for life."

"Hush, boy!" said his father, as they entered the arbor, "and you my beloved child, turn not thus bashfully away, but reply to my questions as you have ever

done with sincerity and truth."

"Algernon Leslie, you are the only child of my sainted wife's only brother. You are dear to me as a relation, nor have I seen in you aught that disgraces the name you bear. But you have been long away, and it is not a small thing you ask of me, in the hand of blessed child. Algernon, when I lost the wife of my bosom, this child in her baby loveliness was all that stood between me and my despair, she has grown up to be the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart; her love and duty to her widowed parent has been passing the love of children, and I fondly hope, that when the Almighty shall call me to join the holy dead, that her hand shall close my dying eyes, her voice speak the last fond farewell, her affection brighten the dark shadows of death. Algernon Leslie, if you should neglect this modest flower and leave her to wither in unkindness, the curse of a bereaved father would be on your head; should you tear her from her native land, and sever her from those who love her better than life, you would bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the dust, and she would fade and die, and go down mourning to the grave, for the old man who died forsaken and alone."

There was a deep pause. Mellicent lay sobbing on her father's breast, and Leslie listened in uncontrollable emotion; even Marmaduke was awed and silent.

"Look up, my own, my blessed child," continued the old man, solemnly, "duteous and good have you ever been, and He who was himself obedient to his earthly parents, shall bless and reward you. God shall bless my child, and give her children that may be to her as she has been to her parent in his age. Look up, my Mellicent, and faithfully, openly, solemnly, as if, before the judgment seat of Christ answer me, do you love this man?"

Mellicent checked her tears, and looked up with sacred awe and love. Her voice, as she answered, was low, but assured and firm. "I do! so may God add His blessing unto yours, my father!"

"It is answered worthy of your innocence and truth. Algernon Leslie, you have heard the frank avowal of this pure hearted maiden. Will you in the face of that God, whose eye is now upon us, swear to love and cherish her, not only while the bloom is on her cheek, but in sickness or in sorrow? Will you call on His eternal name to witness for you that there

is no guile nor deception in your bosom Will you answer to an aged parent, whose hope, and pride, and joy she is, that you love her, not with the passing passion of a moment, but with steadfast, true, and unalterable faith?"

A glow of passion flashed for a moment across the brow of the young man, then left it pale as death. Twice he essayed to speak, in vain—his voice died in a convulsed murmur, the eyes of all were anxiously bent on his pale and agitated features, nor was there a sound to break that deathlike pause. At last, with a dreadful effort, he conquered himself, and spoke in tones, hoarse with suppressed agony.

"You have asked me if I love your daughter! Let this anguish which chills my blood and palsies my frame, speak for me how I love her! Could the thrones and sceptres of a world be offered me in exchange for her hand, I would spurn them as nothing worth. Could the possession of her heart be obtained by years of toil, imprisonment and torture, I would welcome them with joy as the path to heaven; but I cannot deceive a father standing before his God—a daughter laying on that father's bosom. *I am not Algernon Leslie!*"

"Eternal God! Man of mystery and pride, who then are you?"

From the moment he had spoken the last words he had covered his face as if afraid to look upon the mute agony of Mellicent; but the first effort had exhausted the violence of his despair, and he continued more calmly. "My name is Federic Montague. I was Leslie's intimate friend and companion, and had agreed to accompany him to America. It is far from my wish to accuse him in order to vindicate myself; but it is necessary to the explanation, to say, that owing to a dissipated quarrel in which he became involved at Liverpool, we changed names, that he should not be recognized, as his own was unknown to the injured party. This accounts for the captain and crew's belief, that I was indeed Algernon Leslie. His health was injured greatly by his dissipated life, and he died while on board, still bearing my name and title."

"He died?"

"He died, and with his last breath, importuned me to acquaint his friends myself of the melancholy event, which could be thus more gently done, than by

rectifying the names, and allowing the newspapers to inform you that he died on board the Algonquin."

"Proceed, in mercy end this suspense."

"Alas! how shall I excuse my subsequent conduct. I had often heard Leslie speak of his cousin, and when I first came through these gardens, and beheld a lady in conversation with her brother. I at once imagined it to be herself; as I approached I heard her words, and struck as I immediately was by her beauty and grace, who shall wonder that I was unwilling to present myself as one of those, whom her vehement language censured as tyrants; as, moreover, a bearer of that intelligence, which the blushes that it his name showed, would be most deeply felt. It avails not to dwell upon what I felt; what I did, was to own to the name by which Marmaduke, induced by my appearance, hailed me; the consequences of that deceit are here, here in my aching heart and maddening brain!"

"And shall be felt still deeper, base hypocrite that you are," exclaimed Marmaduke, rushing passionately forward, "by heavens you shall account to me for this!"

"Peace, vain boy," said Montague, proudly, "it is not to beardless striplings that a British officer draws his sword. Old man, my tale is nearly ended; I saw, I loved your daughter; I had come here in the silly belief that no American could possess feeling or refinement, and at first I courted her as one who must be honored by my notice. Since I have beheld her formed of purity, honor, and truth; since I have witnessed the refined superiority of her mind, and seen heaven itself shines in her spotless soul, I have learned to love her beauty less than her worth, and at this moment would give up rank, fortune, and friends, nay, would forfeit my country and my home, to win her love, and be deemed worthy of her hand."

A dreary silence followed his words, broken only by the labored breathing of the poor girl, who stood more like a marble monument of the dead, than a living thing of earth. Mr. Glanville spoke first.

"Lord Frederick Montague, if that be your name, I have no desire to upbraid you; that you have not dared to perfect your wickedness, is a proof that your conscience is not all dead within you, and its stings will be sufficient, without my words. It is not to me that your crime has been heaviest, though you have

eaten of my bread while deceiving me. It is this unhappy one, whom you have most deeply wronged, and to her I refer you for your answer! Speak, Mellicent, my child, make answer to this man!"

"Answer him as is worthy of yourself, your friends and your country, my sister," said her brother; "send back this lordling to his own land, with a lesson, that an American girl despises his pretensions as she scorns his mean deception!"

"I bid you peace, Marmaduke," replied his father, "passion and strife ill befit this hour, answer him, my daughter, as your heart, your principles, and your duty incline you, and I will abide by the decree."

"Mellicent!" said Montague, approaching her with humility and sorrow, "pause, yet a moment, before you decide on the happiness or misery of my life. I have sinned but it was through love to you. I have suffered, oh! more than the bitterness of death, in relinquishing my claim; be merciful, and accept my misery as an atonement. Give me but your love and bind me by what laws you please, your home shall be my home, your country my country, your God my God, and should dissension arise between our lands, I cannot indeed raise my arm against my own, but I will throw up my commission, and swear never to fight against yours; give me but your love and I will vie with you in affection to your father; give me but your love and I will strive to become a wiser and a better man; give me but your love, and it will gild my life on earth, and lead my soul to heaven."

The fearful agitation with which Mellicent heard these several appeals, proved how well she comprehended them; otherwise her livid color, dilated eye, and motionless attitude might have impressed the beholder with a belief that she was a standing corpse upheld by some unseen means but destitute of life or sense. But her resolution was unconquered, the strength of her mind yielded not with that of its frail casket, and she replied within a minute,

"As sincerely as I forgive you, may I be forgiven of my God, but we part here and forever. Between us there is no tie in common, your honor to your country, your duty to your friends, demand of you to return; mine forbids my ever beholding you more. To the land of my birth, the country of my love, were my earliest affections devoted—I may not for any selfish feelings now forget her claims, or forsake

her interests. They are opposed to your hopes and wishes, there can be nothing in common between us."

"Mellicent! Mellicent! Can you thus calmly fling away my love and trample on my heart? Cruel, hard-hearted girl, you have never loved aught save the Moloch phantom of freedom, at whose altar you ruthlessly sacrifice me!"

One look of speechless, heart-broken sorrow, she gave to heaven. One word she spoke in tones so woe-begone, that they chilled the hearer's heart. It was, "Farewell!" Then she dropped to the ground like an overthrown statue, for sense and life had reeled beneath her agony. Montague would have rushed forward to raise her, but Mr. Glanville put him back.

"I forbid you to touch her!" he said. "Begone, thou worse than assassin, stay not to look upon the ruin thou hast wrought. There are no words of power enough to vindicate thee, for there is thy answer. Behold that fallen flower, behold that victim whose heart thy infamy hath crushed, and stay not to reason with a father's misery! Oh! my child! my child! Would to God I had died for thee, my hapless daughter!"

* * * *

The blow for freedom had been stricken—the long smouldering fires had burst fourth, and sent a blaze to heaven that drew the world's attention on those who had so bravely kindled it. The skirmish at Lexington was the signal for an universal flying to arms; and though reform was at present the only declared motive for their rising, there were not wanting many whose breasts already beat high with the ultimate hope of national independence. Blood had flowed on either side, the dogs of war were slipt, and an unnatural contest between men of the same descendants began to desolate the beautiful creation of God, with carnage, fire and rapine; and who was to blame?—at whose hands should be required the blood spilt—the treasure wasted, in this most ill advised and unjustly grounded war? A rash and weak ministry who, contrary to the general wish or feelings of the mother land, first heaped oppression and insult upon people as brave as themselves, and then sought to quench the indignation excited by this conduct, in the best blood of both nations.

It was in the autumn of the year 1775, a few months after the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, that a lady sat alone in a shaded bower, near to the river's edge, which swept gracefully by, within a few miles of the town of Concord. The wind came off the water in gusts, and as it strewed the withering leaves around, it moaned mournfully through the almost naked branches, as if it were bewailing the desolation itself had made. That sad sound reminded the lady of human passion—alike the destroyer and mourner over those it loves—heavy masses of clouds were fast gathering over the azure dome of the sky, like the wings of the storm spirit when he arouses from his sleep, and such, thought the lady, is human life. When hope is brightest and joy shines fairest, even then is desolation at hand, and the hour of mourning near; but that sun will burst through the veil which obscures his brightness, and so when this transitory life shall pass away, the soul shall ascend to its God, and sin and sorrow molest no more! A low sound—it might be a falling leaf, it might be the moaning wind—interrupted the maiden's musings, and brought a deep flush over her fair brow. A figure much muffled emerged from the wood, and in another moment was prostrated at her feet. She did not scream nor fly. Her lips, though mute, moved in fervent prayer for strength. There needed no words to tell Mellicent Glanville that Frederick Montague knelt at her feet, and they had met again on the same spot where they had parted. A few months, a very few, had past, yet all was changed. He was now in arms against the country of her love, and leagued against the liberty which she idolized, and she—oh! it was a sad sight to behold the ravages which the incurable leprosy of the heart had worked on her angel features, but their expression was the same—dignity of mind, purity of soul, were enthroned on that pale brow, in sorrow, in disease, in agonizing suspense, in fatigue, in silent but hopeless woe—that stamp of an Almighty hand remained unchanged. Death itself could hardly quench a light which emanated from the pure fountain of heavenly truth. And now the one who divided her heart with her nation's love, the one who had wrought for her so much of woe, yet whom she loved as devotedly as ever, the one whose generous arm had saved her only brother's life when they had met in the ensanguined battlefield,

the one whom to serve, she would have gladly died—he that loved, yet dreaded one, now knelt before her, and with what language could Mellicent reply to his broken words and impassioned sighs? “Oh! answer me one word, my life, my soul, say but that you have forgiven, that you have not forgotten me!”

She started from her motionless silence. “In the name of Heaven, why are you here and how?”

“Mellicent, can you ask me why? I have not lived since parted from you—existence is joyless—hopeless—aimless all without you; fortune, honor and glory are as nothing without your love; danger, or death, is an easy price for the rapture of beholding you again!”

“Colonel Montague,” replied Mellicent, hurriedly, “I cannot hear these words; you are my country’s foe, and therefore, mine. Away—your life is here in danger—oh! begone!”

“Never, Mellicent, never—by the help of this disguise and heavy bribes, I have passed your sentinels—I will repass them again with you, or I will stay here and die. Nay, answer not, but hear me—your countrymen have bravely proved themselves of British blood and courage; an express has been forwarded to England, whose just and reasonable demands will surely be complied with, henceforth will Englishmen and Americans be as friends and brothers—united in the same interests and wishes, acknowledging the same king, respecting each other as brave men should, who are equally honorable and free—this unnatural war will close, and peace and plenty smile gloriously over the clasped hands which are now raised against each other. To me, America is dearer than Britain, for is it not your home?—here, then, will I make mine also. I will devote my life to make your happiness—I will imitate your virtue, to be less unworthy of your love. I will strive to win Heaven that I may meet you there!”

“Oh! my God, have mercy on me!” lowly murmured the maiden.

“Now, behold the other side—if you will indeed sacrifice yourself and me at the bloody altar of your fancied liberty, if you will ruthlessly cast both our hearts beneath the wheels of this Juggernaut’s car, your work; I stay and die. Choose, then. Will you trample on the heart that adores you—will you shed the blood that was freely poured to save your brother’s life?”

A death-like hue came over the features of Mellicent, her voice sounded suppressed and hollow, but the spirit swerved not, the anchor of her soul was saved.

“Montague, I do not ask you to spare me if it gives you comfort to torture me thus. I can bear it willingly. There is not that wish, hope, or joy of my own. I would not sacrifice to your desire; if the blood of my life could serve you, it would flow spontaneously; if I link my fate with yours in poverty, imprisonment, torture or death, were mine to choose, I would embrace it as joyfully as the captive hails his freedom; but I will not desert the standard I have chosen, nor can I ever forsake my country’s cause, because it is opposed to my selfish hopes. It is useless to urge me,” she continued, more wildly, and with an involuntary scream as she saw him about to speak, “you may slay me with your feet with this agony, you may drive me mad in this horrible struggle, but while I have life and reason, I will never forsake my bleeding country—never!!”

(to be continued.)

A VISION.

The bark Clara V. was smoothly sailing her homeward course three days out of port. The night was warm and calm and not a sound broke the death-like stillness except the swash, swash of the waves as they broke against the ship’s sides, an occasional splash of a fish near-by, and the tramp, tramp, of the officer on the watch. It was the second watch and the officer no other than the captain himself, Capt. James Hughes. He was a large thickset man of about middle age who had followed the sea from a mere stripling. He was a captain of the old school who believed that the oftener a sailor felt the rope’s end the better sailor he would make; and that he was a man who lived up to his convictions many sailors could speak from experience.

On that night, the 21st of June, 1869, he did not possess his usual equanimity of mind. He was uneasy and could not suppress those thoughts which were continually making known their unwelcome presence. Only the day before he had punished severely two sailors for supposed misconduct, but on further inquiry he learned that one, an ignorant revengeful Norwegian, was innocent of the deed for which

had been punished. Moreover he had on board, besides his regular cargo of spices, several thousand dollars in gold. He had tried to keep this fact hidden from his crew, but somehow—he knew not how—the sailors learned that there was not only spices on board but also money.

As he meditatively walked from bow to stern and from stern to bow he would occasionally draw from its sheath a large pistol and would turn it over two or three times in his hand, as if to insure himself that it was still intact. Not that he expected that he should have any immediate use for it, but somehow he seemed to find consolation in merely handling it and knowing that it was alright. Had he been aware of the danger to which he was exposed that night, there would have been some significance in his handling the weapon. As it was he was wholly ignorant of a pair of cruel, black eyes that were watching his every movement from behind a pile of old canvass near the hatch-way.

As the captain reached a place about ten feet from the hatch, a slight rustle from that direction caused him to instinctively grasp his pistol as he quickly turned. Everything was quiet, and he was about to resume his watch, when from out of the darkness a white something like a mist became visible, then more and more distinct, and approaching at the same time toward the captain, till the form of his daughter, all clad in white was plainly seen in the darkness. It advanced to within a few feet of the captain and took that position most characteristic of his daughter. The captain stood spellbound for a few moments, then rubbing his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming, he looked again. Yes, there it was, standing as before as if it wanted to speak. In a moment more it receded into darkness as swiftly and mysteriously as it had come.

Now Capt. Hughes was no believer in ghosts, visions or the like, but if there was anything in this world he loved, it was his only daughter, and to have seen her thus, made a strong impression on his sensibilities. As he slowly rubbed his eyes and continued his walking he could not drive from his mind that vision. Nor could he rid himself of thoughts that had never found lodgment there before, and which when expressed by others he had most mercilessly ridiculed.

The pair of black eyes which had watched the captain so long had also disappeared.

* * * * *

Several days later as the captain was leisurely reclining on the upper deck, the Norwegian whom he had not long before punished unjustly, came forward and touching his cap, said in broken English, "I want to speak to you, Cap'n."

"All right, fire away, sir," was the captain's blunt reply.

"Well, sir, what you tink dat was you see one night?"

"What do you mean?" asked the captain.

"Dat you see one night, a ghost, I tink you call it. Now don' git mad Cap'n. I come to tell you I saw it. I there," pointing to canvas, "I going to kill you. I see something, you see too; I no want to kill you, an' I go back. I want tell you I your friend. I no bad now."

To say that Capt. Hughes was surprised hardly expresses his feelings. At any other time he would have been very angry but now his curiosity was aroused. He questioned this fellow who had of his own will confessed his evil intentions and who had seen the same vision he himself had seen. He learned from the Norwegian that he had sneaked up the hatchway and had hid behind the canvas to await his opportunity to murder him, the captain, but when he saw the apparition he believed it to be a sign that the captain was divinely protected so he returned to his bunk. He wished the captain to know of his wickedness and that he wished to be his friend.

* * * * *

When the captain arrived in port and went to his home, his wife came forward to greet him as she had always done, but—she wore black. She seldom wore black and he could not avoid the dreadful conclusion, so as he took her in his arms and kissed her, he said soothingly, "I know dear, you need not tell me, now. Our darling is gone." And this great strong man who had faced scores of terrible storms, and who could not feel a pang of regret, was drawing his coat sleeves across his eyes, when his wife surprised at these strange words and actions drew back a step saying. "Why! what is the matter James?"

"Is it not so: Is she not dead?" eagerly asked her husband.

"Who dead? I do not know of anyone."

"Thank God," fervently exclaimed the captain, "but what could that have meant? Ah, here she comes now, and I thought she was dead."

A. W. M.

CHEMICAL CLUB.

On the evening of Feb. 27, Messrs. Holland '92 and Jones '96 entertained the club by their exceedingly interesting addresses. During the past year, under the direction of Dr. Lindsey, they have carried out experiments seeking to determine the effect of varying rations on the quality of butter. By means of charts and diagrams, lucidly explained, their methods of work and results obtained were set forth.

The evening's program was a good illustration of what may be accomplished by persistent and careful work in a difficult field of study.

This meeting was the last of the club's winter series, which has been well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

BASKETBALL.

WILLISTON, 12; AGGIE, 9.

Our basketball team was defeated by the Williston Seminary team, Saturday March 4, by the score of 12 to 9. It was a very interesting game and the spectators seemed to be in good humor for they applauded all the good plays. Our team played a very swift game and although they were weak in throwing goals they succeed in keeping Williston guessing all the time. At the end of the first half, the score stood 4 to 3 in the home team's favor and it was hard to predict which team would come out ahead. In the second half our team was ahead within three minutes of the close of the game, but owing to a sudden brace of the home team, the latter succeeded in throwing two goals which rendered the game theirs.

At 3-30 the ball was put in play, James having the advantage. Both teams had several good tries at the basket without success, then on a triple pass from Merge and Crawford, Neild scored for Williston. James fouled Neild and the latter missed the goal.

As soon as the ball was put in play Rust fouled but McCobb missed his try. At this stage of the game several fouls were made on both sides. Neild scored on fouls by Dorman and James, while McCobb missed one try but scored the other. On a double pass Dellea scored, which made the score 4 to 3 in Williston's favor. Both teams missed several good tries for the basket during the remainder of the half.

The second half opened with two new men on Williston's team. Guy and Totham were substituted for Rust and Merge. Rust hurt his shoulder and Merge sprained his ankle. Our team remained unchanged. After playing about a minute Crawford made a pretty goal on an overhead throw, which brought down the house. Aggie was not to be outdone and Dorman and McCobb made two easy baskets. On a pass from Crawford, Neild scored; which put Williston again in the lead. Crawford had a mishap in that he sprained his knee. When the ball was thrown up it was passed to Dorman who found the basket on a pretty throw. This put us in the lead again. The game was now getting very exciting for Prof. Strong of Williston had to warn the spectators to keep quiet. The ball exchanged hands several times and at all attempts at goal were missed until Dibble made an easy goal for Williston from under the basket. A little later Guy made an easy goal which ended the game. The summary:

WILLISTON.

Crawford, (Capt.) l. f.

Merge, Totham, r. f.

Neild, c.

Dibble, l. g.

Rust, Guy, r. g.

AGGIE.

r. g., Dellea

l. g., Halligan (Capt.)

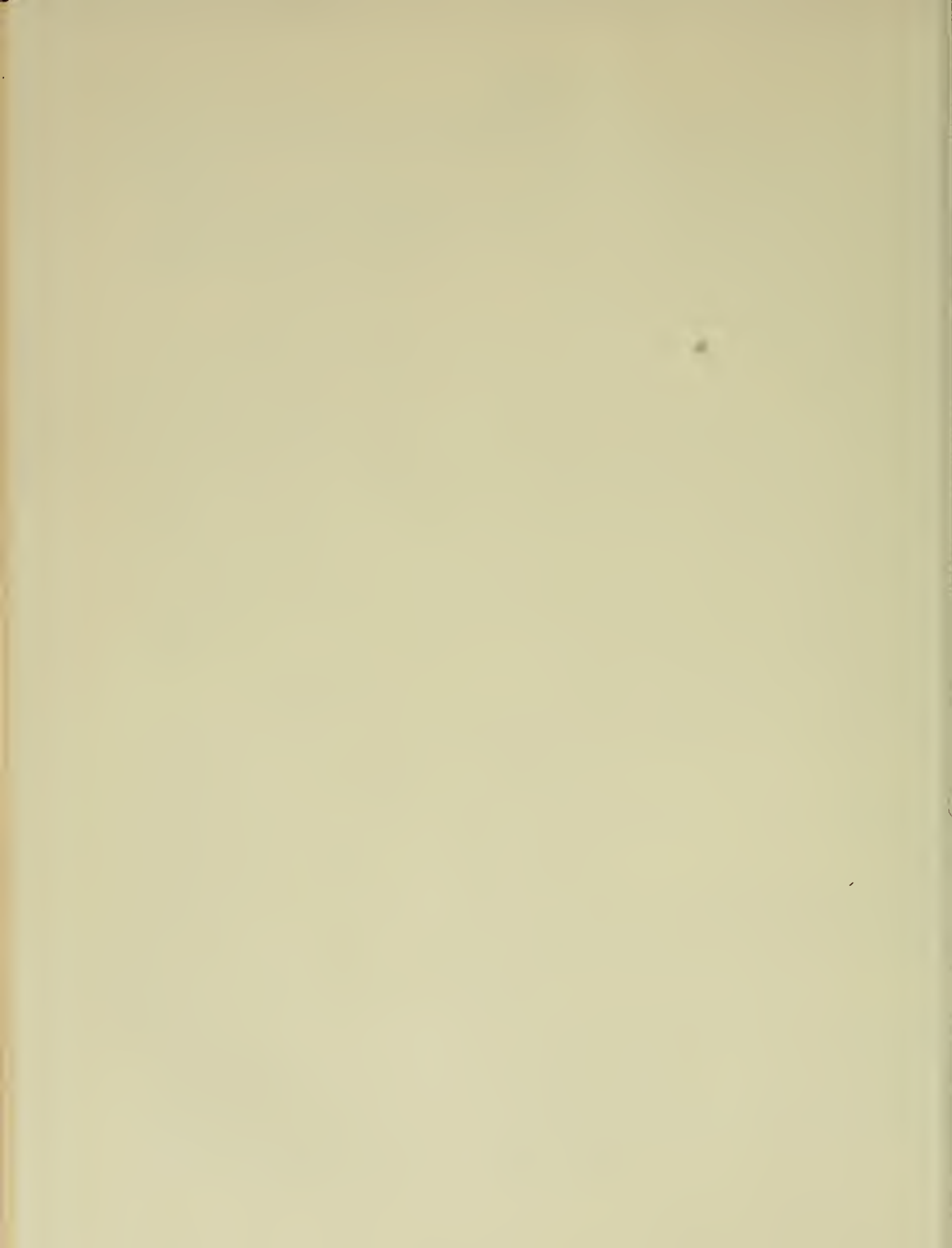
c., James

r. g., Dorman

l. f., McCobb

Score—Williston 12, Aggie 9. Goals from field—Guy, Dibble, Neild, Crawford, Dellea, McCobb, Dorman 2. Goals from fouls—Neild 2, McCobb. Umpires—D. M. Clark of Westfield, J. Bower of Holyoke. Referee—Prof. Strong of Williston. Time—20-minute halves.

'96.—At a meeting of the South Bristol Farmers' club recently held, interesting and instructive papers were read by E. W. and I. C. Poole. The subject of the farmers' paper was "A History of the American Navy and a Brief Study of its Modern Types" of the latter, "Early Development of the Spirit that Built New England."







College Notes.

—Examinations!

—Yale University has graduated 18,000 men.

—The spring term will commence, Wednesday, April 5th.

—President Goodell spent most of last week in Washington.

—Dr. J. B. Lindsey spent the latter part of last week in Boston.

—B. K. Jones has been elected superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school.

—President Goodell made a short trip to Boston the latter part of last week.

—The Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity were photographed last week by J. L. Lovell.

—This term will close, Thursday, March 23, examinations commencing next Monday.

—Rev. William Ballou of Unity church occupied the College pulpit last Sunday.

—J. C. Burrington, a former member of the College has been in town for a few days.

—C. E. Stacy, formerly a member of the class of '99, recently spent a few days at the College.

—Professor W. P. Brooks delivered a lecture at an Agricultural Institute held at Monson, March 8th.

—The students will remember that all books must be returned to the library before the close of the term.

—C. A. Nichols, a former member of the Boston League team, is now coaching the Amherst base ball team.

—The machinery for use in the new dairy building has arrived at the College and will soon be set up for operation.

—Professor G. F. Mills served as moderator at the annual town meeting held in the town hall Monday, March 6th.

—A large number of students and faculty attended the Kommers held in the College boarding-house last Friday evening.

—The College catalogue will soon be published and will be issued to the students some time during the first part of next term.

—The freshman basket ball team plays with the freshman team of Amherst college at the Pratt gymnasium this afternoon.

—Dr. Charles S. Walker, has had charge of the Bible study for the last two Sundays and will direct the study next Sunday.

—A large number of students accompanied the basket ball team to Easthampton, when the game was played with Williston.

—The stained glass windows which were injured by the severe storm of last month have been replaced in the chapel in good condition.

—F. A. Merrill will read a paper at the exercises which will be held upon April 14. Mr. Merrill was chosen to represent the junior class.

—Work on the Veterinary laboratory has been steadily progressing and it is hoped that the building will be completed some time next term.

—The vote on the license question as given at the town meeting held recently was, no, 370; yes, 259 as opposed to no, 198; yes, 172 of last year.

—W. E. Hinds has been chosen by the senior class to represent that body at the exercises held in commemoration of Senator Morrill upon April 14.

—Prof. C. S. Walker attended the annual reunion and banquet of the Yale Alumni Association of Western Massachusetts, recently held in Springfield.

—The senior division in German has completed the work assigned for this term and has now taken up "Emilia Galotti," one of the famous German tragedies.

—Professor S. T. Maynard gave an address last Saturday, before an Agricultural Institute held at Brookfield. He spoke upon "Roads and Roadside Improvement."

—There was a large audience at the lecture, held last Friday evening in the chapel. Professor Mills had previously delivered this lecture "Bees and Books," at Ware and also in this town.

—Prof. Charles H. Fernald spoke at the meeting of the Pomona Grange held in town last Thursday. The professor spoke very forcibly in regard to the Gypsy moth and the San José scale and also of many other pests.

—The students of the College received an invitation from President Seelye of Smith college to attend a lecture upon French Literature, delivered by Edouard Rod, at Northampton last Saturday afternoon.

—Rev. Francis Tiffany of Cambridge, Mass. will lecture at the Unity Church this evening. He will speak on "Some Venetian Characters," and his address will be full of interest. Every one is urged to be present.

—A number of dissecting microscopes have arrived at the College, to be used by the students taking the different courses in Botany. The microscopes are of the latest pattern and will greatly facilitate the work of the students.

—At a meeting of the College Y. M. C. A. held last Thursday evening the following officers were elected: Pres't, H. Baker; vice pres't. G. R. Bridgforth; cor. sec'y, W. A. Dawson; recording sec'y, R. W. Morse; treas., D. W. West.

—A large number of the students were present at the lecture recently delivered in town by Prof. F. H. Giddings of Columbia University. He showed clearly the position of the United States in regard to our new possessions and spoke in such a way as to be very interesting to all present.

—Dr. Goessmann is to attend the annual meeting of the official inspectors of commercial fertilizers for New England and New Jersey which is to be held March 17 at New Haven. These meetings are held annually for consultation regarding the valuation of fertilizers. Dr. Goessmann's high reputation as a chemist and experiment station authority brings him many duties in addition to his regular work.

—President Goodell has received a communication from the University of Göttingen, in Germany, to the effect that diplomas from this College will be accepted by the authorities there, but that the diplomas must be in Latin. This is a departure from the usual custom there and is a great benefit to this institution. Those of the senior class who desire it, may thus obtain their diplomas in the Latin script instead of in English. This will be very advantageous to the students, for many of the graduates of the College have continued their studies further, and obtained their degrees at the University of Göttingen, and many more will be likely to do so.

—The first few games of base ball which are played generally show a lack of practice in both of the contesting nines. In many colleges this is partly obviated by a series of practice games, held before those regularly scheduled. Would it not be possible for our manager to secure a week or so of practice games, with some reliable nine before the season commences? If this is practicable there is no doubt that gratifying results would be obtained.

—The last debate of the term, in the senior division in English was held March 3rd. The proposition was that "The government should own and operate railroads," which was upheld by H. E. Maynard and M. H. Pingree. B. H. Smith and S. E. Smith spoke on the negative side of the question and many others of the class volunteered on each side. The merits of the debate and of the question were given to the negative. Dr. Walker acted as judge.

—The annual meeting of the senior members of the LIFE Board for the election of the new board of editors was held last Thursday afternoon. The following men were elected: F. A. Merrill, A. C. Monahan, G. F. Parmenter, C. A. Crowell, J. A. Hallagan of the junior class; A. R. Dorman, C. E. Gordon, A. C. Wilson, D. S. Greeley of the sophomore class; H. L. Knight, L. C. Claflin of the freshman class. At the first meeting of the new board of editors for organization, F. A. Merrill was chosen editor-in-chief and G. F. Parmenter business manager.

—As part of the required work of the term in the senior division in Political Economy, each member of the class has written and read a thesis upon some special phase of Economics. The following theses were read: W. H. Armstrong, "Art and Industry"; D. A. Beaman, "Recent Changes in the Agriculture of Massachusetts"; W. E. Chapin, "The Evolution of the Standard Oil Company"; H. W. Dana, "The Economics of Agriculture"; H. E. Maynard, "Electricity as an Economic Force"; S. E. Smith, "Cooperation and the Farmer"; F. H. Turner, "Stock Watering."

—The last meeting of the Chemical club was held Feb. 27. Messrs. Holland and Jones of the Experiment station were the speakers of the evening. The discussion was confined to an experiment which Dr. Lindsey has been conducting this winter, the object

which has been to find out as to whether a direct increase of fat in milk could be obtained by feeding a ration containing a large amount of vegetable fat; and also, as to whether there would be any change under such feeding in the composition of the butter fat. The results will soon be published in full. After the formal discussion refreshments were served as usual, while the songs by Dr. Flint, Mr. Goessmann and Mr. Stanley, which came later, were duly appreciated.

—The eighty-five per cent. system of marking has been in practice at the College for a number of years. To what extent this system has been successful may be judged by the students and faculty. Although it may provide a stimulus for better work to some students, may it not also have a retarding and discouraging effect upon others? The training which is obtained in examinations is of great importance to the student after graduation. In these days of competition and the system of Civil service examinations, a student who desires to obtain a position in certain lines of work must needs satisfactorily pass an examination. This is where training and experience is needed and just that confidence which is acquired by long practice. Although we do not wish to see this system immediately abolished, yet would it not be well to think over and consider the different phases of the question, having the best interests of the College in view.

—Our drill hall offers a good many opportunities for introducing different indoor pastimes. One of the most beneficial of these is hand ball. Not only is it a sport good as a physical exercise, but it is one of the best things, outside of actual playing, for developing the arms of fellows getting into condition for the football season. There is plenty of room in the drill hall end of the drill hall to mark off a court and yet leave space enough so that both hand ball and basketball could be played at the same time. The expense of making the court would certainly fall inside of eight or nine dollars. Each fellow without a doubt could contribute ten cents, which would meet the required amount. The drill hall is not very well fitted out at the present time for indulging in indoor sports, but if the fellows would only take in hand, one at a time, the matters as above mentioned, we would soon have a very good gymnasium, and at the same time, the

expense, being divided into such small amounts, would not be felt.

—Last Friday evening there was held in the boarding house a kommers. It was the first we have had during the College year, and if they are all to be like this, we only hope to see several more before the year closes. The tables, arranged in banquet order were decorated with flowers and presented a tempting appearance. A substantial supper was first served which was followed by speaking and music. Dr. Walker acted as toast-master, and not only gave an interesting talk but seemed full of amusing stories which he scattered about with a lavish hand. Following him came a number of other speakers, among whom were Dr. Brooks, Dr. Wellington, Prof. Cooley. Messrs. Chapin '99, Munson '00, and Gordon '01. During the pauses between the speaking the banjo club rendered several fine selections which were much appreciated. The mandolin and guitar duets of Messrs. Canto and Henry were also greatly enjoyed. The gathering, which included nearly every fellow in College, broke up with the singing of College songs and the giving of College yells.

Alumni.

During the past week we have received a letter from an alumnus who was a volunteer during the late war, which we take pleasure in printing in our alumni column. Now we have among our graduate column, the names of many others that served during the conflict passed, and as a suggestion we would request that they give us their experience for publication, particularly if they have served in any of our newly acquired territory.

'72.—In the last number of the LIFE we spoke of Mr. Frederick A. Ober, ex-'72, as author of one of the latest works on our newly acquired possession, Porto Rico, a copy of which he has presented to the College, but through mistake omitted his address. Mr. Ober's permanent address is 1608, New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C.

'72.—J. W. Clark, proprietor of the Mt. Warner fruit orchard at North Hadley, was one of the speakers at a farmers' institute held at Belchertown, yesterday.

'72.—At an institute of the three counties and the Hillside Agricultural society held at Williamsburg, Wednesday, March 1, Prof. S. T. Maynard gave an address on "Apple Culture." Last Saturday Professor Maynard addressed an institute at Brookfield on "Roads and Roadside Improvement."

'75.—Prof. W. P. Brooks was absent from College last Wednesday, going to Monson where he addressed an institute meeting.

'81.—E. D. Howe of Marlboro, master of the State Grange, was one of the speakers at a farmers' institute held under the auspices of the Hampshire Agricultural society at Belchertown yesterday.

'82.—Herbert Myrick, editor-in-chief of the *American Agriculturist* and *New York and New England Homesteads* did not address the Hampshire County Pomona Grange meeting last week, owing to his absence in California, but was substituted by F. H. Plumb '92.

'83.—Dr. J. B. Lindsey addressed an Institute meeting held under the auspices of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural society at Monson, Wednesday, March 4.

'84.—H. D. Holland, Amherst's popular chief of the Fire Department, has been re-elected sealer of weights and measures.

'86.—Born Dec. 22, 1898 at Peabody, Mass., a son, Charles Gideon, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bryant Mackintosh.

'90.—It is rumored that Mr. Geo. B. Simonds is soon to become a benedict. His present address is Grove St., Fitchburg.

'90.—F. J. Smith has been absent from his duties at the Entomological department for the past week on business.

'90.—Born at Marblehead, Mass., a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar C. Gregory.

'90.—J. S. Loring and family have been spending the winter at the old homestead in Shrewsbury.

'92.—J. E. Deuel, formerly in a government position at Togus, Maine, is a member of the firm of Deuel Bros., druggists, Amherst.

'92.—J. B. Knight made a flying trip to College last week.

'92.—E. B. Holland assisted by B. K. Jones '91 addressed the Chemical club at its last meeting on experiments that have been carried out at the station relative to the effect of feeding upon the percentage quantity and quality of butter fat. The lecture was illustrated by means of charts, and a full description of the *modus operandi* was given.

'92.—F. H. Plumb associate editor of the *New England Homestead*, and *Farm and Home*, addressed the Hampshire County Pomona Grange at a meeting held in Amherst last Thursday, on a subject relative to Grange work.

'94.—In an interesting letter from Elias Dewe White to the alumni editor of the *LIFE*, Mr. White speaks of his experience during the late war. At the opening of the war Mr. White was engaged in the railway mail service in Georgia. On May 2, 1891 he enlisted in Co. A 2d Georgia Volunteer Infantry. His regiment was stationed for three months at Tampa, Fla., at Palmetto Beach and Tampa Heights. The company was first placed in the 7th Army Corps transferred to Gen. Shafter's corps and twice ordered to take transport for Cuba, but for some inexplicable reason never actually embarked and was placed in the 4th army corps, was called on to quell the negro riot in Tampa on the night of June 9th, and was under orders to proceed to Porto Rico when negotiation for peace brought the war to a close. On Aug. 19 the 2nd Georgia left Tampa for Huntsville, Ala., and from thence proceeded to Atlanta, Ga. where on Nov. 1 were mustered out. Mr. White was immediately returned to his former position. His permanent address is East Point, Georgia.

'95.—E. A. White recently spent a few days in town visiting friends.

'95.—G. A. Billings has taken a position in the real estate business in Boston.

'96.—A. S. Kinney, sup't of the Botanical department of Mount Holyoke college is also conducting a class in Microscopical Botany.

'96.—B. K. Jones, assistant chemist at the experiment station, has recently been unanimously re-elected clerk of the Church and superintendent of the Sunday school of the local Baptist church. Mr. Jones is a president of the Amherst Local Union of the Y. M. C. E.

AGGIE LIFE.

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Editorials.

IN another column is published the list of recommendations for promotion in the battalion as made out by Captain Wright when he left us about a year ago. The names have in no way been changed from those given in the list now held by the President and our readers will find that many of the new officers have since left college. Owing to the increased size of the Senior class, many offices that before were held by lower class men have been taken by members of the graduating class. The list is about what was to be expected.

THE season for spring athletics has already begun, and again we expect to have a baseball team in the field. The averages of our team for the past few years are not such as they should be and we look to the coming season to recover some of our lost glory. We have been lamentably lacking in team work and this has been due, undoubtedly, to an absence of enthusiasm which has been felt in every department.

This year we must correct this omission and all work together for the good of the college. A word to the wise is always sufficient and a hint to both players and spectators may not be remiss. If you win, bear your laurels modestly; if you lose, lose like gentlemen.

IT is with deep regret that the LIFE learns of the resignation of Prof. E. R. Flint from the chemical department. For six years Prof. Flint has been closely identified with the college and has made himself one of the most popular members of our faculty. He has been intimately connected with various societies and as an alumnus, has always had a warm spot in our hearts. It will be extremely difficult for the Trustees to find another professor of Chemistry who can give as popular a course as did Prof. Flint and who can, with so little exertion, command the respect and admiration of the students. The LIFE is creditably informed that Prof. Flint intends to pursue his studies at the Harvard Medical School and later to hang out his shingle; if this be the case we sincerely trust that he will occasionally refrain long enough

from sawing bones to think of his Alma Mater. For the students, LIFE wishes the Professor every sort of good fortune and to assure him that his old pupils will forever cherish his name as that of their greatest friend.

The world is too much with us : late and soon
 Spending and getting, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We've given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 The sea that bears her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers.
 For this, for everything, we're out of tune ;
 It moves us not—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth.

THE world has been too much with us of late and we are indeed all out of tune. Each succeeding day serves but to impress this fact the more strongly upon our minds and to sadden our hearts when they should be gay and joyous. The world, with its bright sunny fields and its sheltered nooks, calls us from afar and we are so distracted with our false gods that we cannot appreciate that which is wholesome and natural. The future holds much that is for us, if we will but prepare ourselves for the gathering instead of spending our time in vain pursuits that but clog the sensibilities. Our day is one for well spent energies and it is a crying shame that we should ill-use a time that we can never recover. The good old Persian, Omar Khayyam, has well put it when he sings :

" The moving finger writes ; and, having writ,
 Moves on ; nor all your piety nor wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

ON Friday last, April 14th, exercises were held in the Chapel commemorative of the late Senator Morrill of which a notice appears in another column. The spontaneity with which these anniversary exercises were held throughout the Union testified to the great esteem in which this man was held by all sorts and conditions of men. Senator Morrill has often been called America's " Grand Old Man " and the title was apply applied. His work was broadened by his strong

individuality and his fertile intellect, together with the indomitable honesty of his character. As we look back over the acts of his life we are impressed with the terrible political gulf that stretched between himself and the underbred hirelings that at this day infest the Senate chamber. He was an intellectual giant among pigmies during his last days at Washington, and we, who benefit by his efforts, cannot paint his character in too glowing colors. To millions of men, he opened the way to a brighter and more profitable life ; to thousands upon thousands he gave a more lucrative employment, and showed them newer paths, before untrod. He opened a fresh page in the history of his country, when the clouds were the blackest and when no man knew whether the Union was destined to last or not. He knew no North or South ; only one country, one flag, one race. To him all men were brothers, however mistaken they might be, and all were worthy of his best efforts. He gave freely of what he had, to be repaid with the feeling that he had, at least, bettered the lot of his fellow men. He identified his name with a system of colleges that have no equal in their line of work and his epitaph is found wherever the wheat fields wave in the gentle breezes or wherever the colleges pour forth their graduates destined to continue his work.

IT has been brought to the notice of LIFE that several members of the college fraternity have abused the common privileges of the various buildings upon the campus. As a result of this abuse the Reading Room has been closed by order of the directors. It is a deplorable fact that there are many such vandals who do not realize the enormity of their crime, and who still persist in destroying public property and infringing private rights. Every convenience that the dormitories have, has been placed in position for the good of the whole body of students and every act that tends to destroy or mutilate these conveniences is a direct blow at the student body. Various schemes have been devised to prohibit future nuisances but to know avail ; words have been spoken and mass-meetings held and little good has come therefrom. It is time for action, quick, decisive action ; and until such action is taken by the students themselves these despicable acts will continue. It was found necessary at the beginning of this term to re-establish the

system of Saturday inspection and if due punishment can be enforced upon delinquents, the system ought to be a success. There has been a tendency in college to shield any wrong-doer and to make light of his offense; this is as reprehensible as the overt act itself and is as much to be condemned. A thorough publicity of any wrong act would no doubt put a stop to future repetitions. LIFE has always advocated the rights of the student body and never more firmly than it does to-day. If conclusive proof of any case of public vandalism or of defacing college property will be furnished LIFE, the fullest publicity will be given the affair; not only in actions but in names. It is high time that conduct unbecoming gentlemen should cease to exist among us and it is the intention of LIFE to use every power available to put a stop to future depredations.

THE thirty-sixth annual Report of the College has appeared. As usual it contains besides the President's report the reports of the different college departments and of the Hatch Experiment Station. The Trustees' report opens with a graceful tribute to the late Senator Morrill which will be fully appreciated as it deserves. The report of the Treasurer deserves some editorial mention as therein are contained items of vital interest. That item which is of some moment to us is the sum of \$281.12 paid for advertising purposes. This is a matter that concerns the alumni as well as the undergraduate. There is hardly a business conducted upon modern principles that would show so small a percentage of actual expense as does this item for advertising. Out of a total of over \$67,000 paid out, less than \$300 was used for advertising purposes. A college is as much of a business as is any other of the many corporations now in existence and it must be set before the public in the proper manner if the public is to patronize it. With many colleges the alumni is a sufficient advertisement of that college, but with us this is a very different affair. Our alumni are scattered and do not make the showing necessary to call special attention to our work here; our work is peculiar in itself and demands a thorough exposition before it will be received by those who will take it up. It is vitally necessary for us to place before the farmer and the mechanic the inducements that the Mass. Agricul-

tural College has to offer them. They will never recognize these inducements unless brought forcibly to realize that we are in existence, and that we have the goods to offer them that they sadly need. A system of liberal but judicious advertising is essential to our prosperity and it is for the Trustees to outline such a plan as may meet the requirements of our case. We are in a transitional stage, where it is very important that a false step should not be taken. A conservative course may be a hinderance to our growth where a more liberal policy would greatly benefit us, by bringing before the people of this and other states the exact status of our college and by showing them the extent and quality of our work. But if more advertising is to be done, let it be done thoroughly and properly. Poor advertising is even worse than none at all. This is a day of advertising, and upon every hand we can see its benefits; no business man who has wares to sell ever hesitates to advertise and to advertise liberally. We have wares to sell, the highest and most valuable that the market affords, and our advertising should be in proportion to the value of our goods and not in an inverse ratio.

Headquarters CLARK CADETS,
Massachusetts Agricultural College,
Amherst, Mass., Sept.—, 1898.

General Orders, {
No. 1. }

1. The following appointments of Cadet officers and non-commissioned officers are hereby made:

1. Cadet Sergeant, Warren E. Hinds to be Cadet Major.
2. Cadet Sergeant-Major F. E. Turner to be Cadet 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant.
3. Cadet Quartermaster-Sergeant M. H. Pingree to be Cadet 1st Lieutenant and Quartermaster.
4. Cadet Corporal A. A. Boutelle to be Cadet Sergeant-Major.
5. Cadet Corporal Wm. E. Chapin to be Cadet Quartermaster-Sergeant.
6. Cadet 1st Sergeant Dan Ashley Beaman to be Cadet Captain Co. A.
7. Cadet Sergeant H. E. Maynard to be Cadet 1st Lieutenant Co. A.
8. Cadet Sergeant C. E. Stacy to be Cadet 2nd Lieutenant Co. A.

9. Cadet Sergeant W. A. Hooker to be Cadet Captain Co. B.
10. Cadet Sergeant B. H. Smith to be 1st Lieutenant Co. B.
11. Cadet Carl Smith to be Cadet 2nd Lieutenant Co. B.
12. Cadet Corporal G. F. Parmenter to be Cadet 1st Sergeant Co. A.
13. Cadet Sergeant F. A. Merrill to be Cadet 1st Sergeant Co. B.
14. Cadets 1, C. W. Smith; 2, E. A. Sharpe; 3, H. W. Dana; 4, J. E. Halligan; 5, Baker; 6, Kellogg; 7, S. E. Smith; 8, Crowell (color sergeant); 9, F. H. Brown; 10, A. D. Gile (Drum Major); to be Sergeants.

The remainder of last years Corporals to retain their rank and grade, and such other corporals to be appointed by the President, on recommendation of their respective Co. Commanders and the Cadet Major, as may be necessary to form the squads in eight men and a corporal.

By command of the President of the College,
Cadet 1st Lieut. and Adjutant
Clark Cadet.

Impressions of an Idler.

The summer term has opened among many and varied circumstances. By all odds the most conspicuous thing about college is mud. It is conspicuous among conspicuous things. The lock on the reading-room door has unwittingly been the cause of many remarks and sorely tempted the weak-minded to do evil, the absent of the tinkle of the telephone bell has left a sort of vacant, hollow feeling in our heads, and the numerous "Thames" hats have dazzled all our eyes and dulled our foolish brains. No, there is no lack of attractions but the mud commands the greater part of the attention, it eclipses everything. The tramp, splash, splash, across the ravine to the Boarding House six times daily produces a sensation somewhat akin to the well known tired feeling of spring. Of course, these things are to be talked of just among ourselves. When we are with our friends away from our college, we discourse in raptures upon the beauties of our grounds, and we dwell with loving tenderness upon the delights of an early morning walk under

the Linden row by the roadside on the way to our breakfast. Then we can clearly see the hand of Nature all about us; the bright sun peeps cautiously around the corner of the little house on Mt. Pleasant, the pretty brook sings merrily on its course through the ravine, and from the woods below rises from a thousand throats the clear and melodious note of the crow.

It is a pleasure to see how God and man has coöperated to beautify these grounds. See the rolling landscape bedecked with graceful trees upon whose tender leaves no pernicious insect may ever dwell, note the circling roads and shady paths and bless the busy hand that from the rain, the wind and sun has forever protected the asphalt walk with a light and gentle covering of four feet of mother earth. Far from the grinding heel of man; upon its smooth and even surface no daring wheelman will ever ride; its character remains unsoiled, it is permanent and with the grounds will remain unharmed, unaltered till the end of time.

* * * *

Hundreds of the best educated men of the present time are spending their lives among the ruins of ancient cities studying the hieroglyphics on the Grecian walls, the Egyptian pyramids and the Mexican tombs. They find that these strange and fantastic figures are records of the people which when deciphered will give to us the history of our ancient ancestors free from the mythical stories of tradition. So absorbed have many become in the work, that neither thoughts of home and friends in a far away land nor the perils about them can drive them from their chosen occupation. Oh, how strong must be the attraction! However, strong as it is in these ancient and time-worn characters, great as is the interest in the work of finding the hidden meaning, our descendents, our children of the second and third generations, will have records to decipher of far greater fascination. They will not be so old, nor so indistinct in outline but the meaning will be equally obscure. I refer to the hieroglyphics on the fly-leaves of our chapel hymn-books. What a wonderful collection these would make for a natural history museum; poems, hymns, sketches of familiar objects, records of passing events, briefs of the sermon, comments upon the choir, notes on everything imaginable by the greatest authors and artists of the

present day and of the past thirty-one years. The idle thoughts of idle fellows; a strange mixture of wit, humor and pathos. What an impression must be formed upon the person who takes the trouble to look over these things! What idea of the character of the student of to-day will the student of thirty years from to-day receive? Take for instance the following record selected from a page on which was also written a parody on the hymn, "Grace, it is a charming name."

"Sunday, April 24, 1898.

Seniors present 7, asleep 1.

Juniors present 5, asleep 5.

Sophomores present 8, asleep 5.

Freshmen present 14, asleep 12.

Faculty present 1, asleep $\frac{1}{2}$."

Thirty-five students present from a total of one hundred and sixty-six according to the catalogue for the year. Our children will say, "Surely, our fathers were religious."

* * * *

In a recent issue of the *Time and Hour*, in a series of articles entitled "Famous Persons at Home" is given a sketch of the life of William Henry Bowker, the head of the Bowker Fertilizer Company, a trustee of our college, and a graduate in the class of '71. Mr. Bowker justly deserves this distinction. He owes his success in life to the thorough training with which he fitted himself in his college days and to his far-sighted and honest business methods. We quote the following: "Among more conspicuous persons it is interesting to note a most creditable representative of the upright business man, a race not perished out of the land, the good private citizen who succeeds in benefiting others while profiting himself by thought and pains—not taking bread out of anybody's mouth, but rather putting it in. It is not necessary for all men to build up their own houses by the ruins of the others, to be a bull living at the expense of bears, or a bear devouring unfortunate bulls. Even in the socialist economy such a man as William Henry Bowker would be pre-eminent."

The article also contains a good word for the college that has sent out such men as Mr. Bowker and others whose influence is being felt wherever they may be. "There is no more useful course than that of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, and it is pursued by earnest

minded and generally hard-working young men." Let us hope this is true.

THE IDLER.

THE PATRIOT MARTYR.

(Concluded.)

"My Mellicent, be calm!" he said much alarmed at the wild anguish of her manner, "you are now excited and view things falsely—you will not forsake your country, but rather advance her interests by gaining another warm heart and arm to her cause."

"Oh! peace, peace! I am calm now and again beseech you to leave me—on earth we are forever divided but there is a better and a brighter land, where we may meet when the dark sea of life has rolled into eternity. Farewell! I love you deeply devotedly—I will never love nor wed another—your image is graven on my heart, your name will be breathed in stillness and prayer by my lips until I die, but a daughter of America shall never join her country's foes, nor desert that country while gloriously struggling to be free! Farewell!"

He drew himself proudly up, and folded his arms across his breast, "Enough, your choice is made, and so is mine, yonder come some of your boasted sons of Freedom, let them behold how an Englishman dare die!"

As he spoke several American officers appeared in the distance. Mellicent gasped for breath. "Away, away—oh! for the love of God—for my sake, who would die for you, begone! Montague, for mercy, fly!—let them not find you here. Oh, God, you have no pity, must I see you taken to die before my eyes, if you would not kill me, begone, oh, begone! before they see you!"

"You urge me in vain. *I will not fly* without you."

"Then all is over, God! for thy mercy! they are here."

Marmaduke Glanville who, though young, had so much distinguished himself already, that his imprudent courage had carried him, at Bunker Hill, into danger, that nothing but Montague's presence could have saved him from, was amongst the group of officers who entered the arbor, and when his eye fell on the noble form of Montague, proudly standing with head uncovered and folded arms, he could not suppress the exclamation of surprised consternation

which burst from his lips, and was instantly repeated by the others. "Who is he?—what is he?—is he a spy?—is he an Englishman?" were questions poured upon Marmaduke. "I—I don't know—yes—no—that is—nothing."

The commanding officer, General Lee, looked at him with infinite surprise; then, after a moment's pause, said—

"Miss Glanville, this person is in your company, and I will take your word for what he is; it would be all but blasphemy to suspect you of favoring a foe to America."

All eyes were turned on Mellicent. Marmaduke looked earnestly at her, and suggested her answer by saying, "I think this is Jerry Walton from Baltimore, you expected him to-day, sister."

"This is Colonel Frederick Montague, aid de camp to General Burgoyne," answered Mellicent, firmly, "he has passed our lines with a false pass, but not as a spy."

"Colonel Montague?" echoed all voices.

"Even so, gentlemen," said Montague, advancing; "think not I have kept silence hitherto from unwillingness to declare my name, or dread of the consequences. I but awaited this lady's answer, that she might do herself the justice of displaying her patriotism, as it is. I am what she has said, and passed your lines by bribery. I know the consequences, and am ready to meet them; there is my sword."

"I take your sword, sir!" answered General Lee, "with deep regret, but it is my duty to order you under arrest until General Washington's pleasure be known. Captain Glanville, please to order a guard here."

"Excuse me, sir; this gentleman bravely saved my life at the risk of his own. My sister may murder him if she pleases, I will not."

"I can sacrifice myself, but not my country," murmured she. "And you have done well, my best beloved," said Montague, "I would not have had it otherwise; farewell, best and dearest of God's creatures; farewell for ever!" He knelt and pressed the hem of her robe to his lips for a moment; then rising, firmly followed the guard.

"Mellicent, God forgive you for this; but how can you forgive yourself," exclaimed Marmaduke, as he rushed away.

"Miss Glanville," said General Lee, "you have nobly done. Let England's ministers hear what an American girl can do for her country, and despair of victory."

There was no answer to his words, and he turned back to look at her; she was standing with her eyes fixed in the direction where her lover had gone; sense and life seemed gone. Suddenly she gave a piercing cry, and fell to the ground covered with blood; a vein had burst, and the bright pure stream of life flowed fast from her livid lips. Resolution had lasted till all was done; then nature prevailed, and sunk beneath the agony; they carried her insensible to the house, and those that heard her mournful story, almost prayed that consciousness might never return, to madden her with the memory of that hour.

And death itself had been welcome even in the tortures of the rack to the despair of Montague, as he paced the room of his confinement; to be held a deserter and renegade to his countrymen; to be thought a spy by the other side, and to die the ignominious death of one; even these things were light to the loss of Mellicent, to the thought that she could have saved him and would not. At night his solitude was broken by a footstep; he started up, while his heart bounded with the hope that the devoted breast of woman had relented; but no—it was Marmaduke Glanville, and not his sister, who had entered.

His appearance betokened hurry and agitation, his eye was troubled and his voice sad.

"Colonel Montague," he said, "you are free! Here is a passport for the outer lines—*Fight for Freedom* is the watchword with the guard; go at once and may God bless you!"

"Who has done this?" eagerly asked he; "is it—can it be?"

"Alas! no," interrupted Marmaduke, "you are free by the permission of Washington himself. I hastened to him, I told the dreadful story of poor Mellicent's love and duty; I told him that you had interposed your own breast between me and death; I convinced him you were no spy; his angel soul melted at the recital; Washington accepts no triumph over a defenseless foe; Washington can weep for the sorrow of an enemy; Washington gives you your life and bids you go free!"

"I thank you, Captain Glanville, but your generosity is vain. I will not escape. I do not desire to live away from Mellicent."

"Be not so rash—be not so cruel, the agony of my poor sister has already stretched her on the couch of pain and danger, her life hangs on a single thread, that thread will be snapped by your refusal to save yourself."

"You have named a motive indeed for flight; never will I add more to her misery or care. To me all things are equally joyless; honor, fame, country, have no longer a charm to my heart. I will never strike another blow against a country that contains a woman such as Mellicent—a man like Washington. Henceforth the love of woman is as a forgotten dream, the ties of home as the sound of far off music. Say to her, that as in life I have loved but her—so in death her name shall be last on my lips. Ask her to forgive the sorrow I have caused her, bid her forget the hopeless wretch who has blighted her young bloom, and heaped desolation on her heart. Tell her that many may love with better hopes, but none with deeper truth or more devoted passion. Farewell, my friend!"

* * * * *

Who amongst us has not at some time been doomed to watch the awful footsteps of death on the person of some dear friend, some beloved relative whom we would have gladly shielded with our heart of hearts, whom to save we would have shed our blood by drops? Who has not known the fattering hope, the sickening dread, the hurried unwillingness to think, which fluctuate through the breast when bending over the suffering bed, the ghastly effort to smile that we may deceive others, the vain sophistry with which we strive to deceive ourselves, the lingering hope against hope, the impassive stunning, horror of the final conviction that hope is gone.

Such were the various feelings that agitated the hearts of a little group who were assembled in the sunny porch of a house in Chestnut street, on the 4th of July, 1776; an easy chair, propped by pillows, supported the shadowy form of a dying girl. Disease had not robbed that pale face of beauty, for her's was the beauty of soul, the spiritual loveliness which age cannot steal, nor decay wither. Resignation and

love were graven on those wasted features, purity and holy pride still beamed from those bright but sunken eyes—her transparent hands were crossed over her faded bosom, and the words of gratitude and praise breathed from those pale, parted lips. Mellicent Glanville was dying, and she welcomed her doom with joy unspeakable. She never thought of sighing over her wasted bloom, or her early grave. By her stood her anxious father and brother, they had spoken of hope, but the words died on their lips, for they saw that she heeded them not. There was a holy rapture in her smile, as she looked out on the bright sky that plainly spoke her desire to be there. Death was very near, but it had no sting, the grave was open, but there was no victory.

"Oh! my father, my brother, how beautiful is this. I feel the warm sun upon my breast, and it seems the kiss of my God, imparting peace and love. I feel the soft breeze playing on my brow, and it whispers me of sins forgiven, of sorrows forgotten, of joy that passes all understanding. How full of mercy and goodness is He who created this world of beauty. I shall die in the blessed hope of my country's happiness. I shall be buried where its beloved sun will shine upon my grave! Oh! America, land of my love and pride, object of my earliest and latest prayer, my first lisping accents blest thee, in the dark hour of bondage and oppression, my heart still poured its blessing on thy name, and now my failing breath blesses thee. Oh! my country, my beautiful, my beloved, my fatherland!"

"My child, my child!"

"Weep not dearest, most honored father, but rejoice that I go to my quiet rest. Rejoice that my head will repose on free ground, that the song of Liberty will be swept by the breeze over my grave. Oh! may those who have bled for America be blest in themselves, be blest in their children, until time shall be no more. May the love of a rejoicing nation brighten their lives, and the tears of gratitude hallow their graves!"

"And you too, my Mellicent, have contended for the righteous cause, have sacrificed for it life and love."

He had touched a chord that ever vibrated to agony. A bright hectic flushed over her cheek, and a tear started at his words. It was the last flush of human

feeling, that stained its purity or dimmed the heavenly lustre of her eye. At the moment, a long, loud shout was heard in the streets; it was caught up and echoed in every direction; it ascended to Heaven, and the blue vault on high rang with the joyous peal. The echoes reverberated back the sound, and heaven and earth seemed joined in one loud Hallelujah!

Mellicent laid her hand on her father's arm; she could not speak, for emotion shook her wasted form almost to dissolution. A friend of Mr. Glanville's rushed into their presence, exclaiming "*The Declaration of Independence has been read in the State House!*"

"Glory be to God in the highest!" exclaimed Mellicent, starting up as with tenfold health and strength. "my country is free! Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

She fell back as the words passed her lips, her father caught her fragile form, but the spirit was fled forever. The sudden joy had snapped the last cord which bound it to earth, and released the immortal soul from its bondage of clay. She had died in the moment so long, so fervently prayed for, in the full fruition of joy, in the perfection of her treasured hopes, and she had died most happy. She was not doomed to suffer the long suspense, the alternate of hope and despair which followed. She went from a world too cold and cruel, to contain a being so pure, so heavenly, and rejoicing angels bore the emancipated spirit to its native skies.

They made her grave in the spot she loved, where the flowers bloom fairest and the sun shines brightest; and they laid her there in her young loveliness, beneath a sky which was not brighter nor purer than herself. They planted the hallowed turf with blossoms, beautiful as the one who sleeps beneath, and the night breeze wafts the incense of their perfume to the sky.

To that holy spot, for many a year, would the maidens of America come, and invoke the blest spirit of the beautiful blessed one who rests beneath; and there traditions say, has her hallowed form been seen to glide, blessing again the land she loved so well, and hailing with holy joy, the liberty and peace for which she gladly sacrificed herself, and died—a Patriot Martyr.

H. MCK. ZELLA.

THE END.

MORRILL MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Memorial services in honor of the late Justin Morrill, United States Senator from Vermont, were held at 10-30 last Friday morning, in the Stone chapel. There was a very good attendance of townspeople in addition to the student body. At the left of the platform resting upon a stand draped with the American flag was a bust of Senator Morrill, thrown against a background of black; presenting a very tasty appearance.

The services were opened by the reading of a letter by President Goodell from Governor Wolcott expressing regrets that he was not able to be present. Following this was the opening address "Reminiscences of Senator Morrill," by President Goodell, in part as follows: "A man of merit; the greatest product of New England. To-day, the East, the West, the South unite to praise his name. To me has been assigned the duty of recording such reminiscences as I have of Justin S. Morrill. If, therefore, I touch too lightly on those measures with which he was so intimately connected and upon the passage of which rests the glory of his life, you will understand that it is because these measures have been assigned to others.

Peace hath its victories as well as war. The one triumphs in the realm of the mind; the other in the domain of force. To-day in every state of this great Union services of remembrance are being held on the anniversary of the birth of a hero of the Green Mountain state, the honored senator, the late Justin S. Morrill whose victory with the pen has been quite as grand as that of Dewey's sword. Within the walls of sixty-six institutions devoted to higher learning are gathered at this very hour 30 regiments of students, an army of young men and women 30,000 strong, officered and led by 2,000 of the best captains of the age, to offer their grateful tribute to the one whose wise forethought has made it possible 'to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life.' My acquaintance with Senator Morrill commenced in 1887, when anniversary exercises celebrating the close of the second de-cennial of the existence of this college were held. He came, but only to be summoned away in a few brief hours, to the bedside of his son, who had suddenly been stricken down by sickness. That first impression of the man has never left me. The tal-

commanding form, the exquisite courtliness and grace of manner betokening the old school gentleman, the purity of soul shining in his face, but withal united with a certain dignity and reserve, beyond which none could pass, made up a personality that made itself instinctively felt and revered.

It was not my fortune to meet Senator Morrill again until 1890, when at his request I joined several other college Presidents in Washington, for consultation on the resolve then pending to increase in equal amounts the maintenance funds of the colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts. From that date to December, 1898, not a year passed in which I did not see him several times in his committee-room or at his own home. Those of us who watched the course of events during the passage of the resolve will not soon forget the wisdom with which he guided it. Keenly alive to the deficiencies of his own education, he early resolved to introduce some measure for the higher education of the industrial classes. The colleges, as then carried on, offered a general education, or one fitting for the so-called learned professions of medicine, law and theology. He believed that a college education could be so directed as to prepare men for the industrial professions as well as for the learned professions. That the 'new education,' as it was called, answered a long felt want, the roll call of sixty-six institutions under the acts of 1862 and 1890, with their \$56,000,000 invested in permanent endowment, building and equipment, and an annual revenue of nearly \$6,000,000, makes an eloquent reply. Senator Morrill was intensely interested in their success. In a letter bearing the date of November 27, 1898, he asks that I would get him 'the complete returns of all the agricultural colleges, so as to show the whole number of their students who suddenly leaped into the patriotic service of their country.' Under the date of December 16, 1898, he writes: 'You may rely upon it that if I see any opportunity during the present session to make the appropriation, now given the colleges, permanent, I shall do whatever may be in my power in that direction.'

W. E. Hinds '99 next spoke on "The Morrill act of 1862," relating the many difficulties under which Senator Morrill labored in introducing his "new system of education," and giving some of the grand results obtained from its passage. F. A. Merrill '00

spoke on "The Morrill act of 1890 and its scope;" the purport of which act was to equalize the maintenance funds of the different agricultural institutions, as up to this time these funds had been very unequally divided, the state of New York having several millions of dollars, while the state of Massachusetts had only a few hundred thousand. Prof. Geo. F. Mills, as last speaker of the morning, gave an address on "Senator Morrill's work for popular education," speaking more particularly on the two lines along which Senator Morrill worked for the popular education; his advocacy of legislation looking to the endowment and maintenance of colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts, and that education of himself, which prepared him for the duties of an active and useful life. He dwelt particularly upon calm and determined manner in which the late senator stood by and fought for his measures until at last the door to higher education was opened wide for the industrial classes. Of great interest and benefit was the review Prof. Mills gave of the earlier years of Senator Morrill's life, showing the growth into mature manhood of that indomitable "Yankee" character which knows no difficulties.

Secretary Wm. C. Sessions of the state board of agriculture and J. H. Demond of Northampton, one of the Trustees, were present.

AGGIE LIFE.

For the benefit of those interested in the college and in this publication particularly, a statement from the retiring manager may not be out of order.

Liabilities,	none.
RESOURCES.	
Cash on hand,	\$100.08
June '96-'97, \$49.00	
Subscriptions, " '97-'98, 75.00	
" '98-'99, 164.00	
	288.00
Advertising,	154.75
	\$542.83

There is no question about the cash on hand and for advertising nearly the entire amount can be collected but the amount credited to subscriptions should be cut at least a half and perhaps a little more. Most of our advertising contracts expire in October.

For subscriptions a slightly larger sum is due now than was due a year ago, while in the advertising department practically the same amount is due now as was due last year.

College Notes.

—Baseball !

—W. R. and C. A. Crowell have left college.

—The senior class has decided to hold class day exercises.

—Six practice games with Amherst will no doubt be of great benefit to our baseball team.

—Inspection of rooms has been resumed this term and is under the direction of Prof. Lull.

—The annual banquet of the class of 1901 will be held at Springfield on the night of April 21.

—A. W. Morrill 1900, has been appointed to the LIFE board to fill the vacancy caused by C. A. Crowell's retirement.

—Last week, Graves our plucky first base man slightly injured his shoulder, which will prevent his using his arm for some time.

—Paul 1901 who has been with the 8th regiment, in Cuba has returned to Boston, and will probably re-enter college within a few weeks.

—At a meeting of the baseball team shortly before the close of last term, J. E. Halligan was elected captain and N. D. Whitman, manager.

—The first real out-door baseball practice of the season was on Monday April 10. It showed spirit, and proved that the hard winters practice is very beneficial to the men.

—The six men of the Junior class to compete for the Flint oratorical prize at commencement will be: E. T. Hull, M. H. Munson, J. W. Kellogg, H. Baker, F. G. Stanley, and A. C. Monahan.

—Owing to the unavoidably slippery condition of their diamond, the Amherst baseball team has been practicing on the M. A. C. campus for a few days, until their grounds shall have assumed a more inviting aspect.

—The following men have been chosen to speak before the faculty in competition for the Burnham four: From the Sophomore class: J. C. Barry, G. R. Bridgeforth, W. C. Dickerman, E. S. Gamwell, C. E. Gordon, Thaddeus Graves, Jr., E. L. Macomber, C. L. Rice, R. I. Smith, N. D. Whitman. From the Freshman class: M. A. Blake, A. L. Dacy, J. M. Dellea, E. S. Fulton, J. C. Hall, H. L. Knight, C. I. Lewis, E. T. McCobb, R. W. Morse, D. N. West.

—The spring term schedule has undergone such attentions and repairs, that two days after the opening of the term it appeared but as a ghost of the elaborated production of an ingenious committee.

—For the spring term the Juniors have elected the following officers: President, F. H. Brown; vice-president, Howard Baker; secretary and treasurer, M. H. Munson; reading room directors, Messrs. Kellogg, Lewis.

—The class of '99 has elected the following officers: President, F. H. Turner; vice-president, B. F. Smith; secretary, H. W. Dana; treasurer, W. A. Hooker; photograph committee, Messrs. Beamard, Chapin, Hinds; class cup committee Messrs. Armstrong, Walker, Smith.

—The thawings caused by the spring sun is certainly an excellent test of the quality of a road. We regret that the conditions of some of the roads about the college grounds leads us to believe them to be of rather hasty construction. It can scarcely be said that a road with over eighteen inches of mud on it is a credit to a model institution such as this is supposed to be.

—Athletics have always been an excellent advertising medium for any college. Baseball and football have helped to bring men to this college much more than many people are willing to allow; but such teams are very expensive, and not so sure of success. Now a track team seems to suit our needs as regards expense, advertising, and athletic excitement much better than either baseball or football. It does not require the ability to "play the game," which we lack. It offers a great opportunity for individual work—so disastrous to our teams of late. If one man should prove a "record breaker"—and it would be nothing uncommon in a small college—this institution would become known to nearly all the higher schools in the United States. A baseball or football team could not do this because there is not the same method of comparison. An athlete here can be compared with one in California by his record; but who can say of two baseball teams which is the better until they have met on the diamond. The experimental stage of the track team was passed two years ago; it should become firmly fixed in our athletic curriculum. It is the duty of the upper classmen to consider this subject.

Athletic Notes.

AMHERST, 11; AGGIE, 3.

The first of the series of practice games between these two teams was played Saturday, April, 15 on the campus and it resulted in the above score.

The game was very slow, one hour and a half being required to play five innings.

Had Bodfish who pitched an excellent game, received any kind of support the result would have been different.

Harris excelled for Amherst while Macomber made pretty catch after misjudging a fly ball.

The summary is as follows:

	R.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Harris, m	3	2	0	0	0	0
Boise, m	0	0	1	0	0	0
Foster, l	2	1	0	0	0	1
Whitney, c	1	0	5	1	1	1
Righter, l	1	0	6	0	0	0
Tinker, 3	2	1	0	1	1	0
Thompson, 2	1	3	0	1	0	1
Crapo, s	1	1	3	1	1	0
Bodfish, r	0	0	0	0	0	0
C. B. Thompson, r	0	0	0	0	0	0
Macomber, p	0	1	0	3	1	1
Total,	11	9	15	7	5	5

"AGGIES."

	R.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Dorman, l	0	0	0	0	0	0
Halligan, 2	1	0	1	2	0	2
Barry, c	0	1	4	2	1	1
Boise, s	1	0	1	1	1	0
Bodfish, p	0	0	0	1	0	0
Boise, 3	0	0	3	0	0	0
Boise, l	1	1	3	0	0	0
Henry, l	0	0	5	1	0	0
Macomber, r	0	0	1	0	0	0
Thompson, m	0	1	0	0	0	3
Total,	3	3	15	6	8	8

Amherst, 4; Aggies, 2. Times at bat, Amherst, 26; "Aggies," 19. Total bases, Amherst 14, "Aggies" 4. Stolen bases, Harris 2, Foster 5, Whitney, Righter, Tinker, Thompson, Crapo 2, C. B. Thompson. Two-base hits, Harris 2, Thompson, Pierson. Three-base hit, Tinker. First-base on balls, Foster, Righter, Tinker, Crapo, Kent. First-base on errors, Amherst 3, "Aggies" 2. Left on bases, Amherst 8, "Aggies" 1. Struck out, Whitney 2, Tinker 2, Crapo, Couch 2, Dorman, Halligan, Barry, Bodfish, Macomber, Pierson, others hit, Whitney, C. B. Thompson. Passed balls, Barry 3. Time, 1 h., 10 m. Umpire, C. L. DeWitt, Amherst, '99.

SCHEDULE.

April 15,	Amherst at M. A. C. campus
" 17	" " " " "
" 18	" " " " "
" 20	" " " " "
" 21	" " " " "
" 24	" " " " "
" 27	" " " " "
" 28	Tufts " Amherst
May 10	Trinity " "
" 20	Williston " "
" 24	Tufts " Medford
June 3	Williston " Easthampton

LIBRARY NOTES.

Living Plants by Arthur and Mac Dougal consists of a collection of popular addresses recently presented by the authors. In one of the interesting articles comprising the volume the writer proves the universality of consciousness and pain. He claims that a plant is really hurt when pulled forceably from the ground, suffering its modicum of pain although unaccompanied by signs that make the fact known to us. He does not however claim that all plants and animals are equally sensitive to irritation or injury but that they are conscious in proportion to the degree of their organization.

The Federation of the World by Trueblood is the only book of its kind in our library. The aim of the book is to show that the condition and nature of man and society is such that a general federation of the world ought to exist. Was Tennyson's "parliament of man, the federation of the World" nothing but a false dream? The author answers "no" to this question in a very convincing manner. It is his conviction that such a state of harmonious co-operation of humanity is possible and he sees indications of the existence of the congress of nations in the near future with a system of peaceful settlement of international difficulties.

Alumni.

ALUMNI: Your correspondence is solicited.

'72.—Frank C. Cowles, address 223 1-2 Pleasant St., or care Norcross Brothers, No. 10 E. Worcester St., Worcester, Mass. A mistake was made in a previous issue of the LIFE, the above being Mr. Cowles correct address.

'88.—Y. Mishima is at present in Tokio, Japan.

'89.—R. P. Sellev is with the Marsden Company, of Owensboro, Ky. This company has patents on the extraction of cellulose from corn stalks. The principal use of this product at present is, for lining naval vessels behind the plates to prevent the entrance of water in case a shot penetrates. The Oregon and Raleigh now have it, and all the new ships, such as the Kearsage, Maine, and others to be built, have it included in the specifications. As a by-product with this cellulose, they get a large amount of cattle feed

which can be sold at a moderate price. Mr. Sellev is in charge of this department.

Ex.-'91.—C. N. Du Bois, address No. 28 Temple Avenue, Winthrop, Mass.

'92.—F. G. Stockbride has accepted a position as superintendent of gardens for the Residential Park Association. Address Harrison, N. Y.

'94.—H. M. Fowler is in the railway mail service running between New York and Boston. In his letter to the LIFE he makes the following suggestions: "I think what the old men want is college news, alumni notes, editorials, and things connected with the college, and not continued stories or storiettes. While I appreciate the fact that much time may have been put into them by the authors I fear they do not receive enough consideration from the readers to justify the work involved. As far as filling up and making a respectable sized volume goes, I, for one, had rather see a book of half the size and find what I am interested in, than to have to read or look over what I care nothing about. Let me suggest that a series of papers appear in the AGGIE LIFE from representatives of each graduating class. One or more to be published every issue. Let the subject be connected with the college; something that occurred while the writer was in college, or some similar subject." In brief answer to the above it may be said that the suggestions are very good, but! If we are to have a better showing in alumni notes, editorials, etc., etc., we must have an alumni that is wide awake, the members of which show their interest by subscribing for the "Aggie Life" and to those who have not done so, paying their subscriptions promptly. Occasional notes of interest would also be gratefully received. Good attendance at alumni dinners is another way of manifesting interest. There has been a deplorable lack of manifest interest (and after all, that is what counts) on the part of the alumni in the past, and we have hopes that Mr. Fowler's is but the opening note of an awakened interest and enthusiasm. It is but another application of those immortal words of Lincoln, "United we stand; divided we fall."

'95.—Fairbanks is to take a two years' tour abroad as the tutor of two boys, travelling through France, Germany and Switzerland. During this time, he expects to take advantage of his leisure moments by studying for our M. A. degree.

'95.—Kuroda is in Osaka, Japan, working for a foreign firm.

'95.—C. B. Lane addressed the Farmers Institute at Millbrook, Mooers Mills, and Rhinebeck, N. Y., March 15th, 16th and 17th.

'96.—Seijiro Saito is now instructor in mathematics and English at the Tokio Mathematical Institute and the Imperial Mercantile Marine College.

'96.—Tsuda is still editing an agricultural paper in Tokio.

'96.—P. A. Leamy, address Butte, Mont. Mr. Leamy is principal of the West Broadway public school at the above place, and on the occasion of Washington's birthday of this year delivered an address before its citizens, taking the anti-annexionist side.

'97.—John Marshall Barry, Landscape gardener; (office) Exchange Building, 53 State St., (Room 303) Telephone 715 Boston. Mr. Barry has charge of the seed and hardware business for Joseph Breck Sons (Corporation) 51-52 North Market St., Boston, Mass., and orders for seeds or hardware, sent to him, will be promptly attended to. Mr. Barry is also Secretary and Clerk of the Massachusetts Agricultural College Alumni Club of Massachusetts.

'97.—H. F. Allen is going west. Present address Northboro, Mass.

'97.—C. A. Peters will deliver a paper before the Chemical Club of Yale University on April 14th, the subject to be "The Titration of Potassium Permanganate by Oxalic Acid in the presence of Hydrochloric Acid."

'98.—Willis Fisher has accepted a position as teacher in the Centre School at Blanford.

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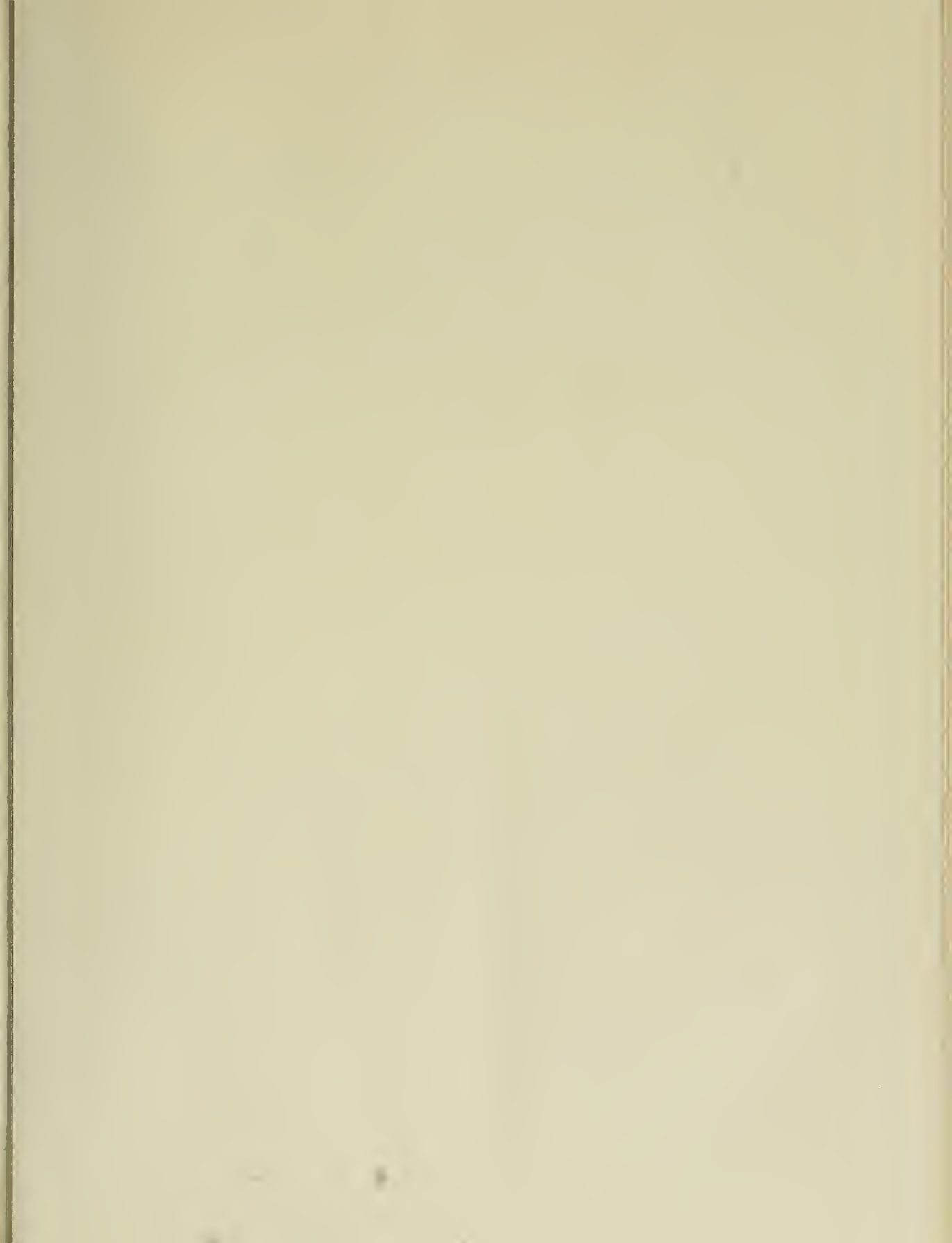
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Editorials.

"Our country right or wrong; if right, support her; if wrong, stand by and make her right."

On May 1st, 1898, there occurred a naval victory in Manila Bay which proved for all futurity that the United States of America had lost none of its maritime prestige so well established during the early years of national development. Whatever our land achievements may have been, from the first gun at Lexington to the latest at Calumpit, it is an indisputable fact that our navy has been preponderantly successful. With such illustrious names as Paul Jones, Isaac Hull, Oliver Hazard Perry, Stephen Decatur, and David Glasgow Farragut must be placed that of George Dewey. This man, hardly known to the American people at large, placed himself in the front rank of naval fighters when he sailed past the guns of Cavite and sank the Spanish fleet under the very walls of an

arsenal. The achievement of itself was to be expected of such a man as Dewey by those intimately acquainted with him, but to the people, in general, the event came as an unexpected victory complete in every detail. Nor have later acts of this commander dimmed in any way the prestige and glory of his former actions. It is wonderful to find a man who is as much of a diplomatist as he is a naval strategist; these two qualities have seldom been linked together in one man. Few events in national life have appealed more strongly to the pride of a people than this mighty stroke of Dewey and his men. Whatever we may think of the management of the war, Dewey's part was so clean-cut and conclusive that words of condemnation can not be used. His work stands out in glorious contrast to that of other commanders whose opportunities were just as great. Now that this country has adopted a system upon which there is a diversity of opinion, it behooves each and every one of us to act in such a manner that the glory of these United States shall not be smirched by word or deed of ours; this is our country, our nation, our flag; we are bound

to honor and defend it, right or wrong. If right, we shall glory in it and support its advances with all the powers at our command; if wrong, we must place it right before the whole world.

THE action of President Goodell in granting a general holiday on May 1st is to be highly commended. It was a graceful tribute from one who had figured in the Rebellion to the national hero of our latest war. Dewey day was general and spontaneous throughout the country, and it was eminently fitting that an institution that owes as much to the government as we do, should suspend exercises in honor of the man who has placed our flag before the nations of the world. Within the narrow confines of a panelled cabin, besides the monster eighty-ton guns hardly cool from recent firing, sits a solitary figure in that distant land. Upon his shoulders rest the complicated relations of national powers; at his word the spreading villages of a half-naked people could be laid in ruins, or the greatest of nations precipitated into bloody warfare, and yet he sits undisturbed and cool, complete master of the situation. Thousands of miles separate him from his green mountain home, and yet, on May first, George Dewey could hear the tremendous plaudits of seventy millions of people and could feel the sympathetic heart-beats of his countrymen as they wished him a long and prosperous life.

WE desire to congratulate Prof. R. G. Lull for ourselves, and for the college at large, upon the choice made by Prof. Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History of New York. Prof. Lull is to accompany a scientific expedition to the Bad Lands of Wyoming, that is being sent by the above named institution, and although we shall lose a valued professor, yet we must content ourselves for the cause of science. The choice of a professor from our college to act as a member of a scientific corps whose work in past years has been of wide importance, is but another encomium of the work done by our specialists and by Prof. Lull in particular.

IN another column the LIFE announces its first prize offer for stories to be written by undergraduates of the college. It is to be hoped that every man

eligible to compete will feel it incumbent upon himself to offer some sort of manuscript for the judges' inspection. Of late years there has been a dearth of good stories from the undergraduates, and LIFE feels that it is about time that something was done to stir up a more enthusiastic feeling among the students. A college paper must be essentially a paper of the college and in order to be that it must have the support of the college body. The senior members of the board have the right to elect members to its body or to discharge present members as the circumstances may demand, and all manuscripts submitted for this prize will also count in any future changes that may be deemed necessary.

WITHIN the past few weeks there has been evinced by certain members of the college and by the Advisory Board, a desire to reopen the Reading Room under an entirely new management. That the old method of management proved to be a failure is admitted upon all sides and the necessity of having some room devoted to periodicals under a new system of procedure has been strongly felt. An institution of the size of this college should easily support such a scheme and it is to be regretted that some members within our walls are of so small a calibre that they cannot see the benefit to be derived from a privilege such as this, conducted in a civilized manner. These little collegians are apt to dwarf the general good to be derived by petty squabbles that are not worthy the name of objections, and to withhold their support to what should be made a great public good.

IN our last issue, we mentioned editorially certain facts and fancies concerning that association of students familiarly known as our Base Ball Team; we would be pleased to add a few words to our statement, heretofore published, but unfortunately, like a noted historical people, our players have "folded their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stolen away." This condition of utter void in the base-ball world is due to a situation highly disgraceful to any community that terms itself even half-civilized. It is, indeed, a sad acknowledgement of the fact that, as a college, we are to lose all standing, and that we are incapable of supporting a team to represent us upon the diamond.

Beside the example of our lack of college spirit, we have established a precedent that is irretrievably bad: one that will require years to efface. It would have been a thousand times better to have had a team in the field even though that team be badly beaten in the only game scheduled. And to what condition is this state of affairs due? Mainly to the fact that there are men in college whose actions are not honorable, whose words cannot be trusted, and whose signatures are hardly worth the paper on which they are written. There are, it must be admitted, other causes, such as a lack of enthusiasm, but the primary fact remains that when a man sets his name to a subscription paper in this institution, there is absolutely no guarantee that he will live up to his word, and until some of our undergraduates become sensible of what course is the honorable one, there will be little need to organize any sort of athletic teams.

It would seem to be necessary to put in a plea for better English among our general writers of the day. The English language, mongrel though it may be, is well adapted to certain formations of a rhythmical nature and its abuse is entirely inexcusable. We, as a people, are apt to slight our mother tongue in a manner highly immoral; we are prone to rush into print upon any and every occasion, and our choice of words is often as unhappy as is our construction of thought. We have the misfortune to be born in that age, justly termed the financial, when our endeavors go rather toward the sham than the substantial so long as we can realize the temporary luxuries of the hour. We do not build for the future; we are concerned only with the needs of the passing day. To us who are about to enter the arena of the world, it is highly important that we should have a just perception of the capabilities of written speech, for we are to use it in whatever pursuit we are to follow, and it will become us well if we can transfer our thoughts concisely and accurately. There is no excuse for a college graduate to make a poor use of the English language and yet how often this is done! How often do we not find obscure expressions that have no reason for existing? More important than Latin or Greek, more valuable than a knowledge of any continental language, is a clear perception of the capabilities of English. English is universally the language of busi-

ness. just as French is of society or Italian of the finer phases of love, and as we are placed in the midst of this financial era from which we draw our well-being, it is highly essential that we should go farther than mastering the rudimentary intricacies of its construction.

As the weeks pass rapidly by, the duties incident to the regular commencement exercises claim our attention and demand our serious condition. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, all Class Day ceremonies were omitted last year and this proved to be a grievous omission. With the present graduating class no such circumstances have arisen, and it is greatly to the credit of Ninety-nine that plans have already been matured that point to a well conducted Class Day. This institution, devoted to the senior class, is one in which much that is good can be accomplished and it remains for the future to determine how extensive that good may become. Class Day is the Senior's own day, when their individuality, when their best comes unhampered to the top, and it behooves each member of that class to exert himself to the utmost that the glory of this college may suffer no detriment at his hands. Class Day is not a time for make-shift orations or doubtful poetical flights, but is rather one for great exertion and solid, substantial labor. The alumni have returned to their Alma Mater in stronger numbers than at any time during the year, and it is the duty of every speaker to so impress these graduates that the work done then will be remembered with favor until the next graduation thesis shall be read. To the committee in charge of the class speakers, LIFE would say but one word. Let no ulterior motive influence your choice; select those, and those only, who are fully capable of performing the duties you assign to them.

ERYTHRONIUM.

A pretty, modest little bell,
A drooping flower grown between
Two sombre leaves of mottled green,
Along the brookside in the dell;
Or where the spring comes gurgling forth
From out the heart of mother earth,
And spreads its mystic waters round
Upon the low and marshy ground.

C. E. G.

Impressions of an Idler.

The Boston University diploma is to be awarded to our men once again this year in spite of all that we have heard to the contrary. The fact seems to be the cause of much rejoicing among the '99 men, for amid the confusion which arises from the senior table in the boarding-house one can now catch snatches of a conversation in which such words as "applications" and "University" are intermingled with the usual audible table talk of "class cups" and "rules pertaining to the same."

The diploma of Boston University is of value to us chiefly because the University is so much better known throughout the world than is our college. Many of our graduates have gone to Germany to complete their studies and by means of their University diplomas have gained admittance to the German Universities, when for this purpose the diploma of the Massachusetts Agricultural College would have proved valueless. The greater number of these men have attended the same institution, the University of Göttingen, and by the high standard of their work, have brought our college so strongly before her notice that this famous old University has recently recognized our diploma on an equal footing with that of any other American college.

There is a story told to show how well the Massachusetts Agricultural College has become known to the authorities of the University of Göttingen and in what high esteem she is held by them on account of the efficiency of the men who have been sent to them by her. The story will bear repeating although we will not answer for its veracity:

A graduate of Yale recently presented himself at the University of Göttingen and applied for admission on the strength of his diploma from that famous college of New Haven. The registrar to whom he applied examined the diploma slowly and carefully and with an uncertain and uneasy air, "What-er college is this that you are from?" he asked.

"Yale College," was the reply.

"Yale College, Yale College," he slowly repeated, "well-er, where is this Yale College anyway? Anywhere near the Massachusetts Agricultural College?"

College advertising is the subject of an article in a

recent issue of the *Amherst Record*. It makes no pretensions of advancing new ideas but is simply a summary of methods in use at the present time to bring the college before the notice of the youths in the preparatory school.

Paid advertising in the newspapers and magazines is indulged in only to a limited extent. College professors and even presidents identify themselves with public movements or address public meetings. The daily press comments upon all college affairs; every addition to the faculty, every change in the college curriculum, every new building erected upon the campus is the subject of exploitation. The doings of the athletic associations, the glee clubs, the dramatic associations are matters of public records. Aside from these public methods there are countless private and individual agencies at work: every alumnus considers himself a private agent and feels that the welfare of the college depends upon his own individual exertion. He sees that the graduating classes in the high schools about him are kept informed in regard to his *Alma Mater*.

"The different rate of increase shown in the entering classes at various institutions would argue that certain colleges were better advertised than certain others. There is a genius in advertising as well as a genius in teaching and the skill that secures the pupils may be of as high a grade as the skill which educates them after they have been brought into the fold. No institution however well equipped and managed can do its proper work until it has secured the raw material from which to make the finished product."

We would commend this article in the *Record* to the students, faculty, alumni, trustees and all others interested in the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

THE IDLER.

AN EVENING WALK.

Dr. Seabury was seated comfortably in a Morris chair in his down town office, while Thompson, his friend and former college classmate, lay stretched at full length on the couch, curling upwards great puffs of smoke with the aid of his favorite briar pipe. This was the first time since being graduated from college, nearly six years before, that they had seen each other. During this time Thompson had attended a German university while Seabury, after receiving his

doctors degree, had become the leading physician in the city of B——, Colorado. Thompson who had been talking freely, lay back with a resigned look, fearing lest he had monopolized the conversation by relating too many of his own experiences while abroad.

After a moments silence, the doctor selected a cigar from his vest pocket and lit it, thus signifying his intention of producing some remarkable story.

"After receiving my degree from the medic'." he began, "I found some difficulty in selecting a locality suitable for me to begin the practice of my profession. I finally came to Colorado and, as you know, settled in this city. For an office I engaged a couple of rooms in a block not far from here, where the accommodations were very poor and the rent extremely high. Being a stranger and apparently unpracticed, I was undisturbed in my sanctum for several days. For weeks I had but three or four patients and I became rather discouraged, especially as my bills showed indications of totally consuming my few remaining funds.

"Since I was accustomed to sit in my office all day, I soon began to feel the need of more outside exercise and consequently I formed the habit of walking long distances every pleasant evening. To prevent these walks from becoming mere routine, each evening I selected a new course and in time became quite familiar with the layout of the city streets.

"One clear moonlight evening in September, I found myself in an unfamiliar locality having walked much farther than usual. It was rather late, the streets were almost entirely deserted and hardly a sound broke the stillness of the evening except the regular taps of my feet on the brick walk.

"As I began to retrace my steps I saw a man turn the corner of a little alley in front of me, advance rapidly toward me and pass, apparently unconscious of my nearness.

"The place where I first saw this man was midway between two arc lights, a point of almost total darkness except for the patches of moonlight which sifted down through the trees.

"For a few moments as I continued my walk the measured footsteps of this man could be heard, then they ceased. Instinctively I turned my head, and saw that the man, now but a dark object in the distance, had stopped. I was not disturbed by this but at the

same time I quickened my step, remembering that I was some distance from my lodgings.

"I passed the next arc light and was again nearing the dark intervening stretch when I heard a scarce perceptible 'click,' startling me with the familiar sound of a pistol hammer. Although I would not confess that I was actually frightened I dared not look around till after taking a few steps into the darkness. As I turned I saw under the light that I had last passed the same man walking silently and stealthily along. Although at the time he was four or five hundred feet behind me I could detect an almost hideous face under his slouch hat, while in his hand was a gleaming weapon which filled me with apprehension. It was but a glance, but it was sufficient to satisfy me that my footsteps were being dogged and that at any moment I might feel cold lead in my back.

"I dared not endanger myself still more by again turning to look, but I felt conscious that this pugnacious being was approaching nearer and nearer. As I passed the next light I was walking quite rapidly but with as much appearance of ease as possible, while within myself I was considering the advisability of making a run to free myself from possible danger. I knew that whatever I did must be done quickly for I was already approaching the next dark space and there I felt was the spot where I should be overtaken.

"Without a thought of anything but to avoid the fatal darkness I quickly turned into a dark, narrow alley between two high buildings. The next instant I regretted my hastiness but it was too late to turn back and, plunging ahead, I ran straight forward into the darkness for a few moments then tripped and fell.

"Somewhat dazed but unhurt by the fall, before I could struggle to my feet a dark body plunged by me and fell heavily on the ground. Without waiting for a second look I staggered back up the alley into the main street.

"I had advanced but a few rods, stumbling along down the street, my senses returning at every step, when I barely missed colliding with a couple of policemen who were hurrying in the opposite direction. I accosted them and related my story in a few words and was much astonished at their apparent interest in the affair.

"A few minutes later as the two officers bore the unconscious form of my would-be assailant to the

lighted street, I detected a look of satisfaction on their faces as they gazed upon his features. They appeared so much relieved at having the man in their custody that I could not but believe that this was the object of their search.

"The officers made inquiries concerning my name and address but as they were not inclined to give any explanation for what now appeared to me as a mystery, I took my leave and hurried homeward having lost nearly ten minutes by the adventure.

"The morning papers of the next day disclosed to me the mysterious parts of my story. I learned from them that the man who shadowed me the night before was once a prominent business man of the city who had of late been subject to attacks of temporary insanity caused by insomnia and that the fall caused by tripping over a piece of timber had caused injuries which were likely to prove fatal.

"Strangely enough none of them contained the slightest reference to a weapon of any kind although the accounts of the affair seemed otherwise quite complete. A few inquiries convinced me that I had heard and seen only an imaginary pistol, for none had been found and the greatest of care had been exercised by the family of the unfortunate man to have such things inaccessible to him."

Just then the ringing of a bell announced the entrance of a patient and the doctor arose and hastened into the adjoining room.

BASEBALL.

SENIORS, 10; SOPHOMORES, 10.

The Seniors and the Sophomores celebrated Dewey day by playing a close and exciting game on the campus. It was simply played to enable '01 to get in some good hard practice,

It was a perfect day for a ball game and the kicking which is always prevalent in class games did not fail to show itself.

Messrs. Gamwell and Chapin started to officiate but Chapin proved too satisfactory and retired in favor of Bodfish.

The features of the game were the all around playing of Hinds, Hooker, and Dorman, and the fielding of Hubbard, together with the coaching of the assembled multitudes,

WHAT IS A COLLEGE PAPER?

The writer cannot obtain each student's opinion of what a college paper ought to be. Rather is he left to judge from what he may observe and what he may safely infer from observation of the manifest attitude of the student body toward their representative publication. One may safely conclude from the inability of such a paper to accomplish what it sets out to do, or to exert a potent influence in any cause which it may undertake to champion, that something is wrong. When such conditions obtain, as the failure of the paper to exert a dominant influence, delinquency in contributions, non-support of students, et cetera, there is good proof of lack of appreciation among those who are depended upon for support, of the work done and the amount of good work that may be done by a college paper. Either the question of the possibilities of such a paper and each student's duty in regard to it is not fully considered or else it is shamefully ignored.

From a journalistic point of view the representative publication of a student body is of peculiar interest. In three distinct ways it makes its influence felt: of twofold benefit to the students themselves, it exerts, at the same time, an influence abroad. This leads us to consider the scope and purpose of such a journal; from whence it gets its tone and spirit; its relation to the affairs of the college; and how a high standard of excellence is to be maintained.

Journalism to-day is among, if not the most important of, the forces operating for the advancement of the race. Its influence for good is certainly as widespread as that of any other force. The questions so familiar in debate,—“Resolved, that the pen is mightier than the sword” and “the press exerts more influence than the pulpit,” are but the outcome of a realization of this truth. Now, our paper is carrying on in its humble way a part of this great work. Free of all incumbrances that may hamper or impede, it may exert a deep and abiding influence. When we realize this truth, we find the work, before seemingly so insignificant, exalted to a higher plane and clothed with a dignity never before appreciated. Such a realization ought to give an added inspiration to make our paper as efficient and influential as possible.

As a factor in this great world of journalism, a college paper has first to find its sphere of greatest use-

fulness and then to recognize its limitations and adhere closely to its proper field of work. This is at once seen to be at home, in the midst of the college community. To be a factor for the promotion of the highest good among the students and alumni should be the supreme object of a college paper. Here it naturally has its widest circulation and exerts its greatest influence. At the same time it exerts an influence in the outside world which is not to be ignored, an influence to be felt, and to be maintained only by a high standard of excellence.

At home its influence may be said to operate in two ways. In the first place, in establishing a college paper, the training afforded the students in writing up articles for publication to be read by a criticising host of readers is kept in mind as well as the good that may be done through its columns in promoting the community interests of the students. This important training, for which there is not in college an opportunity any better, is of the utmost value, and is not to be made light of. There seems to be a very noticeable lack of appreciation of this truth. In the second place, we have to consider the influence which the paper may have for the promotion of the interests and highest welfare of the students. These ends should be its loftiest aim. This is the question of greatest moment; the problem to be solved.

It may be said that the responsibility of making a college paper what it should be, lies with the editors. To a considerable degree this is true; but it is in this respect that such a paper may be seen to differ from other journals. There are other factors that so largely contribute to its success that they need to be here considered.

One thing there is which every college paper must possess to insure its highest success, something that shall cause to pulsate with life its every published word. This thing is college spirit, and the fountain head is the student body. If college spirit dies out your paper is apt to follow suit and die for lack of sustenance which it cannot get. Therefore, your paper must be backed up by the students; it must be full of patriotism and loyalty; it must be expressive of unity and solidity among the students. Then it is that it may become an important factor for good, and exert its influence in the running affairs of the college. Suggestions through its columns are met by those in

charge in the same spirit in which they are made, and measures of a beneficent nature are much more likely to be forthcoming when support is guaranteed. On the other hand, if the paper sets forth only the opinions of the editors on matters which do not receive the support of the students it is not to be expected that concessions will be made.

Editorial criticism is the search for truth, the highest good, and the most expedient measures, and is deserving of attention and thought. When through the columns of your paper are given suggestions on matters vital in their importance and requiring immediate and energetic action and nothing is done, it is in vain to think that the paper is occupying its greatest sphere of usefulness. If you will not support the editors half of their power is nullified. This is the more to be regretted when we realize that a college publication is designed, principally, for its influence at home. And so it comes about that the hearty support of the students is absolutely necessary to the success of the paper, and he who says that the editors alone can make it a success is laboring under a wrong idea.

The tone of a paper is of transcendent importance. In this respect the editors may largely contribute; but if the spirit of the paper be that of patriotism and ardent desire to promote the best interests of the students its tone will surely be healthy, its character manly and courageous. With these qualifications its influence and success may safely be left to take care of themselves and all we need to concern ourselves about is how to maintain a standard of the highest excellence.

A SNAKE STORY.

When I was a boy of some twelve years or so, I saw Mr. Plumb go by one day with a large covered basket upon his arm. In reply to my questioning, he said that he was going to capture some live rattlesnakes and he invited me to go along and carry the basket.

On the way to our hunting grounds Mr. Plumb cut two sticks five or six feet long with prongs at one end. After an hour's walking, we reached that part of the shore of Lake George known as "Rattlesnake Ledge." Mr. Plumb selected a bald rock and told me to put down the basket. Then he did a queer

thing, he deliberated lay down upon the rock, went to sleep, and was soon snoring lustily. My attention being attracted by a slight rustle I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a black snake emerge from under a neighboring rock. Still the snoring was gaining momentum as time advanced. Another and another form silently appeared until there were half a dozen rattle snakes watching us inquisitively.

Being thoroughly alarmed by this time, I cried, "Mr. Plumb! Wake up quick! Snakes!" The last word roused him, he sat up and looked around. Mr. Plumb then gave a grunt, lay down again, and resumed his snoring. I became somewhat pacified when I saw how calmly he took things and again directed my attention to the snakes. By this time more had made their appearance. They drew up in a circle around us and their flat, tricorned heads swayed above their curled up bodies in silent time to the rumbling gutturals of Mr. Plumb. The dark, beady eyes of the "rattlers" sparkled in ceaseless motion, taking in our unusual conduct, to my eyes, with satanic comprehension.

Again overcome by fear I exclaimed, "Snakes! Horrors! mor'n' million!" Old man Plumb slowly stretched himself, arose, and said, "I guess there are about all the snakes here we can carry. Take this stick and follow up my example." I took the proffered stick and watched him put the prong of his upon the neck of the nearest snake, grab it by the neck with his hand and slip it into the basket. I captured one by the same method, but not to his satisfaction, for he said, "You're too rough, the chances are that snake won't live. Take the basket and hold it for me to put them into."

When we got sixteen of the snakes into the basket we had all the work we wanted to carry it home. All the "rattlers," except the one I caught, were put into a cage prepared for them; but mine had such a wrenched back that it was dead by the time we reached Mr. Plumb's house. He cut its head off so as to be able to obtain the bounty given by the state for dead rattlesnakes, and gave me the rest of it to make a belt of. I stooped down and picked it up by the tail; but dropped it like a hot coal because the headless body, with a convulsive twitch, doubled up and struck my hand.

"Ho, ho!" cried Mr. Plumb, "didn't you know that a rattlesnake just after death will do that, just as some snakes having been killed will continue to wiggle until sundown? I suppose you also didn't know that, after a rattler has bitten something five or six times, its bite, for the time being, is practically harmless? Well, well, your education has been sadly neglected."

AGGIE LIFE PRIZE FOR A SHORT STORY.

THE LIFE offers as a prize, under the following conditions, three volumes of Hawthorne's works for the best short story written by an undergraduate:

1. The story not to contain more than 2000 or less than 1500 words.
 2. To be written by an undergraduate other than those at present serving on THE LIFE board.
 3. Stories must be neatly written and on but one side of every sheet used.
 4. Such stories should be sent to THE LIFE addressed to the editor, signed by the author, and marked "Prize Story," not later than May 25, 1899.
 5. THE LIFE reserves the right to publish any of the stories submitted that may be deemed available.
 6. All stories submitted will be carefully considered as examples of work offered for positions upon the said board.
 7. No stories will be eligible for the prize unless judged to be above a required average of excellence.
- The points whereby all stories will be judged are, originality of plot, consistency of development, portrayal of character, general excellence of English used, and power of expression.

The judges chosen by the board to pass upon all stories submitted are Prof. Geo. F. Mills and the Editor.

College Notes.

- Track athletics!
- Pay your Track Team tax.
- The new backstop would be the better for a coat of paint.
- The Juniors planted their class tree with due and appropriate ceremonies at 12 A. M. April 29.
- The whole college, with the possible exception of the Freshmen, wants a new Reading Room.

—The Sophomore class have elected for officers : Pres't, E. S. Gamwell ; vice-pres't, D. B. Tashjian ; sec. and treas., W. B. Rogers ; base ball capt., T. H. Graves.

—Prof. R. G. Lull has been invited to accompany an expedition into the Bad Lands of Wyoming to hunt for Dinosaurs. He will leave the college about May 15th returning in the fall.

—The Freshman Class has elected the following officers for the spring term : Pres't, J. H. Belden ; vice-pres't, C. E. Dwyer ; sec. and treas., D. N. West ; sergeant-at-arms, M. A. Blake ; baseball capt., L. A. Cook ; baseball manager, W. R. Cole ; track team capt., L. C. Claflin.

—The old tree on the west side of the Campus, which for many years has served as a landmark for the old alumni, was partly cut down a short time ago. It had outgrown its usefulness, and was a decided hindrance to baseball. It seemed to be the popular sentiment of the college that it be removed.

—The Seniors have elected the following Class Day officers : Class poet, D. A. Beaman ; Class orator, C. M. Walker ; Campus orator, B. H. Smith ; Pipe orator, W. H. Armstrong ; Hatchet orator, W. E. Chapin. A committee consisting of Messrs. Chapin, Beaman and Hubbard was appointed to place a stone under the class tree and also to procure a class ivy.

—Prof. F. S. Cooley has been doing considerable testing of late for prominent breeders, one of the most recent herds being the Holstein-Friesians belonging to L. P. Knowles of the Highland Farm, Worcester. At the request of the Guernsey Breeder's Association, he has also made an official test of a number of cows entered for Guernsey Association prizes by Levi P. Morton's famous Ellerslie Farm of Rhinecliff, N. Y.

—On Thursday, April 20, a mass meeting was held to consider the advisability of holding a dual athletic meet with Williston Seminary. Professor Lull introduced the subject by informing the students of Williston's proposal to hold the meet on their new grounds May 30th. It was voted on favorably, and A. C. Wilson was elected captain ; H. Maynard, business manager. At a second mass meeting April 26 it was decided to levy a tax of two dollars per man for the support of the track team. Mr. Nelligan of Amherst College has kindly offered the use of Pratt Field for

our team and within a few days there will very likely be quite a number of M. A. C. men training there. The events will be 100 yds., 220 yds., 440 yds., 880 yds., 1 mile, 120 yds. and 220 yds. hurdles, pole vault, high jump, broad jump, discus, putting shot, hammer, two mile bicycle. Every man should make an effort to get on the team and win victory for the college.

—On Friday, April 21, the second annual banquet of the class of 1901 was held at Cooley's Hotel, Springfield. After spending the evening at the theatre the class sat down to the banquet table about 11-30 P. M. After a liberal indulgence in the excellent repast before them, the members were called to order by the toastmaster, Mr. C. E. Gordon. The toasts were as follows : "Echoes of Days at M. I. T.," N. D. Whitman ; "The Index," A. C. Wilson ; "College Halls," T. Casey ; "Wise Fools," J. C. Barry ; Selection by Quartet ; "A Convention of the Jury," E. S. Gamwell ; "Our Talisman," A. R. Dorman ; "Ponies," P. C. Brooks ; "Quaternions," J. H. Todd ; "Hishadak me Antzialen," D. B. Tashjian ; College Songs. Mr. Whitman spoke at length and recalled some very interesting personal experiences of "When I was in Tech." Mr. Wilson dropped a few hints concerning the 1901 *Index*. The toast of "College Halls" was treated by Mr. Casey in his usual clear and sweeping style. He treated the characters of some '01 men in a way that left them without a blemish. Mr. Barry gave some excellent advice on the Philippine Question. "A Convention of the Jury" showed that Mr. Gamwell was well acquainted with the Faculty and that the Faculty understood the sophomore class. Mr. Dorman spoke on "Our Talisman" and drew some valuable conclusions. The "Ponies" of Mr. Brooks were very amusing. The toast of "Quaternions" was ably treated by the mathematical student of the class, Mr. Todd. He described the subject of his remarks most truthfully. Addresses by Mr. Tashjian in Armenian and Mr. Ovalle in Spanish were listened to with great attention. Perhaps one of the most interesting speeches of the evening was by Mr. Paul of the 8th Reg't, who described his experience in Cuba during the summer of '98. The committee on arrangements were Messrs. Gordon, Whitman and Wilson.

SKETCHES, THOUGHTS, AND IDLE FANCIES.

She was a blithesome, winsome, airy creature, vivacious as a sea breeze, fresh as a summer morning, bubbling over with mirth and fun. Wherever she went she carried a phosphorescent gleam of cheerfulness that spread itself and intensified itself among those with whom she mingled until the darkest group would be made to shine by her presence. Her lively spirit never failed to change our deeper musings to delightful mirth. In the drawing room, on the seashore, wherever kind nature set her down the effect was ever the same. A light, airy laugh that always seemed to spring from pure delight and unalloyed pleasure, announcing her presence near by, was alone sufficient to create a stir among our company, and when she was in sight all eyes would be directed at that indescribable face. Never have I seen another such face. About her head there seemed to linger an ever-constant glow enhanced by a mass of golden hair. As one gazed at her features they seemed to grow brighter ever; her dark eyes scintillating with a soft and tender fire. When she smiled her pearly teeth glowed with a bright reflected light that burned its way like that from a burning glass, into many a palpitating heart, but which never left a scar. None of us could ever tell for whom her smiles were meant, but each basked in them as though they existed for him alone.

When last I saw her, her face was tanned with a delicious brown that added to her charms. It was a summer afternoon at the beach. We rowed across the billows to the light-house and back, and after lunch we took a moonlight stroll along the shore. Shall I ever forget that night? Never! Those sighing waves are whispering to me now—oh, Will-o'-the-wisp, when shall we meet again?

* * * * *

How the memories hover round a photograph.

Those loving eyes upon me bent,
Remind me of the days we spent,
In happiness and sweet content

So many years ago.

But now thou art a woman grown,
Another now thou call'st thy own,
And I am left forlorn, alone
Upon the river's flow.

* * * * *

The robin may not be harbinger of spring, nor may he be as pretty as that little bunch of blue that flits along the fences and telegraph-wires during the first few days of springtime; but he is the bird most welcome to his summer home, because of his pleasant song and domestic habits. He arrives when the pastures are yet seared and black, and the winds from the north still bleak with the frigid temperature of the retreating snowbanks. As the days lengthen, our morning and evening twilights are gladdened by his carol. At plowing time he begins to build his habitation in the orchard. Every spring shower finds him ready to feast upon the worms drawn forth by the warm rain from their underground burrows all about the yard. His presence is a matter of course to all concerned, who learn to love his gentle ways. He is an indispensable adjunct to the home life about the farm.

He who has lived upon a farm and has been accustomed to see the swallows build their nests in the out-buildings year after year, and then has seen them go away some fall and has watched in vain for their return, knows what a significance such an event as the departure of the birds may have in our life. "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the city of God which had been shown." So it is with all things else; the things around us, being always present, do not impress us; their absence is necessary to remind us of their beauty and worth.

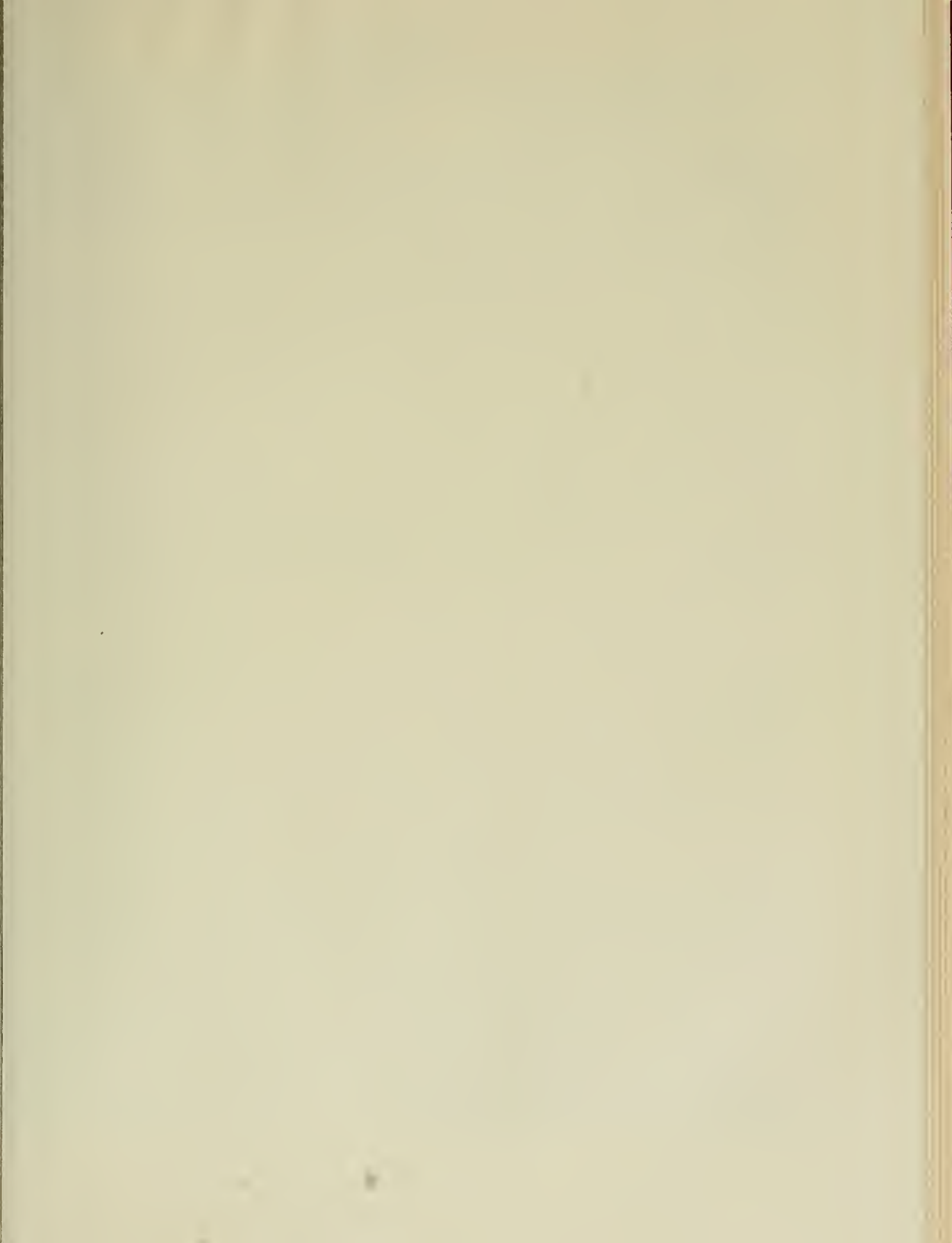
The robin's attractiveness is preëminent in spring and early summer. Later in the season he becomes more quiet. He is found in the woods in autumn, frequently among the pines, and we are almost sure to meet large numbers while gunning or roaming for chestnuts. With winter winds he disappears to appear again in Spring.

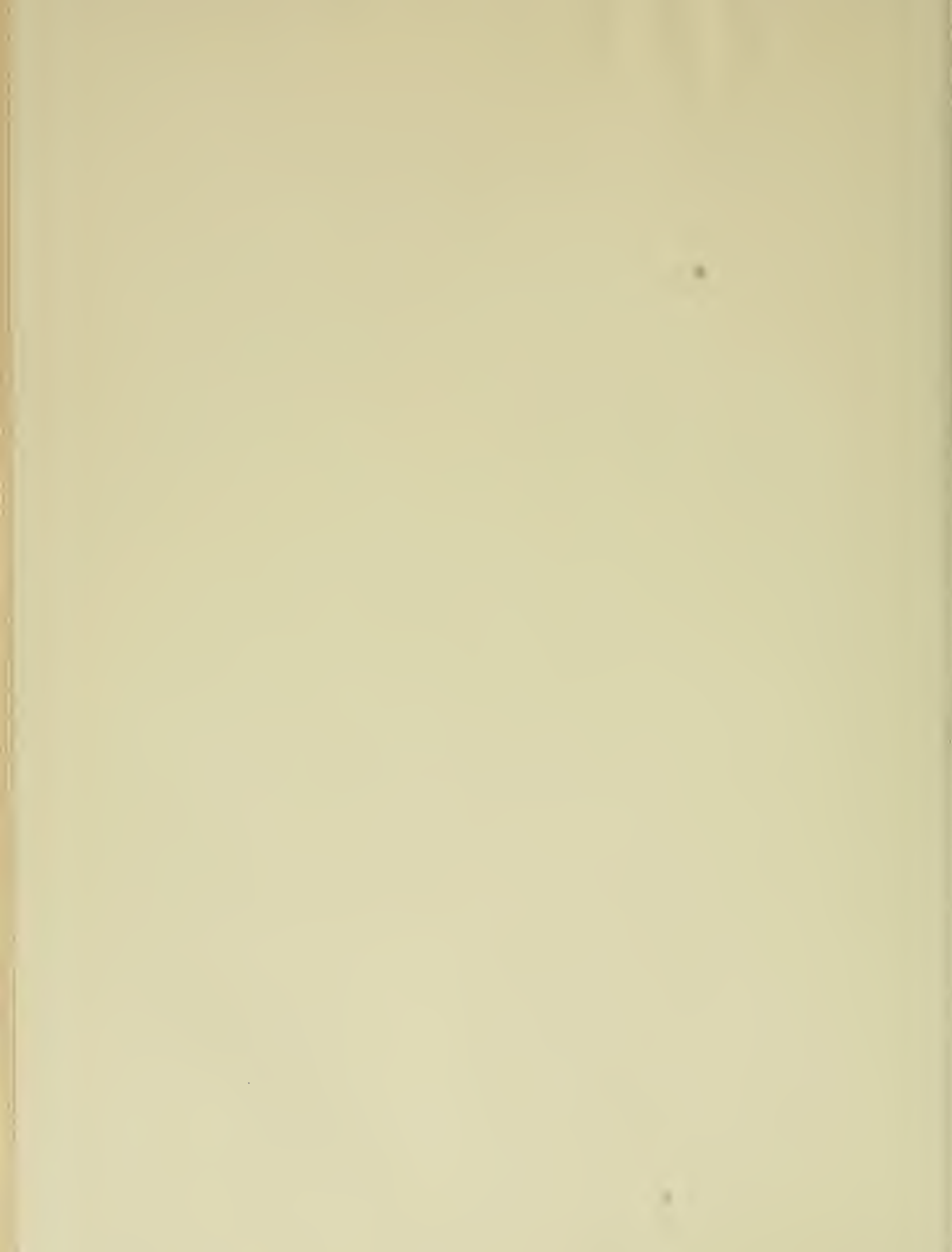
LIBRARY NOTES.

One of the latest additions to the International Science series is *Buds and Stipules* by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F. R. S., LL. D. This book probably treats the subject of buds and stipules in a more thor-









ough manner than any other yet published. The author in a popular way explains the presence, uses, and the structure of buds in some of our common trees, shrubs and herbs. The text is very profusely illustrated, containing four colored plates and nearly three hundred and fifty figures. The work cannot fail to be of great interest and value to all students of botany.

Landscape Gardening by Prof Maynard. Although designed particularly for instruction in the art of home decoration, the work covers a much broader field in that it supplies a knowledge of the underlying principles for the management of large estates, parks, school-yards and public squares, making it well adapted for use as a text book. Descriptions are given of the most important ornamental trees, shrubs, vines and other plants with suggestions as to their planting and care. The author also gives a brief outline of the most injurious insects and fungi with the best remedies for each. The subject is treated in a practical, condensed manner and the book undoubtedly will supply a large demand from those interested in beautifying their home surroundings.

Journal of the Khedivial Agriculture Society and the School of Agriculture.—The first number of the above named journal has been brought to our notice as showing the work that is being done in Egypt at the present day. The society started in the month of April a year ago with 549 members and promises to be a flourishing community. The book, as published, is very interesting to us as it shows the general development of the people in the newer methods of agriculture. It is interesting to note that Chawarbi Pasha took 1st prize for camels and that Ahmen Bey Reidy obtained a second place for mares in a recent agricultural fair. It is difficult to tell the exact method of judging such animals as the camel, but undoubtedly these sons of the pyramids have as good a system as our own.

"*Notes upon an epidemic of Fowl Cholera.*" Reprint from the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, by Chas. H. Higgins '94.

"*Self-Sterility: an orchard problem.*" Reprint from proceedings of 24th annual meeting of N. J. Hort. Soc., by S. W. Fletcher '96.

Exchanges.

A heap of exchanges lies before me through whose columns I must wade for the first time. I am wondering if it is to be a congenial task; and puzzled where to begin, I mentally observe, after a moment's consideration: "I am a tyro at this business; I guess I'll run through these exchange columns and see how this exchange editing business is carried on. Perhaps I may get a few suggestions."

At first it seemed as though I had struck the most interesting part of the paper. Some of the jokes seemed wonderfully new and witty, and they made me laugh. But after reading the same joke five or six times in one paper right after another as regularly as clock work, I began a rigid, discrimination, throwing down a paper immediately, when a glance showed nothing but quotation marks and the signature, "Ex." Then I asked myself why this was so. The only answer that I would think of was that a joke is good for nothing, once told, unless it be of the very best and even then it loses its savor in the second telling. Constant repetition of state jokes I found very uninteresting, and wondered if others found it so.

Whenever there was a variation from the general run it was a pleasure to pause for a moment and read. These occasions were not many, and a mere glance was generally sufficient. From the prevailing sameness throughout the exchange columns it struck me that some of them must receive but little attention. This realization served to enforce the truth already apparent,—the task that devolved upon myself as well as others to make the exchange column as interesting and attractive as possible.

Those enterprising papers whose exchange editors had opinions of their own and were not afraid to publish them drew my appreciation and I found as a general rule that in such cases the paper furnished equally good reading matter in all its departments. This fact lent an added weight to the criticism advanced through its exchange column.

Apparently each enterprising exchange editor has his own ideas of how such a department should be managed. Within limits this is as it should be. It serves to put individuality in place of a general sameness and also makes an exchange column something

besides a place to look for a complimentary notice of your own journal.

A word might be said in regard to exchange criticism. Scurrilous remarks are not to be noticed. Do not drag your paper down to reply. Adverse criticism should be kindly, if necessary. Appreciative notices in the long run bring the most satisfactory results. They stimulate and inspire to high and noble aspirations, and lead on to good work. Severe criticism, criticism that is seldom called for but which is often exercised, serves oftentimes to extinguish the spark that needs but to be fanned.

Do you recognize him? He walks right in. You pay no attention. He wanders round the house like a draught—a ghostly, door-creaking, curtain-banging draught; quiet, persistent, maddening. He dissolves somewhere in the kitchen and re-appears with a coal-scuttle. "Let's have a fire. Work? Gad, man it's foolish to work." You are reduced to a state of nervous coma. Finally at eleven he chances upon an open door and drifts out. Says he will call when you aren't busy. We call him the last straw.

The Holy Cross Purple pays well for time spent in its perusal. This is a paper that maintains a high literary standard. The April number contains some excellent competitive contributions, among which is an interesting article on the American author, James Lane Allen, in which the writer enters into an interesting review of the author's "The Choir Invisible."

Alumni.

The Alumni Editor will take pleasure in answering any inquiries in regard to the college or members of the Alumni.

'85.—Almeida, Luciano J. de., Coffee and Rice Planter, Cajuru, Province of San Paulo, Brazil.

'91—REUNION. Notice is hereby given that there will be a reunion of the class of '91 on Tuesday evening of Commencement week. It is hoped that all members will be able to be present. F. L. Arnold, is Secretary of '91, Elizabeth, N. J.

MATRIMONIAL.

'95.—Dutton-Byam. A. E. Dutton was a member

of the two-year course, class of '95. The following notice of his marriage recently appeared in the *Lowell Mail*: "The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Byam at Chelmsford was last evening (April 14th) the scene of a very pretty ceremony when their daughter, Miss Stella May, was united in marriage to Arthur E. Dutton. Miss Laura May Dutton, sister of the groom was the bridesmaid and Charles H. Dutton of Harvard College, a brother of the groom, performed the function of best man. The bride was charmingly attired in a dress of white organdie and carried a bouquet of carnations. The bridesmaid also wore white and carried pinks."

'96.—Sastre Veraud-Veraud. The marriage of Cesar Sastre Veraud to his cousin, Soledad F. Veraud, on March 18, 1899, has been recently announced. The announcements, received by President Goodell, were printed in Spanish, and were quite a curiosity, awakening in one that inexplicable interest which the viewing of the customs and handicraft of a distant country always creates.

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AGGIE LIFE.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 14

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Editorials.

At last the Reading Room has been opened under more favorable circumstances and it bids fair to fill a long felt want. The members of the Advisory Board are to be congratulated upon this new departure, both for the earnestness of their work and for the excellent appearance that the room makes at the present time. It is to be hoped that the beginning, so well inaugurated, will be continued with the success that all serious efforts deserve. In spite of the petty squabbles of a few members of the college, it will now be possible to enter the room and peruse the papers with some degree of comfort, both physical and moral.

It has been suggested that the lack of military drill is responsible for much of the trouble evinced in our athletics this year. Undoubtedly this is true. LIFE has always advocated the drill as a beneficial exercise, both physically and mentally; and its discontinuance has been badly felt. The good effects obtained by battalion work and individual manual is not to be

underrated; its influence is broader than the drill floor or the campus; its benefits are felt in the class room and the societies. With drill, there is more unity than now exists, there is much more honesty of purpose, more college spirit. There seems to be little or no stamina in the present student body, and, undoubtedly, the military drill would supply this. It is unfortunate that we were obliged to forgo it for over a year, and it is to be devoutly hoped that the fall will see its continuance.

In another column is published a letter sent us from a recent graduate, that warrants some editorial mention. It is so seldom that an alumnus makes an offer, such as Mr. Wright has made, that words to express our appreciation of the act are difficult to put in print. However remiss we may be in many ways, LIFE feels that the thanks of the college are due to the '98 graduate for establishing a precedent that will undoubtedly find favor in other quarters, among our recent alumni if not among those older ones whose affiliations are somewhat removed from us. Having

once established a trophy for field work it is to be hoped that more graduates will accept the lead thus given them and establish some sort of memento for faithful work done upon the track, the gridiron or the diamond. An incentive to athletic work is badly needed at just this time, and LIFE thanks Mr. Wright for taking the initiative.

Two weeks ago LIFE offered a prize for short stories to be sent to the editor by May 25th, and, as yet, no such stories have been received. There are only seven days left in which to fulfill the terms of the offer and it is to be hoped that the students will avail themselves of this opportunity. The prizes are open to all students not at present serving upon the LIFE board and, among the large number in college, not exempted under the conditions named, there must be some fully capable of contributing acceptable stories. The training in the Freshman and Sophomore years is an excellent preparative for any such work and it should be the pride of the various men to uphold the records they either have made or are making at the present time. A college paper is very often unfortunate in the support that it receives and we are doubly unfortunate in this respect. It is rarely that an undergraduate, aside from board members, offers an article for publication, and it is a lasting shame that those who can and who ought to support their paper, so often fail to do so. The making of a paper cannot rest alone in the hands of the editor-in-chief, it is too much of a burden for him to bear. A paper of the size of the LIFE demands more than eighteen thousand words for every issue, and it is asking too much when the editor-in-chief has to supply nearly half of that. Such, fortunately, has not been the case, as yet, but the circumstances attendant upon each new issue threaten some such predicament, and it is unjust to the body of students, the alumni and more especially, to the hack-writer who is on the board.

It will not be very long before the alumni will again gather around these ivy-crowned walls. Alumni from all over the continent. Aggie is fortunate in her alumni, in that she finds herself represented in nearly every country that has proven to be habitable. The torrid zone, as well as the frozen north, has proven to

be a profitable field for the labors of our specialists; and when they come back we must give them a right royal welcome; a welcome that they will long remember. Some of them, those who have been to far distant cities, will find much that is new, much that is different; but we shall hope that the new and the different will not disappoint them. We shall try to make this, their home-coming, more pleasant for them than any past one has ever been. We shall welcome them this year with wider-spread arms, for there are more of them, and brighter smiles than ever before. We shall give them of our best, and we shall ask of their best. When they have gathered at their annual meeting, we shall ask of them such actions as shall prove to be a benefit for Old Aggie. We shall importune them to brighten the future in every way possible and to add their enthusiasm to our own, that the coming years may be brighter and more glorious than ever before. The past is ours, in all the glory of its achievements; it is ours beyond recall, but it is the duty of every alumnus to so cast his voice that the future will in no way dim the past.

In about a month from this issue there will appear among us many a new face whose purpose is to come to Aggie and study. Those new men, Freshmen in every sense of the word, are the recruits that this institution is to mould into alumni, loyal and loving. With most of them it will take four years; with some of them perhaps less, but with all of them we are to enter upon an *entente cordiale* for the benefit of our common community. These men who come to us in June, seldom represent the full numbers of the freshman class and yet they always prove to be a criterion by which that class may be judged in regard to quantity and quality. Between this June forthcoming and the fall is an interim in which much good work may be done for the benefit of this institution by graduates and undergraduates alike. During the summer months laggards may often be found who have not, even at that late day, decided upon the college at which they are to attend; if this be so, it takes but little effort to influence them in any way desired. It is imperative that we have more students here the coming year and it is incumbent upon every one of us, whatever influence he may possess, to bring about the desired end. Our courses deserve better patron-

age, and they must have it. Each individual, however remotely connected with the college, should make an effort to advertise it in every legitimate way possible. Perhaps the best way to advertise any college is to so conduct your own personal life that you will be an example of all that is best in your Alma Mater.

Impressions of an Idler.

These bright spring evenings, after such a long and hard winter, present a great temptation to lie about on the grass and idle away an hour or two telling stories or talking over passing events. It is so quiet and cool after the hot busy day that it takes considerable of a struggle to settle down to an evening's work.

Hours thus spent are not altogether a waste of time; it is good for the student-body and good for the college to have the boys congregate and be sociable together. In many of the large colleges it is customary for the students to gather every evening immediately after supper upon the campus or under the trees or on the steps of some college building and sing; sing college songs, and sing national songs, and they are better sons of their alma mater for it, and better citizens of their country. In no college does such enthusiasm exist or is so much college spirit manifested as in institutions where this custom is practiced. It is encouraged in every way by the college officials. It unites the students, it awakens them and fills them with new life and enthusiasm; they sing the praises of their college and they feel the influence of their own praises, they put their heart and soul into a song for their country and they increase their love for her.

We are told that this custom is much more practiced among the German students than among our own. At the Universities in Berlin they meet every evening and a thousand voices will ring out together the "Watch on the Rhine."

"We stand a hundred thousand strong
Quick to avenge our country's wrong;
With filial love our bosoms swell.
We'll guard our sacred land mark well."

What can sound grander than this great chorus fired with patriotism and overflowing with love for their alma mater.

We are all familiar with the powers of song. We know of countless instances when a song has been the means of encouraging men till they have exerted almost a miraculous strength. Sailors, of some nationalities more than others, will sing as they heave on a rope even in the roughest weather, soldiers will sing on a long and tiresome march and forget their fatigue. Again and again we have seen the power of one song during the French Revolution. A little band of revolvers would be enclosed by an army with no chance of retreat. Escape would seem impossible, the ranks would be thinned, ammunition low, and the men exhausted and discouraged; utter annihilation would stare them in the face when some voice would start the *Marseilles* and immediately every voice would join in and the little band would be filled with an irresistible impulse which would carry them safely through the enemy's line.

Time spent in singing is never lost. We might with great profit devote a half hour daily to this pleasure. We can gather on the college steps and all join in a good rousing song such as would infuse some life into our sleepy bodies and awaken our muddy brains; good old songs that we all know, with words to be sung and no lines in the middle which must be hummed. We will sing of *Old Aggie* and of the glorious things she has done in the past and of the more glorious things she will do in the future. We must have a leader; history tells us a man for the crisis will always appear; where is the man who will rise up and lead on in this work? Future prosperity will honor him as a Napoleon or a Dewey.

THE IDLER.

THE DYING HEMLOCK.

By the stream in the pall of the night's dreary gloom,
In the glory of age, in the midst of the bloom,
Of a new generation of trees that had grown
From the seeds of its branches in years that had flown,
Stood the hemlock, its form rising dark on the sky;
While the waters beneath as they swiftly sped by,
Took the story it told of the years it had stood,
On the edge of the virgin and primitive wood,
To the nations beyond, and the story was this:
We exist for a moment and then the abyss
Of cold death swallows up in a last cold embrace
All the hopes and the fears of our fast-fading race;
While a hand calmly writes in the book of our doom
Pass away to your home and for others make room.

C. E. G.

THE NEW REPORTER.

He was a new reporter, a very new reporter. So new, in fact, that it was refreshing to have him about the dingy old office; he seemed like a breath from the wide country fields. Where Stone, our city editor, ever picked him up is far beyond the knowledge of any of us older heads, but while we kept him, he afforded us more unalloyed amusement than we had ever experienced before with any new member of our staff,

We asked him his name as a starter, and he said, "Scott," and Brown asked him if his first name was "Clement." He said no, that it was John, and did not see the joke at all although we, who crowded around him, could hardly keep from smiling. Then some one asked him if his father ran a brewery, but he did not take the hint at all and we were obliged to remain thirsty for the rest of that day.

With gentle questioning we came to learn that "Scotty," for that was the name we gave him, had entered the journalistic profession at the lowest point that he might thoroughly learn the intricacies of his work with the ultimate aim of purging journalism of its densely yellow flavor. He told us that he was a church member, in good standing, never chewed (a most detestable habit) or smoked (a pleasure fit for the gods) and that he was never known to swear. We concluded after we had learned the catalogue of this paragon's virtues that he was a study for the criminologist, as a man with all the virtues and not a single vice.

The first few months of "Scotty's" apprenticeship thoroughly corroborated the truth of his previous remarks; he certainly attended to his religious duties with a regularity born of early training and none of us had ever heard him swear. It was something of a novelty to have a reporter about the office who did not occasionally use a word that savored of strong English. I had suggested more than once to Stone that the youngster should be put in the religious department, but somehow Stone did not seem to favor the idea. I suppose Stone felt a fatherly interest in the chap and a sort of responsibility as he had personally discovered him.

"It's all very well for you old men to make fun of Scotty," Stone would remark. "But some day that

youngster will put you all to shame. You fellows have given him a rough, snappy name, and you would be surprised to see him live up to it. Now, wouldn't you?" he would say.

We allowed that it would be surprising to say the least, and we put up some quiet bets when we were together on the likelihood of Stone's prophecy coming true.

The first six months of that youngster's reportorial life must have been one of great misery. We hatched up all kinds of plots to quiz him; we faked news and sent him running all over the city to prove it untrue, we doctored his copy, in fact we did everything but help the poor chap along. And yet the fellow never complained but took our jests quietly and kept the even tenor of his way as if we never had crossed his path.

In spite of all our dickering we could not but acknowledge that "Scotty" was improving, that his copy when he turned it in personally, was crisp and catchy and that he had an excellent nose for news. The poor fellow must have suffered at first, but he was made of pure grit and he kept on. Nothing seemed too difficult for him to try, and very often he came off with flying colors.

One case in particular, I recall to mind, when by a piece of good journalism he established his position so securely that we ceased to call him "our new reporter" or "Scotty" either, and from that day he became plain Mr. Scott. We old hands had often prided ourselves upon the knowledge we possessed of the city and its many devious ways but we were destined to learn much from our youthful associate. I happened in this wise, and to tell the story fully shall have to go back a bit in time and recount it as Scott afterwards told it to me.

It was late in the fall and a flurry of snow was in the air. The wind was fresh and blowing freely; the lights of the city had just begun to shine out and the day workers were hurrying home to warm firesides. Scott had been assigned to write up a political meeting in the old ninth ward that night and he left the office about five o'clock to get a bite of supper.

The snow was falling so rapidly that he decided to remain down town and not run up to his modest boarding house which was six miles from the office. He had a good deal of time to spare and so he walked

along slowly, undecided as to where he would dine. In his aimless wanderings he heeded not the storm; the brilliant lights, that threw their intermittent glare into the street, rather confused him and he was not aware of his locality until he found himself on the east side.

There were no eating houses about that he had ever been in before, or had ever seen for that matter, so it became a question of great indifference where he should enter. The first eating establishment he ran across claimed his attention and, despite its dirty, dingy appearance, he entered it and sought out a quiet table away from the sweaty workers who bent over their food.

He had entered one of those restaurants where the service is hardly of the best, where heavy cups are used to hold the black coffee and one plate does duty for all courses. The waiters, too, were ill-kept and served the guests in their shirt sleeves.

Across the aisle from where he sat was another small table, occupied by a man and a rather good looking young woman. Farther down, toward the door, were seated the regular habitués of the place with here and there a stranger scattered in. The proprietor, a fat, red-faced German, with an apron on, counted change behind a small sloping desk placed on the end of a long counter. The air was filled with tobacco smoke and unpleasant noises. At first this troubled the reporter and made his eyes ache but he soon became used to it, and he finished his meal unnoticed. Then a peculiar thought came into his mind.

Here he was situated in a city far distant from his country home, the surroundings of his daily work were different from those he had left behind; he intended to make a success of his life, of that he was sure. If he were to live amid the heathens, why should he not do as the heathens were doing? With that thought in his mind, he ordered his first cigar.

The sensations incident to a first smoke are generally so unpleasant that it is needless to picture them and it is not surprising to find that Scott passed through them all even to that stage when the world seems an empty sham and life not worth the living.

It was with some difficulty that he made his way from the eating saloon and started upon his assignment at the political meeting. As soon as he

had reached the fresh air, the tobacco fumes that had risen to his head, gradually dissipated into fantastic, floating objects and then disappeared altogether. The fresh evening breeze braced him up completely, and it was with a lighter heart that he went on his way.

He had a vague notion of what a political meeting would be where the speakers stand upon a carpeted platform and address an enthusiastic audience resplendent in store-made clothing, when the parish clergyman would lead off with a long worded prayer and the district school teacher would close with a few fitting words regarding loyalty to one's country. It was some such meeting as this that "Scotty" expected to report.

His way led him down several narrow streets and often he had to be directed, so strange were the places to him. At last, he reached a dirty, dingy looking building and was directed to an upper room which he entered with some trepidation.

The place was well filled with a peculiar crowd of people, strange enough to "Scotty," who eyed him as he took his seat at the reportorial table. He was the only representative of the press who had deigned to grace the little hall and he was something of a curiosity as he scribbled away taking down the frantic utterances of the fanatical speakers.

As speaker after speaker ascended the platform, "Scotty's" blood mounted to his temples and his hand quivered nervously. Never before had he heard his beloved country so reviled as he did that night: never before had he listened to such unprincipled harangues. Finally it became more than even he could stand, and, rising quickly in his seat, he hurled the inkstand at the speaker who had been more vituperant than any other and defied him to again slander their common country.

This overt act of "Scotty's" was the sign for the raging factions to commence a regular partisan warfare and it was not long before the room resembled a ring of fighting Kilkenny cats. Just when the fight was proving to be most interesting, some one turned off the gas to the utter consternation of all concerned.

Then came cries that the police were coming, and "Scotty" felt a hand grasp his arm and a voice whisper in his ear that he was to follow quietly. Without reasoning, the cub reporter made his way after

his new companion and together they went down a dark stairway and out into a narrow back yard.

J. T. P.

[To be concluded.]

THE CATHEDRAL AT ELMES.

The sun had set and the deep red of the western sky had given place to that dusky twilight that precedes the coming of the myriad stars of night. The evening lights began to glimmer from the half-draped windows of the small cottages that were scattered along the highway, while, here and there, a smoking chimney betrayed signs of life.

The old cathedral of Elmes stood silently grand on the border of the heath that surrounded the small town of, perhaps, half-a-hundred homes. Within the solemn church, all was still, save the flickering candles that lighted the grim visage of some dead warrior saint. The aisles were wrapped in shadows that even stretched their portentous forms across the nave. The dim flame that lit the choir loft faintly outlined two silent figures that stood mutely facing the altar with its wealth of carved images and its fretted traceries. The whole effect was so quiet that the figures seemed to be a part of the architectural plan and its dependent sculptures.

The Fates had brought together within this consecrated temple, two people from widely different climes and associations. One, a woman, had come from the far west; the other, a man, from the highlands of Scotland, as free and pleasing as his native wilds. He was a sturdy, athletic fellow, well versed in the intricate ways of a busy world. His figure, which was erect and elastic, hardly showed the effects of two score years that had passed tumultuously over his head, and his face was handsomely chiselled, displaying his passionate nature that was yet refined in its intensity.

The woman was much the younger, hardly twenty-five, one would say, yet she possessed an air of thorough breeding and of familiarity with the strange scenes by which she was surrounded. Her hair, which was dark and wavy, surrounded a face perfect in its symmetry. Her eyes were lustrous and of great depth and fire; her features refined and classical; her whole bearing was that of one much used to the luxuries of life.

She came from an American metropolis where her

early life had been spent in a convent, acquiring the education that had stamped its refinement on every feature. Deprived early in life of a mother's watchful care, she had been sent by her father to the best school their native city afforded and then, directly after her graduation, she had accompanied her aunt abroad where she had remained during the last two years.

The first sensations incident to travel had worn off and she had turned from the thronged streets of the gay capitals to the quiet by-ways of the more secluded portions of an overrun Europe. She had learned to love the odd bits of scenery that she found amid the less frequented countries, and her desire for solitude with its entrancing calmness had often lured her into many a strange town and hidden hamlet. It was during one of these solitary rambles that she had met the man who now stood by her side.

At first there had sprung up between them a fellow-feeling so common to travellers who have the same object in view and who find that their routes lay through the same country towns. Their first pleasures consisted in visits to the galleries or an evening at the music halls, and as time went on, and they learned that their tastes were so harmonious on nearly every point, the first feeling of good-fellowship gradually widened to a broader sympathy.

Month after month passed on, in this dream-life of wandering, and the ties, so accidentally formed between them, grew closer and closer. Neither of them seemed to realize that the platonic friendship once formed upon the shores of the Baltic was intensifying into a stronger bond as they moved southward towards Elmes.

Travelling had been made pleasant in many little ways by the attention of the man, who had at once assumed control of the little party of three and who seemed never to tire in caring for the comforts of the woman and her aunt. In this way they progressed to Elmes which they reached about midday.

The roads had been dusty and hot, and the hotel accommodations not of the best. Elmes, itself, was too small to offer any gay attraction but these two had long ago ceased to care for the ordinary points of interest, and had learned to read more poetry in the ivy-clustered cloister than in the deeply-vaulted nave.

The afternoon of their arrival was devoted to such

sights as the town itself might offer, and as these were few and uninteresting, the evening found them wandering idly about the old cathedral with its pillared arches. Their visit had been delayed till that time when they knew that the fading light would robe the edifice in a poetic fancy, and conjure up before their eyes many a dead saint and sleeping martyr. It was, then, the appropriateness of the hour that caused them to linger in the choir loft even after the candles were lighted.

At last the woman moved and silently descended the narrow winding stairs until she had reached the nave; then, with the man still by her side, she walked the aisles, until a side passage led her beside the tomb of some dead saint. Then she turned toward her companion and stood looking at him expectantly. He moved closer to her side and together they read the inscription on the tomb.

For a few moments they were both silent, and the light from a swinging lamp threw its pale rays upon them as they stood amid the dead of preceding generations. It was the man who first spoke and his words sounded strangely in the dim transept. His voice was low, and he had spoken some time before the woman realized that he was addressing to her words that he had never spoken before.

"Mary," he was saying, "Do you not realize, as we stand here amid all this solemn grandeur, that the priceless gift of ages has come down to us both? Can you not see that the same power that controlled the lives of these saints is that which shapes our destinies and actuates our desires? What ruled these noble men and women is coming to rule our lives. There is no escaping it; there is no avoiding it. It is a law of this universe and is itself as universal as the spaces of heaven.

"For days, aye, for months you and I have trod the same paths together, have listened to the same music and had the same thoughts. Into our lives has entered that germ which ennobled the life of the dead heroine at your feet. Struggle against it as you may, you cannot avoid it. You have carefully refrained from giving me an opportunity to express those thoughts uppermost in my mind, but it is now impossible that we should go forward on our journey in the same relationship that hitherto we have occupied.

"If you should ask that, Mary, it would be too

much; I could not do it. I must either claim that position to which my love for you entitles me or I must give the place to another. To be by your side, day after day, and not love you is demanding too much of any mortal man. Together we have ransacked the treasures of this continent, let me have the right to search the eternity with your sweet self for whatever promise of happiness there may be there. Mary, you must know how dearly, how tenderly I love you. Will you not be my wife?"

The woman did not move. She still stood before the tomb with eyes cast down and, except for a heightened color in the cheek and a slight palpitation of her breast, it seemed as if she were unconscious of the fact that a man was baring a human soul to her gaze.

"Mary, listen to me," he said, somewhat impatiently. "What made the life of this woman so great? This woman who sleeps before you? What gave her the charming individuality that marked her as a saint? It was her love, my dear; that was the strongest passion her heart contained; it planned her every action, it controlled her life. Her deeds were known by the love that prompted them; her face beamed with that divine spark that could kindle into life the blackened ashes of despair."

"Yes," said the woman, and it was the first word she had spoken. "But she loved no man; she loved her God."

"True," the man replied, and his voice was sad and broken. "It is not so ordained for all of us; we cannot all be martyrs, but we can at least glorify ourselves by loving passionately one of God's purest creatures. Mary, do you not see how I hunger for your love? How my heart yearns toward yours? I cannot wait longer, my aching heart will not allow me. Tell me, dearest, have you no love for me, no tender spot in that heart of yours? Have you no return to make me for my great love for you?"

"You know I have, Herbert," the woman sighed, "You know I love you better than my life. Why do you ask?"

The swinging lamp burned slowly out, leaving the transept in complete darkness. The sleeping statue had two forms kneeling by its side as the thin crescent moon pushed its face before the narrow window and cast its silvery rays upon the cold flagstones.

J. L. M.

THE COLLEGE BRED MAN.

It is somewhat of a venture to appear before the public without first passing through the weeding out and filing process incident to Professor Mills and the English department. However with the natural assumption of an ex-editor I make the venture, trusting to your courtesy to pass me into print, and hoping my many old friends, both in and out of college, may not begrudge me brief attention.

Having suffered those distressing responsibilities of editorship of the college paper—attempting both to please the student and also arouse an active interest in Alma Mater on the part of a strangely silent, inappreciative and wholly forgetful Alumni—I perhaps may be pardoned if I assume a duty which I believe incumbent upon every Alumnus, a duty often shirked. The pardon will no doubt be easier granted if I tell you that I am fulfilling a vow made under provocation, which binds me to write yearly at least one article for the college paper.

Naturally my first article, after graduation, embodies my observation and reflection upon the value of a college education.

A few weeks ago a most surprising statement was made in public print by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to the effect that he had hunted all over the United States for the successful college bred man, and had been unable to get sight of him. Mr. Carnegie is an eminently successful business man, and a conspicuous scholar, and the statement made by him must certainly have some other meaning than the natural implication of his words.

What he undoubtedly meant was that he had failed to find college men in places of prominence, or at least not conspicuous in manufacturing or commercial enterprises. We will concede the fact that college bred men are not, *a priori*, educated men, though we submit that he must have excluded in his statement that large class belonging to the so called learned professions. It is apparent that Mr. Carnegie has heard that a college course does not embrace the study of those technical subjects which will be of use to the student in after life.

It is the Latin, psychology and higher mathematics which arouse the opposition of men of Mr. Carnegie's type. They do not use these things in their bus-

iness and they do not know anyone that does. So they very naturally think that these things are useless. The truth is that Mr. Carnegie is somewhat misinformed as to the scope of the curriculum in modern institutions of learning. For most colleges now offer technical training to those who wish to take it.

But aside from the mere thought of technical education there is another and it is this thought which I wish to bring principally to your attention. Most college men prefer to look upon their Alma Mater as an agency for the spread of culture; not that the chief end of education is to produce farmers, lawyers or dairymen. But that its object should be to put as many cultivated gentlemen as possible into the world. This was the theory on which the old academic course was built.

That there has been a change in the general attitude of the world towards the university is of course patent to the most superficial observer. The change is one that has been at work in the world ever since the invention of printing turned the common stream of human knowledge, "The pent up waters of cloister study."

My own observations have shown me that the college bred man, whatever may have been his course of study, is successful to a larger degree, under equal conditions, than the empiricist. I conceive that one of the chief ends of education is personal culture, and not solely to make competent machinists, metalurgists, farmers or dairymen, and the most superficial observation discovers the cultured, college bred man from that great mass out of the guild.

The system of education is a progressive science as is revealed by the modern university course, and has no more relation to the old classical course than the Copernican theory of astronomy bears to the Ptolemaic theory.

It is somewhat strange that Mr. Carnegie has failed to note such men as Joseph H. Choate, Theodore Roosevelt and Chauncey M. Depew, who are eminently, successful, college bred men. Indeed it is only upon the theory that the highest duty to which manhood may be called is the smelting and weighing of pig iron, or the successful planting of a field of squash, that we could admit the observations of Mr. Carnegie. The highest type of manhood can only be evolved from the highest standards of intellectual develop-









ment, and this developments is obtained most thoroughly and completely through the influence of our institutions of learning.

The college bred man, apart from his book study, is taught in an exacting manner the principles of personal rights and social intercourse, and in such impressive form as no other opportunity affords.

College intercourse cultivates social delicacies, and Joubert says "Where there is no delicacy there is no literature."

The college bred man is the crowning laurel of the great American school system, itself the foundation rock of which the college is the completed structure.

R. D. WARDEN.

SOUVENIRS OF GÖTTINGEN.

The April number of the *American German Review* has what is called "A Bouquet of Souvenirs" related to college days at Göttingen with a review of the alumni dinner given in New York on the 12th of last November. As this was the first reunion of Göttingen American students and as the list of diners includes so many names prominent in affairs of this continent it deserves more than a passing mention. Aggie has long been closely identified with the university over the sea and any event that is of importance to the one institution is equally important to the other.

This dinner was given at the Metropolitan Club by J. Pierpont Morgan, Prof. Charles Frederick Chandler, of Columbia University and James Duncan Hague, of New York city. At the invitation of these gentlemen, as hosts, thirty-five prominent Americans sat at the table and discussed those old days when they had attended the little German town and had patronized the best of Fritz Bettermann. The occasion was made memorable by the eminence in circles of learning and business of the participants, and, of the 225 American students who attended Göttingen, it was found that 140 are still alive in America.

In the article, above mentioned, some of the alumni have contributed articles, reminiscence in character of their beloved Alma Mater and a unique facsimile of the menu is published. This latter of itself is a gem in art and thought. The courses were

arranged geologically from the age of Mollusks, which of course was the oyster, through the age of Reptiles, Terrapin; the age of Mammals, lamb; the Volcanic Period, Plum Porphyry with Igneous Sauce, up to the Reminiscent Period which included mineral waters and Mumm.

The "Bouquet of Souvenirs" contains contributions by such well-known men as James D. Hague, E. P. Harris, John W. Burgess, J. W. Mallett, G. H. Putnam, Ira Remsen, and our own Dr. Goessmann, all dealing with questions pertinent to Göttingen life both at the University and at "Mine Host," old Fritz Bettermann's.

American students owe much to Göttingen, and especially are we, here, indebted to that German University which has sent forth so many chemists of world-wide fame, and which has given our graduates a glorious opportunity unequalled in the annals of collegiate life. Aside from the benefit to be derived from attending a university of so high a standing as that of Göttingen, there is a great benefit to be had from close communion with the German himself. German atmosphere is one of calm, deep thought, of concentrated effort, and the foreigner partakes of this unconsciously. Dr. Goessmann has pungently put it when he wrote for this article,—“The somewhat rural character of Göttingen life, comparatively free from diverting outside influences, cannot otherwise be but helpful in promoting an actively studious life.”

The records of Americans who have been students at this quiet old town enroll such names as George Bancroft, George Tickner, Longfellow, Motley, and many others. It is recorded that on the Fourth of July, 1832, Herr von Bismark and John Lothrop Motley dined together in celebration of the day; thus, in that far distant land, were linked together on that day the names of a history-maker and of a history-recorder, both men of great achievement, each in his line and yet both were intimately connected in their life work.

The American colony in Göttingen is well founded and flourishing, the presiding officer being termed the "Patriarch," which office is handed down from each retiring incumbent to his successor. At present, Mr. L. W. Reid, of Alexandria, Virginia, recently instructor in Mathematics at Princeton University, holds that high office.

College Notes.

—Capt. W. M. Wright arrived in Amherst from Cuba last week.

—The speaking of the Burnham tens before the faculty will take place at 2-15 Thursday, May 18.

—On Friday May 12, the periodicals belonging to the Reading-room Association were sold at auction.

—About two weeks ago Professor Flint took the Senior class in Geology to the cave at Mt. Toby, where many facts concerning the rock formation of this part of the country were learned.

—In place of the regular work in botany last Friday, the Freshmen made a botanizing trip to Mt. Warner. On Monday the Agriculture class inspected the herd of Holsteins at the Northampton asylum.

—A new tar walk has been laid from the Drill Hall to the Veterinary Laboratory. Without doubt the members of the College would also appreciate a tar walk up the Botanic walk. It would certainly be very much used.

—About two weeks ago the pond was drained off, and since that time it has never ceased to emit a most vicious odor. We believe it is the intention of the authorities in charge to remove some of the sediment that is fast filling up the water basin. We would suggest that the work be started before the cold weather sets in as the frost would render the mud difficult to work.

—During the past month there has been more or less of a revival of tennis among the students. There is scarce an afternoon but that an observer may find the three courts occupied by players and many spectators on the side lines. Why not revive the tennis tournament which was in great favor here two years ago? The tennis directors should be glad to show their importance in arranging such an affair.

—A chemical excursion has been planned by Dr. Wellington for Friday, May 19, open to members of the Special Class in Chemistry and any other students interested. The program is as follows: Leave Amherst 7-33 A. M., visit Springfield Brewery, Gas Plant, Central Heating Station, dinner, Holyoke, paper mill, Mt. Tom station, pulp mill, return to Amherst at 6-17 P. M.

—George H. Wright '98 has offered a College pin to the man making the most points in the meet against Williston. The men training for the different events are: 100 yds. and 220 yds., Brown, Macomber, Dickerman, Chickering, Cole and Dellea; 440 yds, Whitman, Cole, Brown, James, Sharpe; 880 yds., Sharpe, Whitman, Maynard. James, Dawson; one mile, Maynard, Wilson, Felch; hurdles 120 and 220, Claflin, Whitman, Landers, Barry, Dorman; pole vault, Dellea, Barry, Chase, Dwyer, Canto, Henry; high jump, Dorman, Claflin, Barry, Landers, Macomber; shot put, Stanley, Pierson, Graves, Cook, Baker, Barry; hammer, Stanley, Baker, Cook, Barry, Bridgeforth, Parmenter; discus, Graves, Baker, Stanley, Cook, Pierson, Barry; bicycle and two miles, Saunders, Chickering, Crane, Pierson, and Dorman.

—Arrangements have been made whereby the debt of the old Reading-room Association has been assumed by the Advisory Board, and after some delay the room has been re-opened. Many changes have been made in its appearance and management. The former entrance has been closed, the door opposite the Q. T. V. rooms being now used. The passageway through the building has also been closed, and the hall on the north side remodeled into a telephone-booth. The loss of the passageway is a considerable inconvenience, but was deemed necessary in order to secure quiet in the entry. A sidewalk to take its place is being built around the west end of the dormitory. The removal of the telephones to a separate room is certainly a great improvement, as is also the hat and book rack which has been put up. The reading-room itself has also undergone a transformation. The floor and desks have been painted, and a new lot of chairs provided. It is understood that the faculty are to completely refurnish the room during the summer vacation. The list of periodicals and magazines is much the same as before. An innovation is a desk for a student attendant, who is always present while the room is open, that is from 7-15 to 8-00 A. M., and 12-30 to 10-00 P. M. In case of disorder or confusion of any kind he is directly responsible to the Advisory Board. But it is a significant fact that there is little to be complained of. The few rules, similar to those of all first-class reading-rooms, seem, when coupled with an earnest desire of the students themselves for

better order, to be amply sufficient. Only those who have paid their term tax are admitted, thus preventing any possibility of running into debt. The room is to be run on strictly business principles and is under the direct control of the Advisory Board.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

BARRE, MASS., MAY 8, '99.

DEAR MERRILL:—As I am breaking in a new pipe my thoughts return to my "alma mater" guided, to be sure, by that honorable and worthy organ of the undergraduate body, AGGIE LIFE.

It does look as though the college was "up against it" as far as baseball is concerned, still it seems as though the fellows are lamentably weak in not taking a bad matter by the head and pulling it through to the best of their ability. No organization can be carried on successfully without lots of hard and conscientious work by the leaders. When the body of students realize that their officers are meeting the responsibilities of their position to the best of their ability it is my honest opinion that they will be given the solid support they deserve. Our teams have most assuredly made favorable records in previous years and I am sanguine that we can be represented by a fairly good team this season.

Without being able to give any good logical reason for my convictions, I cannot believe there is anything more directly responsible for the present deplorable condition of many of the college organizations, than the fact that there is no *military drill*. When that is resumed I am confident that the college will spruce up.

The athletic meet with Williston is a good thing and I wish I could do something to help our boys to win. Whatever may be the results I shall be pleased to give a College Pin (or the cash equivalent if he already has one) to the M. A. C. man who wins the most points in this meet, and I will be obliged to you if you will so inform the members of the team.

With congratulations to your AGGIE LIFE board for standing up for the best sentiments concerning college organizations, I am

Very truly yours,

GEO. H. WRIGHT,
M. A. C. '98.

LIBRARY NOTES.

American Statesmen Series,—Life of Thaddeus Stevens. This is the only reliable biography of "The Great Commoner" who was so conspicuous a figure in Congress during the critical period of 1861-1868. The legislative work of that period stands unapproached in difficulty and importance in the history of Congress. There were financial measures of importance, the work of reconstruction and great constitutional amendments; with all these problems he was especially identified. He was also one of the foremost leaders in the unsuccessful movement for the impeachment of President Johnson. Representative McCall from Massachusetts is the author of the work and has told the story exceedingly well.

Evolution of Plants, by Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph. D. The basis of this volume is a course of lectures given at Stanford University and its purpose is to organize well-known botanical material to illustrate the probable lines of evolution. It is a clear, concise summary of what is now known concerning the data from which the genealogical history of the vegetable kingdom may be traced. Chapters are included on the geological history of plants, the factors affecting their geographical distribution and the relation of plants to animals. It is full of interest and suggestion and commends itself to botanists and those interested in biological study in general. This book is one of twenty-five recently donated to the library by J. H. Webb of the class of '73.

Ichthyologia Ohiensis. This book is a verbatim reprint from the original which was published nearly eighty years ago by C. S. Rafinesque, the pioneer ichthyologist of America. It is a natural history of the fishes inhabiting the Ohio river and its tributaries. The wide range of the species of the Ohio in all the waters of the Mississippi basin makes the work of more extended utility than its name implies. This book like many other of Rafinesque's publications was objected to and criticized—not without reason—by his contemporary naturalists, but he cannot be entirely ignored for we will always be indebted to him for the original descriptions of many recognized species of fresh water fish. The originals of this book are very rare and valuable as only eight copies are known to exist.

Exchanges.

The Westfield High School *Herald* recently ran a good series of articles aiming to give an inkling into college life. Social life at Wellesley and at Brown were discussed. Yale customs and a winter term at Amherst were written up in a pleasant way. Let the good work go on.

The *Teck* recently placed a very important matter before the students in a spicy editorial commending the efforts being made to establish a representative college song. This is what every college in the land should have; no insipid affair, but a lively, vigorous stirring strain to keep forever green the memory and traditions of our alma mater.

Read the *Holy Cross Purple* for May.

Alumni.

Attention is called to the fact that the Old Reading Room Association, which has been in operation for several years past, was last term dissolved, and this term a New Reading Room was established on a firmer and more satisfactory basis, under the supervision of certain members of the faculty. Here is an excellent chance for some of the Alumni to show their interest in the college by contributing pictures and pieces of furniture. More definite information may be obtained by writing to the ALUMNI EDITOR. We are trying to make a good thing out of this. Help us along.

'83.—Dr. J. B. Lindsey, chief chemist Hatch Experiment Station, was taken very seriously ill a short time ago, while at the home of his parents in Marblehead. Not long since, the Doctor suffered from an attack of pneumonia which upset his system, and finally resulted in blood poisoning, the cause of his present illness. According to the last report the Doctor is slowly gaining ground. It is hoped that he will soon be in his accustomed place of business, for there is probably no man about the college in whom the farmers have more confidence than in Dr. Lindsey. Surely this confidence is merited by his honest and open manner combined with a most thorough knowledge of his line of chemistry.

'90.—Smith-Piper. A pretty home wedding occurred in North Hadley, at high noon, on April 29th, at which time Mr. F. J. Smith was united in marriage to Miss Nettie Piper, daughter of H. C. Piper of North Hadley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Lane, the Episcopal ritual being used. Mr. Smith has for several years been in the employ of the Gypsy Moth Department of the Board of Agriculture, as chemist. After a short wedding trip, the couple intend to make their home in Malden for the summer, coming back to Amherst in the fall. We wish them much happiness.

'95.—R. A. Cooley, Ass't Entomologist, Hatch Experiment Station. Congratulations are in order for Mr. Cooley, who has recently been appointed to a full professorship of Entomology and Zoology at the Montana State College. He is also to fill the position of State Entomologist. The Montana State College has an attendance of about one hundred and seventy students, and is located in Bozeman, an enterprising town of several thousand inhabitants, in the southwestern part of the state, on the line of the Northern Pacific railway. The college is co-educational (so is ours!). Bozeman is not more than forty or fifty miles from the Yellowstone National Park, to which we expect Mr. Cooley will make many enjoyable visits; and in his spare moments, we trust that he will remember us with a few notes about that interesting region and his experiences there. Mr. Cooley's case shows what quiet and persistent work will do, and may the example he has set be followed.

'95.—W. A. Root recently received an addition to his family in the form of a little daughter. It is hoped that the M. A. C. will be remembered as a co-educational institution. Mr. Root's address is Northampton, Mass.

'96.—Newton Shultis is with Mark Shultis, shipper of grain, Chamber of Commerce Building, Boston, Mass.

'96.—H. C. Burrington recently paid a visit to some of his old friends at the college, and seemed to be enjoying good health. Mr. Burrington is at present foreman and manager of the milk farm of Mr. Cows, one of the largest milk dealers in and around Amherst.

Ex-'96.—J. E. Green, Secretary and Treasurer of the Burbank Produce Co., 214 Summer Street., Worcester, Mass. The Burbank Produce Co., succeeds to the firm of N. G. Burbank & Co., which was dissolved May 1st of this year.

'97.—C. A. Peters is to be congratulated upon the success he has already attained in his chosen profession. He has been taking a post-graduate course in chemistry at Yale University in preparation for that institution's Ph. D. degree, and it is understood that his work has been of such merit as to gain for him promotion to position as instructor at the university while still studying for his degree. The college is proud of such men.

'97.—C. A. Norton was in town last week.

'98.—A. L. Emrich paid us a visit last Sunday. He is still employed in the post office at Chicopee, Mass.

'98.—Avedis G. Adjemian is stopping for a short time in Manhattan, Texas.



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Editorials.

EVERY day brings into our lives its sunshine and its shade, its light spots and its dark patches; it is this very variation of color that gives us an incentive for higher and nobler aims. Often the shadows are particularly black and forbidding, yet they must ever be followed by the brighter sunlight of hope and endeavor. They bring with them increasing love and tenderness which in turn tend to soften their terrible blackness until the bright, life-giving sun once again paints our horizon with the tinges of hope, and we cheerfully take up our cross and resume our life march with lighter and stronger hearts, more firmly bound together.

DURING the past two weeks the College was made the recipient of a gift picture of Pres't Clark from his son, Atherton Clark, and his daughter, Mrs. Stearns. A notice of the picture and its present location is given in another column. It is eminently proper that we should have a better picture of our great president

than that which the old crayon afforded us and the thanks of the College are due to the donors for a gift that will be appreciated by alumni and undergraduates alike.

THERE is more or less complaint evinced annually regarding the loss of books from our library and the lack of a reliable means of notifying those who have books overdue. Nearly every library of any size whatever has some method of notification and we, with our books so much in demand, need a system that will fully meet the requirements of the case. It would hardly be necessary to send printed notices to every delinquent but it would be possible to post weekly such a list as should embody those names credited with books overdue. The purloining of books from the library is a habit liable to be commonly practiced until it is looked upon in a manner hardly consistent with the attitude of a gentlemen. A little over a year ago we had the pleasure of visiting an alumnus and found in his room eight library books overdue anywhere from a year to six weeks. There

was no criminal intention upon the part of this past graduate, it was simply carelessness, but it was a carelessness that should be corrected and not allowed to occur a second time.

BEFORE our next issue there will have occurred our track meet with Williston. It is extremely hard to forecast the exact future, but judging from all points available we should make a very fair showing and, perhaps, walk off the field a victor. However the results may turn, there is a little band of students who have done good, conscientious work the past few weeks and on their shoulders rests the glory of old Aggie. They have been very faithful and patient during the hard days of their duty, and they deserve to be encouraged in every way possible. They will leave our campus with the best wishes of every loyal heart here amongst us, and we will go over in a body to encourage their work and to praise their victories. We trust that they will meet with gentlemanly treatment at the hands of their worthy foes and that they will be extended those common courtesies that we should be glad to show any visiting team upon our own grounds. Williston has not always assured our teams the protection from the common town rabble that was deserved, but this year we meet upon a little different footing and any unwonted display of disapproval will undoubtedly be checked.

A MONTH ago, AGGIE LIFE offered a prize of three volumes of Hawthorne's works for the best story submitted to the editor before May 25th of this year. But one story has been submitted. It is inconceivable that such a state of affairs should exist in this college. It is a virtual admission that either but one member of the College, aside from the LIFE board, can write an English story, or else that there was not energy enough in the four classes to put another one together. It is a disreputable admission to make and one of which the undergraduates should be heartily ashamed. A few rumors have come to our ears regarding this condition, two of which we will mention, the rest are beneath our notice. One reason assigned for the non-appearance of stories was that the undergraduate was "not going to the work of writing a fifteen hundred word article for three twenty-five cent paper covered novels." This is rather an insult to us

personally and not very complimentary to our story writer, yet it most certainly furnishes us with a just criterion by which we may judge the mind of its author. We flattered ourselves that we were capable of judging what was in good taste, but now we have been accused of offering a prize far beneath the deserts of the young author. Let us remind this noble American that once upon a time it was deemed a worthy sport to throw a discus or to rhyme a lyric for a despised wreath of oak leaves that was fit only to be placed upon the brow. It is exceedingly unfortunate that the author of these glowing words, anent "paper covered novels," has not imbibed a reverence for the beauty that their pages contain and that he could not have won the prize, so as to have assured himself of the value of our gifts of which now he must forever remain totally ignorant. The other reason, and one perhaps expressed in much better taste, was that of a feeling unequal to the task of writing such a story as the requirements asked. This is a modest feeling which must be applauded, but nevertheless it is a wrong one. As it has happened, no one would have been unequal to the competition, for there was none. A standard of excellence, such as would have been expected, would have been moulded to meet the circumstances of the college: a Kipling or a Stevenson is hardly to be looked for here, and the judges did not anticipate any such. What was asked was a conscientious effort, a brave trial; and yet but one has dared to make it. For this reason the LIFE prize goes a-begging.

It is about time that a word was said respecting the abuse of the bicycle, that has become so common with us. This useful invention is of a very recent date and, with our usual propensity to rush to extremes, we have built up for ourselves an unenviable reputation for recklessness. Not content with enjoying the benefits to be derived from a rational exercise we must, perforce, abuse it to the extent of acquiring the "bicycle face" and the "bicycle stoop." If some of the riders who fondly imagine that they are sights of beauty while endeavoring to grind their noses on the tires of their front wheels, could be made to realize the ridiculous figure that they cut, there would be much less of this detestable scorching. The practice of using a high seat, a great drop, and deeply

curved handle-bars is not conducive either to beauty of outline or to the best of physical development, and the rider who curls his knees within an inch and a half of his chin is rather an example of our prehistoric progenitors than of a well developed specimen of twentieth century manhood. Aside from the terrible violations of all that is graceful, it is highly dangerous to both pedestrian and rider alike that scorching should be continued. At its best, it is but the play of the race-track where the super-heated atmosphere of excited exertion finds its outlet in a short life and a stunted manhood. It is seldom that a racer lives to the average age, and when by good fortune that figure happens to be passed, a wrecked manhood is the result of youthful follies. Such a position as the scorcher must take is against all the canons of physical development, and the racer is only enabled to keep on the track by aid of the greatest of care and skill. It is needless to speak of the numerous accidents that happen through neglect of simple cautions upon the part of the rider; our streets see them but too often and they form a very delectable part of the daily journals that are perused by those morbidly conscious of a delight that finds its origin in all that is inhuman. For the quiet rider there is much enjoyment missed by his more careless brother. There is the beauty of scenery, totally lost by the scorcher; there is the pleasure of the varying breezes instead of the hurricane that invariably speeds by the racer, and above all, there is the consciousness of an equable physical development and a freer course of the blood never realized by the one who thinks only of raising the figures on his cyclometer.

IN another column we publish a notice regarding the new regulations governing admission to this College, to which we desire to draw the attention of every reader of the LIFE. It is a new departure from our usual methods of procedure and warrants the fullest publicity that can possibly be given it by every loyal alumnus. In place of the regular entrance examinations, a certificate from the principal of the high school at which the applicant has graduated, will be accepted if written upon blanks furnished for that purpose. The faculty have had this matter under consideration for some time and have but now definitely outlined such a list of accredited schools as shall be

acceptable for this privilege. This is a move in the right direction and deserves every word of encouragement that we are able to give it. The public school system of this state is excelled by no other such system in the world, and we are in the same relationship to the state as are the lower graded schools. The opportunities that we have to offer the high school graduate are the best that talent and money can furnish, and it is but right that every incentive should be used to bring the young sons of this state to the institution that their fathers have established and are now supporting. With this broadening of our field from which we are to draw our students, comes the duty of setting before the young men a just statement of our work and its results. We are not limited to a narrow field of study, as many unacquainted with our curriculum unjustly suppose, but we are essentially a scientific institution in all that the name implies. This era of competition has awakened a great demand for a scientific knowledge of the forces of nature that the very best may be obtained from fairly adverse conditions. The day of the laborer who depends upon chance for a livelihood is fast passing, and the cry to-day is for specialists. And with this cry, as a sort of supplement, every school established is using its utmost endeavors to push forward a special line of work. High salaries always await the specialist, and with this condition comes the broadening out of individual influence and exertion. Although a specialist, whether he be a botanist or an entomologist, must of necessity be thoroughly conversant with his line of work, he must also have a general education and in this respect the Mass. Agricultural College stands pre-eminent. Without totally disregarding the classics, that line of study so often pursued to excess, the curriculum is modelled upon thoroughly scientific lines, which in turn are strengthened by the presence of a large faculty, every member of which is a noted savant. Thus, in placing the opportunities of this College more fully within the reach of every young man in the state, the faculty have taken a step that is to be highly commended in every way.

IN a recent issue we spoke editorially of the need of a better English among the general writers of the day and this can be most easily supplimented with a with a plea for a wider reading and a higher criticism

of current literature. The youth of to-day is lamentably lacking in the just appreciation of what is good and beautiful in the modern methods of telling a tale, and as often selects for his idle hour the veriest trash when the true and the just are as near at hand. This selection is due, no doubt, to a morbid desire for having the passions unduly excited on any and all occasions, without regard to the fact that those passions are too often excited in a manner highly detrimental to a just estimate of life. It is not intended to put in a plea for the classics, so often studied for their style alone, but for those contemporaneous books that embody scenes true to life-movement and life-impulses. These are legion and their good is widespread, but with all of their efficacy they do not attract the casual reader as does some blood and thunder, melodramatic tale whose underlying principles are totally false and whose characters are not consistently developed for any two successive pages. Laying aside any discussion of theme, for that becomes merely a matter of private taste, we enter that realm of development of plot by which the true story may be told from the false, and here the laws of Art mark the boundaries between the good and the bad with no uncertain hand. The latitude to be allowed the personal equation in the criticism of a modern novel is one upon which critics agree to differ, but to form a just appreciation of an author's works, we must lay aside all personal dislike to subject and location, and judge the actions given to the characters from our own knowledge of human nature. And just here enters that great factor that makes a critic great; a world-wide knowledge of human intercourse is almost absolutely necessary. The greater the understanding we have of human actions the more prone are we to cast aside the novel of melodramatic intensity that embodies its actions in purely physical manifestations and to take up that which treats rather of the ethical actions and their resultant effects. We might term these two writings as the extrinsic and the intrinsic; that which is the outward effect from causes some times partly or wholly hidden, and that which is the cause of the after effects. The first does not imply a depth of character knowledge, for outward actions may often be portrayed without a just appreciation of the motives within, while the second necessarily demands a thorough realization of those acts and

thoughts that synthesize the life of any active man. The first is the easy method for the charlatan, the second is too difficult to be readily handled except by the masters. It is easier to take an action and ascribe its motives than it is to take the motives and draw the consistent actions; one marks the incomplete dabler, the other shows the knowledge of genius.

Impressions of an Idler.

Three weeks more, only three, and this summer term will be over; the Idler will put aside this life of ease and laziness with nothing to do but eat, drink and study, and take up the laborious work of the summer. No more will his time be spent in idleness with idle fancies; summer means exertion lest he be overpowered by the heat of the scorching sun in its course across the heavens. Every evening he will labor lest his friends will think that college life is making him unsocial. How short will be these remaining days, with not a care to mar the happiness of the time, not an anxious thought to cause the hours to drag! It is true a few petty examinations are scheduled to occupy the attention for a day or two, note-books must be ready, completed to the certain degree of exactness required by the different departments; but these are only trifles whose disagreeableness will be wholly inappreciated so completely will it be overshadowed by the thoughts of the exercises of the days to follow.

The usual enthusiasm and college spirit for Commencement and Commencement exercises has not been manifested very strongly yet; but the spirit and enthusiasm is there and it is bound to appear, the Idler has seen it. All life is not yet dead. Let us be modern; it is like the liquid air, stoppered firmly in a bottle. It is cool in itself but it will expand and burst out with great vigor and strength. All will feel its influence and recognize its existence among them.

Very little has the Idler heard of the coming Commencement. Our worthy Seniors are to plant their ivy and under an inspiration caused by a meditation on the future of the plant, how, nourished by the earth about its roots, it will grow great and beautiful, clinging to the walls of the chapel building, its only support, thus inspired they will see their own future and for our profit we may have one glimpse. They have been nourished by their college, their thoughts have been

rooted in a deep and fertile soil, they will develop and grow great and beautiful, clinging to their Alma Mater even more closely than the ivy to the wall. That we may better appreciate their future in all its greatness and glory, we may be given a history of their past. During four years of college life they have accomplished many things; they have had their friendly quarrels, and have won many victories. They will speak of these, they will speak of their classmates who were dropped by the way with the tenderness of one who mourns a departed brother. They may tell us of our faults but when all is over the pipe of peace will be passed around, the hatchet will be buried under the hemlock tree and in perfect peace with all the world the class of '99 will leave us with their last farewell.

A faint whisper has reached the Idler's ear that breathed a word about a Senior Prom. Whether it spoke of hope or death could not be heard. It should not die. The voice of the evening chorus that is to sing under the elm on the campus every evening as the sun goes down is very weak and feeble also, it is scarcely audible. It will surely strengthen. The reveille and morning gun will awaken us with the earliest dawn and our flag will mount to its staff above us all in a truly martial style.

There is plenty of spirit and enthusiasm and there is plenty of chance for it to expand.

THE IDLER.

THE NEW REPORTER.

[Concluded.]

When "Scotty" realized his position and the events through which he had just passed, his brain began to whirl and he had to clutch his companion for support. The night was intensely cold, and the snow that covered the ground formed a white backing that every shadow seemed to mock. The sky had cleared some time before and now the silver rimmed moon was slowly toiling across the heavens, silhouetting the tall buildings against the winter sky.

As soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently, the reporter turned to his companion and asked to be directed to the main thoroughfare. His rescuer was, perhaps, one of the lowest specimens of that disreputable district into which "Scotty's" duties had called him, and he felt no delight at the companionship.

With a leer, that was half drunken, the fellow said, edging close to the reporter: "Say, cully, you're a kid, aint yer? Didn't know no better than to trow anything at Larry's head, did yer, now? Look here, young-un, I've saved yer, see! An' what did I do it fer, eh? Youse don't suppose, we lay about here fur nothin', do yer? Well, come, drive up!"

"Scotty" was more than astonished. To be saved by an unknown, and then to be asked to pay for it was beyond his powers of conception, and yet his business sense told him that in this world everything received must be paid for in one way or another. Without more words, Scott took out of his pocket a roll of bills and handed his companion a dollar. He thought that this was a just reward for one who had pulled him out of a difficulty.

"Say, cove, do yer tink I'll go a——paper one? I'm not so easy, see? I'll take de pile, dat I will," and with that he made a grab for the rest that "Scotty" held in his hand.

With a nervous start, the reporter stepped back and the tough missed his aim but was on his feet again, madder than ever.

"Look-a-here, youngster, 'fore I lay yer out, I'll trouble yer fer all yer got. Do youse tink I'd show yer the gang's secret passage fer one greener. No, yer don't, kid," as "Scotty" attempted to get by him. "I'm tough, I am, and I kin do youse. Quick, or I'll hammer yer head."

Scott thought that discretion was the better part of valor and was about to hand over all his money when a thought entered his mind, and, being impulsive, he acted upon it without question. Without a moment's warning he sprang at the tough's throat and before the reporter realized what had happened, he and his antagonist were rolling upon the ground beating each other with all the strength possible. First one way and then another they writhed, until Scott was conscious of some one else being present and that the new party was taking a hand in the fracas. At first it was difficult to tell upon which side the new comer stood, so fierce was the fighting, but after a moment Scott felt a new hand grip his throat and a blow descend upon his head; after that he became unconscious.

When he regained a clear brain, the reporter found himself bound hand and foot, thrown into a dark corner of a room where several men were present.

At first the events of the night would not come back but as he lay quietly on his matting he began to realize his position and the terrible consequences of it flashed before him. He could stir neither hand nor foot; so tightly was he bound that the ropes cut into his wrists and bruised his skin. He could hardly believe there was a body of men in such an enlightened city who would dare to so molest him. His first impulse was to cry out for help but he reasoned that it would do no good as he was beyond the hearing of any passer-by, and that any action upon his part would only precipitate another beating.

As he lay with his eyes shut, unconscious to all intents and purposes, he became aware of the fact that the men in the room were talking of some private business, the import of which he could not get. A few words would sometimes reach his ears spoken in a jargon of English, but their meaning he could not fathom. He tried his best to piece together such sentences as he could catch but to no purpose. The only words that were distinct to him were "Senior Gaspard Gravotte" and he could form no idea of any connection between them and the men present. He had never heard of any one by such a name and doubted if any one in the city was called Gravotte.

After an interminable time at talking the men made a movement to leave the room, as if the conference was closed. Scott dreaded the thought of being left alone, but he hardly cherished the presence of this gang of toughs evidently bent upon some mischief. One of the men came over to where he lay, examined the ropes that bound him and, after saying something to the others in a foreign tongue, followed them out of the room.

When the door closed, Scott heaved a sigh of relief and opened his eyes. At first he could see little, but as his sight became accustomed to the darkness, he viewed his surroundings as best he might from his cramped position. The room in which he lay was without any sign of furnishing and contained a few boxes and a well-burned candle. Through a chink in the window-shutter he judged that it must be noon-time and he wondered how he could lay unconscious for so long a period.

After the first surprise at his surroundings wore off, "Scotty" turned his attention to the ropes about his wrists with the fond hope that he might free himself.

For an hour or more he struggled in vain and only desisted when his strength failed him. Once or twice he had fainted, and at last was forced to give up his fruitless trials. He next turned his attention to the light cast on the floor by the chink in the shutter. He followed its slow course across the floor and up the farther wall. Slowly it went; so slowly at times that he feared it would stop. At last his eyes could see its mark no longer and then came total darkness again.

Sometime later, the door of his prison was cautiously opened and a head was carefully thrust into the room. Slowly the hinges creaked and a figure glided noiselessly through the narrow opening. By the uncertain light of a candle that the figure held, "Scotty" was surprised to recognize the face and features of the good-looking girl that he had noticed in the restaurant the day past. At first he knew not whether she came as a friend or as a foe, but the mere pleasure of once more seeing a human being added joy to his heart. The woman came softly forward and bent over him.

"Say, you! Don't make no noise; I'm going to get you out o' here. Quick now, when I cut yer ropes; the men'll be back now. There, get up. Why yer poor feller, yer can hardly stand. Come along, I'll help yer."

With her help, "Scotty" staggered to the door and down the long passage-way. He hardly realized what he was doing and yet he knew his salvation depended upon his conductor. Once or twice he had endeavored to speak, but she only stopped him abruptly and so he held his peace.

The passage led to a small side door that evidently opened into the street, and before this they stopped, and the girl spoke in her coarse voice:

"Look here, kid," she said. "I don't want yer thanks. When I open this door, you run, see? They won't follow yer, I won't let them; but you go and don't yer come down this way again, see? No, don't thank me, kid; I don't know yer an' I don't want ter. I ain't doin' this fer love of you. I'd just as soon they'd killed yer, but Larry's thrown me off, an' I swore I'd get even with Larry. Now go quick," and with that she shoved "Scotty" into the street.

At first the young fellow was too bewildered to get his bearings, but the night air soon cooled him and he









started off in the direction that he knew must be into the heart of the city. He avoided all the late pedestrians and took such short cuts as he believed would land him at the office. Hungry and nearly dead of fright, he was glad to see before him the lights of Newspaper Row and he hurried ahead with renewed vigor.

As he neared his paper's building he had to pass through a considerable crowd before the door, and as he started to ascend the steps his eye caught these words upon the bulletin boards:

The Hon. Gaspard Gravotte
Italian Minister to this country,
Killed this morning
by the Mafia.

Upon the steps of his office was found the body of Scott; he had fainted dead away.

J. T. P.

SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR NED:—

"I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines." Do you know, Ned, I almost cried as I wrote those words. Dear old grandma used to begin her letters with them—good old soul; it is now two years since we laid her to rest beneath the maples. I have vowed to begin all my letters with those words with which she always headed hers.

I am having a happy time here on the farm; with feeding the fowls, driving the cattle, raking hay, picking berries, roaming the fields, riding, and rowing on the river, my life is full to the brim. I have grown as fat as a fisher-girl and, as brown as a thrush. I live on the fat of the land—peas, beans, cucumbers, summer squashes, sweet corn, tomatoes, and all the other garden vegetables; in fact everything the farm can add to my fare I get when I want it. I am becoming a perfect gormandizer I suspect, but everything tastes so good I positively cannot stop until I can eat no more. And—oh, I almost forgot to tell you—I have a lunch of blackberries and cream every afternoon. Just imagine. I went to a party the other evening. What a bore they are, anyway. I had to dress up in my best bib and tucker of course—oh you needn't laugh; they can have swell affairs up here as well as in your elegant mansions in the city. But to tell the truth, I didn't enjoy myself at all, except per-

haps for a few moments in Mr. Williams company—now don't shake your fist and vow vengeance, I didn't dance with him. Incidentally he mentioned you and of course at once put me into a flutter that I could hardly conceal. Now does that appease you. But all the time I would much rather have been at home.

I must tell you of the delightful episode that I had on the river the other day. You should see the cute little boat I have got. Uncle calls it a sharpie. It is about eight feet long and painted blue. It is flat-bottomed, being more convenient to handle at low tide and when crabbing in the coves. Well, to go on with my story, I have got so I can row pretty well, and the other day I thought I would go out and take the swell of the Mohawk as she came up the river at evening. You know what an awful swell she makes. I had taken it once before with Uncle Henry, but I was now determined to try it alone. I got out in the river bright and early and waited for the steamer. I soon heard the swash of the paddles beyond the ferry, and presently she hove in sight and pulled up at Comstock Wharf. Then I saw the old monster swing out from her moorings and point her prow upstream; and the great waves began to roll on each side towards the shore. I got scared then and suddenly concluded that it would be best to get in shore for the first day; for if I should get tipped over I would not be drowned. So I pulled my boat ashore, running the prow upon the shingle and left the stern pointing out towards the middle of the stream. By this time the big boat was nearly opposite. When I saw the great troughs and billows made by her paddles and the great mass of foam in her wake, I rejoiced that I was on the shore. I grew very brave and stood upon the stern seat, watching the incoming swell. My heart was beating in anticipation of the delightful rocking of the waves. The pulsations grew longer and less forbidding as they approached the shore. I watched with glee the first one approach the boat. It struck it fairly and partly swung it round, nearly upsetting me, and before I could recover another hit her, and over I went, head first, into the water.

The water was shallow and all I had to do was to pick myself up. After swallowing a peck, more or less of salt water, and shaking my hair out of my eyes I looked towards the steamer. Oh Ned, I shall never forget the mortification of that moment! All the

passengers were shaking their handkerchiefs and laughing. A projecting bank soon hid the boat from sight. I waded ashore. Sitting down upon the bank I had a good cry for two long minutes. Then all at once it came over me how ludicrous I must have looked and I lay right back upon the sand and roared. Then I got up and looked around. On a stonewall, a hundred feet away, a young man sat smiling. I believe I could have forgiven him if he had laughed loud and heartily, and had come over and offered to bale out my boat; but there he sat with that cruel, hideous, provoking grin.

Then I got mad, and getting into my boat, which was one-third full of water, I planted my feet in the middle of it and pulled like mad for home and friends. I was a sore sight with my feet soaking wet, my clothes bedraggled, and my hair all tied up in snarls. Besides I was bruised by the great stones that I had struck in my fall; and as cross as a bear. Auntie never said an unkind word, and with her help I was soon comfortable again. But I expect I will be black and blue for a month. All the same I am having a good time and my only regret is that you are not here, Ned. What times we would have. I am glad I am a stranger in these parts.

Yours forever,
MADGE.

MY DEAR MADGE:—

I received your welcome letter yesterday and thought—"well I must follow the customs of good taste and forego answering for one week at least;" but this morning I have a little leisure, and the temptation is so strong I am going to throw conventionality to the winds and answer your letter despite all consequences.

Well your letter does breathe of the country with a vengeance, and I am already sick of the hum and drum of business. I expect I shall not get my equilibrium for a week. For pity's sake do not write again within that time or I shall be strongly tempted to flee the city some dark night. But now I think of it, if I do not get a breath of new mown hay some way or other before the expiration of that time I shall be just as badly off, so you had better write when the mood strikes you.

I went to a party, too—last evening after reading

your letter. I was looking for brown thrushes all the evening. I enjoyed nothing but the singing. I hid myself where I could not see the singer and then imagined it was a hermit thrush singing in the woods near the farm. Stella Reeves was there—it may be your turn, but do not get angry. I carried your letter in my left vest pocket and five hundred darts were shattered on it adamantine surface before the evening was gone.

I have refrained from telling you how much I should have enjoyed watching your plunge in the river, because I was afraid you would be so very wrathful you would not read my letter. Do you remember the day we were crabbing in the cove and my net handle caught in the mud; how I went down two feet or more in mud and water and you laughed till you cried. Ah! but revenge is sweet. But I should have enjoyed punching the head of that poor idiot who sat and laughed at you; but I am kind of glad that I was not in such looking company as you must have been. I have since wondered if that fellow on the wall had any chivalry, or whether the thought of being seen with such a half drowned looking creature kept him from lending you any aid.

Yours forever,
NED.

DEAR NED:—

"I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines." You cruel, unsympathetic man. I who hoped to excite your pity, and incidentally your sense of humor, am thus held up to ridicule. Did I not know you of old I would never write you again. No, nevermore. But I see through your tricks; you know I could not behold such a lack of sympathy and such cold-hearted exultation in my misfortune without boiling, and so you tack a whole lot of unfeeling remarks on your letter where they shall be the last thing I shall see and the first thing I shall remember, coldly calculating all the while to have me sit right down and rush you off a letter immediately. I am appeased only by the motives that inspired you and yet for that very reason I wish I could keep you waiting for a month.

I forget to tell you that I have got a riding pony and have become quite an expert horsewoman. I have scoured the country for miles around, and know

every road and cart path to be found. I met the man of stonewall fame the other morning. I call him Jackson. He was very obsequious. I rather hoped he wouldn't recognize me. I am rather inclined to believe that he is of your stamp, cold and distant in time of need, and when chivalry is called for a poor stick at best, but always chivalrous enough in the presence of—well beauty, if you will have it so, but beauty devoid of wet clothes. Ah, how I scorn such men.

I am going to tell you another story and give you another opportunity to poke fun at me. I tell you I am at the beginning of a heroic career. I bear a charmed life and at the same time am the victim of a most miserable existence.

The other day I made hay for the boys in the hay-field and they, thinking to scare me, kept piling on the hay till no more would go on. I confess the load was pretty slimly built and when we started on our way to the barn it swayed to and fro in an alarming manner. I gazed down in terror at the ground when the boys were not looking, for I did not care to let them see I was afraid. Now it so happened, as the chroniclers of old say, there was in the way a great big stone by which or over which we must make our way. The crew—I had no voice in the matter—considered the latter the better way and steered to wreck the wagon, cargo, and passengers on that great big stone. The cart keeled over and I slid to the ground narrowly escaping being impaled on a cart stick, and started to run. At first it seemed as though I might escape, but before I had taken a step, the top of the load struck me in the middle of the back and bore me to the ground amid the exulting cries of the crew. When the crew had extricated me from the mountain of hay, I was nearly choked, in trying to get my breath, by swallowing each time seeds enough to plant a lawn. My hair and clothes were full, too, and I was mad, while the boys laughed. I dare say you would like to have been there. Such is my unhappy fate. But it is an ill wind that blows no one good. I had the fun of watching them build the load again.

You ought to have seen the sunset, and the scene on the river to-night. I went up in the east road pasture and watched the sun go down behind the steeples of the village, and the craft plying up and down the river. Two schooners are now moored at

the wharf and three others are anchored amid stream. A train wound its way along the bank and the Mohawk with its load of passengers steamed by, as I sat under the oak near the wall.

Dora, Harry, Ed., and Blanche arrived to-night. When do you expect to come.

Yours forever,
MADGE.

MY DEAR MADGE :—

I had laid five dollars by, saying to myself, "here are five dollars for a present for Madge if I do not receive a reply to my letter by to-morrow night." So you cannot justly call me cruel. Yes, I am a calculating man, for sure enough the letter came as I had planned.

I have good news to tell you, I sang one verse of the Spanish Cavalier to my employer this morning, and he said go. In other words, he has given me a three weeks vacation. In the superabundance of my jubilant spirits I sang a voluntary composed by Ned for the occasion. I expect to leave on Monday morning. Till then goodbye.

Yours lovingly forever,
NED.

College Notes.

—On Saturday, May 20, Sunderland defeated the Freshmen at baseball, 9-6.

—Last Sunday the College pulpit was filled by the Rev. Mr. Hamlin of Easthampton.

—Dr. Wellington has presented the new reading-room with a handsome oil landscape painting.

—Bicycle racks have been put up at the chapel and also in the hallway of the Chemical Laboratory.

—Owing to Prof. Lull's absence, Prof. Flint will inspect the dormitories for the remainder of the term.

—THE LIFE regrets to announce that the infant son of Professor and Mrs. P. B. Hasbrouck died two weeks ago.

—On Friday evening, May 19, the members of the Amherst Grange were much pleased and interested by an address on farming in Japan by Professor Brooks.

—The holiday enjoyed by the students last Friday has caused many to hope that the needs of the College will necessitate visits from the Legislature much more frequently than heretofore.

—The attendance at Sunday chapel this spring term has been decidedly slim. The President is doing his best through a good example and numerous warnings to attract the delinquents to divine worship.

—On Wednesday evening, May 24th, the members of the junior and sophomore classes held a joint meeting for the purpose of discussing affairs of importance concerning the College. The matter of changing the military uniform was taken up, debated for and against, and finally left to a committee to look into. A Junior Prom. to take place at Commencement was also carefully considered.

—The speaking of the Burnham tens before a committee of the faculty took place Thursday, May 18. The following men were chosen to speak at Commencement: Sophomores, W. C. Dickerman, E. S. Gamwell, C. E. Gordon, T. H. Graves; substitutes, N. D. Whitman, R. I. Smith; freshmen, M. A. Blake, J. C. Hall, R. W. Morse, D. N. West; substitutes, A. L. Dacy, E. F. McCobb. The judges were President Goodell, Dr. Walker and Professor Mills.

—Provided that a sufficient number of members can be obtained the second session of the Summer Class in Chemistry will be held during July and August. The course will consist of practical work in organic and inorganic chemistry. The expense will be low,—merely the cost of running the laboratory and price of the chemicals. Those who are contemplating taking this course during the summer should hand in their names without delay to the department of Chemistry.

—On account of the unfinished condition of the new track at Williston, it was deemed advisable to postpone the Williston and M. A. C. athletic meet until June 10th. In order to allow each race to be finished in a single heat, it was decided that each college should enter but two men in the 100 yds. and 220 yds. flat and 120 yds. and 220 yds. hurdles. All candidates for the team have been provided with suits and shoes, and with hard training our men hope to be in fairly respectable condition by the 10th of June.

—The oil painting of the late President Clark, a gift of his family to the College, reached here May 15 and was immediately hung in the reading-room of the stone chapel. The letter of presentation was as follows: "On behalf of my sister, Mrs. Frank W. Stearns, and myself, I take pleasure in presenting this portrait to the Massachusetts Agricultural College, not only in memory of my father, but as a token of our continued interest in the institution to which he gave the best years of his life."

(Signed,) ATHERTON CLARK.

—About thirty members of the Legislative committees on education, military affairs, and agriculture arrived at the Amherst House on the afternoon of May 18, for their annual visit to our college. In the evening they were given a reception by the members of the Faculty at the home of President and Mrs. Goodell. Friday morning the party attended chapel exercises at the college, after which the library, veterinary laboratory, barns, chemical and experimental buildings, insectary, and other features of interest, were inspected. The visitors seemed particularly interested in the newly completed veterinary buildings and in the practical dairying operations going on at the barn, though many favorable comments were made on the excellent showing of all the departments. College exercises were suspended as usual for the day.

SCHEDULE FOR THE SEASON OF '99, FOOTBALL.

- Sept. 23 Holy Cross at Worcester.
- " 27 Tufts at Tufts College.
- " 30 Wesleyan at Middletown.
- Oct. 7 Springfield Training School at Amherst.
- " 14 Open date.
- " 21 Trinity at Hartford.
- " 28 Vermont University at Burlington.
- Nov. 1 Amherst at Pratt Field.
- " 4 Worcester Tech. at Worcester.
- " 8 Williston at Amherst.
- " 11 Worcester Tech. at Amherst.

An interesting article in the *Earlhamite* concerning the recent debate between Earlham College and the Iowa University shows that practice in forensics (in some colleges at least) is still held in esteem. It will be a happy day when this important training is more thoroughly appreciated.

CERTIFICATES OF ADMISSION.

The Faculty of the Massachusetts Agricultural College have voted to accept, from an approved list of high schools and academies in the state, the certificate of the Principal of such high school or academy in place of the required examination for admission. Diplomas will not be received, and the certificate must be written on blanks to be obtained only from the Registrar of the college. Further particulars will be furnished by the same officer.

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LIBRARY NOTES.

During the past two weeks a large number of new books have been added to the library among them the following are the most worthy of mention :

The Steam Engine by G. C. V. Holmes. This is an elementary text-book on the steam engine adapted for the use of artisans and students in scientific institutions. The study of the science of heat and motion is in its nature somewhat complex but this book treats the subject in as simple a manner as possible while no previous knowledge of the steam engine on the part of the reader is assumed.

Moore's Sanitary Engineering. It is for those engaged in the important work of providing efficient sanitation for our cities, towns and villages, that this book is intended. The problem of the collection, removal and final disposal of sewage and the construction of drainage systems is of grave importance to public health the world over. The author gives an impartial account of the various methods and practices of sanitary engineering and also devotes considerable space to the flow of liquids in pipes and channels. It is a very comprehensive work and without exception is the best reference book on the subject.

Appleton's Cyclopaedia of Drawing and Design edited by W. E. Worthen, C. E. This is an excellent book, of large size and very complete in its treatment of

the subject. The principles of all branches of drawing are contained in this volume with numerous illustrations of topographical, mechanical, engineering, architectural, perspective and free hand drawing. It has been the intention of the author to make this work a complete course of instruction and a book of reference to the mechanic, architect and engineer, accordingly it not only contains many illustrations for the copyist but affords an immense amount of suggestion, thus aiding in the production of original work.

The Spirit of Organic Chemistry by Arthur Lachman Ph. D., professor of chemistry in the University of Oregon. The main object of this work as is implied in the title is to infuse into the reader *the spirit of the science*. It is very important that the student of Organic Chemistry be able to read intelligently the current literature of the subject. If he can do this he can derive much benefit from the chemical journals of the day for they enable him to follow the development of the science and to keep in touch with its investigators. To serve as an introduction to this kind of literature is the secondary object of the book. The author has taken nearly all the fundamental problems of this branch of chemistry and in a historical manner has discussed their origin, growth and gradual development. The difficult parts are explained in detail and all formulas are much simplified by being expressed graphically according to modern structure theories.

Exchanges.

The *High School Recorder* with its glaring cover attracted my attention. Its name is written in characters of blood. But in spite of the piratical impression conveyed by its streaming banner of black and red it is quite harmless. In fact it seems to be an excellent paper. The seven columns of gossip is perhaps a little too long, but it is not to be gainsaid that a certain amount of such matter is indispensable. A good many papers are running similar matter under a different heading. This tendency towards good lively gossip is in accordance with the spirit of the times, and papers are more and more beginning to appreciate the fact. The *Recorder's* exchange column is good, too.

The *Tech* is a neat paper, but partakes too much of the home chronicle to be an interesting exchange. "The Lounger" page seems to be its only pretense to work of a distinct literary character. One is compelled to wonder if this paper may not be defeating in part, the purpose of a college publication. We recognize the truth that a representative student paper primarily has the interests of the students in view; but might not their interests be furthered, and the influence of the paper extended, by affording an outlet for creative literary talent.

"The Infidèle" in the Mt. St. Joseph Collegian draws you a picture of the disappointed lover. Where is its consolation? There is none. Your light has gone out, "and oh! it will shine no more."

The modest cowslip that adorns our meadows in early springtime has attracted the attention of many poets. Lowell has mentioned it in a beautiful verse, and Shakespeare in his *Cymbeline* has sung its poetic beauty in the following lines;—

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:

With everything that pretty is
My lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.

The author of "The Dream of the Cowslip" in *The Hermonite* has caught the thought and expressed it in an appreciative way. We have space to quote but one verse:

"Softly the light in the eastern sky
Is brightening into day;
The hilltops are gilded with golden gleams,
And rose-flushed with the bloom of May."

Alumni.

COMMENCEMENT.

June 18th, Sunday: Baccalaureate sermon.

June 16th, Monday: Prize speaking contests.

June 20th, Tuesday: Class-day exercises, Meeting of alumni.

Reception by President and trustees.

June 21st, Wednesday: Commencement Exercises.

"Old Aggie" never looked better than now, and if the superb view of the campus obtained from the hill back of the Insectary, will not bring to the mind of the visiting Alumnus such a flood of the memories of "Old Times" as will make tears of pleasure and sadness come to his eyes, he is dead clear up to the roots of his hair, and should order his coffin at once.

'76—Dr. C. W. McConnel; address. 171—A Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

AGGIE IN THE KLONDIKE.

'82—Wilbur H. Thurston has gone gold hunting in the Klondike. For the last four or five years Mr. Thurston has been engaged as a farmer in the town of Grafton.

'86—R. B. Mackintosh has recently been elected a resident member of the New England Botanical Club.

'90—George B. Simonds is in the postal service at Fitchburg.

'97—C. A. Peters has been appointed Assistant in the Kent Chemical Laboratory of Yale University for the coming year.

'97—H. J. Armstrong; address, Chicago, Ill., care of Chief Civil Engineer, Illinois Central Railroad.

'97—L. L. Cheney has finished a second year's successful work in the Veterinary college of the University of Pennsylvania.

AGGIE IN OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

'97—Married at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, February 2nd, 1899, Mr. Allen March Nowell, Ex. '97, to Miss Ruth Moore Taplin, of Winchester, Mass.

AGGIE IN CUBA.

'97—James L. Bartlett is now in charge of the Weather Bureau office at Cienfuegos, having been in Havana since the first of January, and in Cienfuegos since May 1st. Address, Cienfuegos, Cuba.



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AGGIE LIFE.

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Editorials.

WITH the present issue the editor-in-chief severs his connection with the LIFE and a new editor will assume the duties incident to editorial work. The past few issues have been sources of much pleasure to the editor and the relations existing between the present board and the past editor have always been harmonious; to them he owes a debt of gratitude for their aid and encouragement, and he sincerely trusts that the new editor-in-chief will be favored with the same considerations.

WITH the termination of this collegiate year the Reading Room finishes its first month of trial. That the effort has been highly successful is needless to say and much credit is due to those who have had charge of the management of it. Next year the room will be opened under peculiarly fortunate circumstances; new furniture and decorations will be employed, the space now used will be increased to meet the demands of the students and new periodicals

will be added. It is to be hoped that the students will give this movement the encouragement that it deserves.

THE coming year promises to bring forth its usual stock surprises in regard to classes and their doings. Each successive collegiate year always promises so much and then gives so little that it has become wearisome. Athletics promise to do well, drill promises to come back, and the thousand and one minor promises have all appeared, and yet we live in that delightful uncertainty where we know not what to expect next. It is, perhaps, this very uncertainty that gives us the spice of life, and keeps up our spirits that the morrow may have in store for us unexpected happiness that will be welcome simply from its very unexpectedness. Yet with all this, we must plan for the future and shape our present actions so that the future may derive the greatest good from our present acts and resolves. We are gathered here, alumni and undergraduate, and it is eminently proper that we should take some decisive action for the benefit of

our Alma Mater. Let every man do his utmost for the welfare of that institution to which he owes so much.

THERE is a department in the collegiate work that deserves a word of praise for its excellent standing and that is the department of Public Speaking. This form of education is so often neglected that it is refreshing to find that in some localities it is exercising its just powers. The training given the student under this head is of lasting benefit both physically and mentally, and the ethical relations established between the student and his audience are not to be relegated to an inferior position. The work of preparation for public speaking is of vast importance and combines a diversity of elementary teachings that embrace all sciences and arts. The training to the mind, the figure, the voice, is of much moment, and the mental exercise of committing a piece is an excellent stimulus, besides affording the speaker an opportunity to become familiar with the best writers. So far, our work here at Aggie has been very satisfactory and much credit is due to both students and teachers. It is to be hoped that in future years we may be able to enter the debating arena with some profit to ourselves.

CLASS Day has come around once again and we are about to push ourselves into the cold bad world with the firm intention of revolutionizing every social condition that may be met. We shall establish new orders of procedure, new ideas, new theories; we shall take the world to our arms and remould it to meet the desires we may have. We shall be the only reformers that have ever accomplished an iota of good; we shall be the only genuine ones, the only faithful, and our following will be large. We shall strike the evil conditions of society a solar plexus blow or be struck by one ourselves. We shall kill every evil germ existing or be killed ourselves; we shall be heroes, of that we are certain. With the firm unalterable resolve that we are the only truly good and everybody else is bad, we shall glance upon the astonished vision of an assembled multitude as a shooting star of the first order that flashes across the scintillating sky in one bright orb of brilliancy, only to strike earth with a dull sickening thud, ultimately to be used as simple ballast to the ship-of-state.

THE members of the Faculty have reported in favor of making the Sunday chapel exercises voluntary for the student body. This is a step from the dark ages into the more civilized era in which we now live. Compulsory chapel smacks too much of medievalism when the actions of the various units of a society were bound by rigid laws of a select set of men noted for their bigotry. Compulsory chapel never accomplished the end desired and it has been found to be a failure in more ways than one; if a man desires to attend any religious services he will avail himself of such opportunities as he may see fit, no law compelling him to go is necessary. If a man has no desire to attend such exercises, it is morally wrong to compel him to or to hold him in such bonds that he can with difficulty pursue those ends that he deems honorable. Compulsory chapel at the best only caused those to attend who would have attended of their own free will and compelled a reluctant attendance in quarters where it was distasteful. We have long since graduated from that era when any set of men can furnish ideas for the whole; and compulsory laws are only such laws as are readily broken. The Faculty are to be sincerely congratulated upon this, their new departure and LIFE desires it understood that the best sentiment among the students heartily applauds this action, regardless of creed.

THE track team meet with Williston proved to be an agreeable surprise to us. In our enthusiastic moments we had fancied we might lead by some ten points but a lead of forty-one was far beyond our fondest anticipations. Some records have suffered and undoubtedly more would have been cut down but for the fact that the track, being new, was in a poor condition. The greatest disappointment to us was the bicycle races, and the very unnecessary conditions that caused us to lose them is but gall to us. A rider, whoever he may be, should inform himself completely in regard to the length and condition of the track and there is no excuse for a blunder in this respect. The fact that our rider was neatly pocketed in the second race shows that our adversaries had the team work that we lacked. The act was of course ungentlemanly and a thorough sportsman would not revert to its necessity, but it is perfectly legitimate and is well within the rules of the track. The work









of Mr. Claflin is to be highly commended ; he secured the largest number of points of any of the contestants and so he was presented the M. A. C. pin so kindly donated by Mr. George Wright of the class of '98. The hammer throwing and the shot-put were both good examples of the work that can be done here. Now that the track meets have been started, it is necessary that they should be continued into the future.

HIDDEN MUSIC.

At last after my hot, dusty ride in the cars I had landed at the little New England village which I called my summer resort ; I had found my old lodging-place and had again settled myself for another summer away from the cares of my business and from the noise and din of the city. I had decided that as soon as supper was over, I would take a short walk over the hills of this—one of the most beautiful spots in beautiful New England.

And therefore, my supper being finished, I went out into the cool moonlit night. Every star twinkled and sparkled as if it was especially glad over my return. As I went on I saw familiar sights. Here was the old road leading to the neighboring city, here the church and the town hall and all of the old objects that from their apparent rest and quietness, seemed to give me more rest than I would otherwise have felt.

Now I had gotten among the hills just outside the village, and as I wandered on I came to a small eminence, quite new to me, although I had seen it before. As I went over it a sweet melodious musical sound seemed to come from its very bowels. This was followed by fits of laughter and far away conversation, not distinct enough to be understood, I put my ear to the earth to listen. The music increased in volume and seemed to come from a number of wind instruments such as flutes, bag-pipes and others.

The sound kept increasing and soon seemed to come from the opposite slope of the hill. On looking, I beheld a sight which held me spell-bound, for emerging from the hillside were queer looking figures—all as white as snow, and resembling Robin Hood's gang of yore. There was Robin himself with his long bow ; behind him waddled Friar Tuck, and with him stode

Little John and all the rest of the merry gang. They, at first, seemed to take a direction immediately away from me, but, to my horror suddenly turned in their steps and came toward the place where I was standing. I was overwhelmed with terror. I could neither yell nor could I run away from the place. On they came, some laughing, some making jokes, and in general having a genuine good time. The music, however had ceased as soon as they had left the inside of the hill.

I had not been in this position long when the leader of the gang, Robin Hood, approached as if he had known me for years, presented his hand which I was too frightened to touch, and began to speak :

“ Ah, my friend, do you see the state to which my band and I have been brought ? This beautiful hill was once covered with forests like those of Merry England. The great oaks reminded me of those in Sherwood Forest where Robin Hood and his joyous band once roamed at will. It was not quite three hundred and fifty years ago that we—all that you see here—drawn by the colored descriptions of New England, came to try our lot together with the rest of mankind. We were a merry crowd full of the ancient lore of Old England and eager to start anew some of her, then obsolete, customs in the New World. So I, by chance, conceived the idea of forming another band like that of the ancient outlaw, Robin Hood. My friends here readily agreed, and we roamed freely over the whole country, robbing wherever we pleased at the expense of many a stern God-fearing Puritan. We often captured some of these stiff old villains and made them perform a great many tasks enough to scandalize the whole puritanic set if they had seen it. Some we decked out in tights and slippers and made them dance to the merry music of the flute. Others we caused to drink until they were silly when they would say and do the most laughable things. If they would not drink we pried open their mouths and made them take it.

“ Sometimes after a great hunt in which we had captured much game, we would all have a great feast and invite some of our liberal neighbors of the good old church who in spite of opposition would often gain a settlement. With these we would talk over old times in Merry England, and many of them who had

known us before would become part of our band, some preferring to live as they were. These we did not try to prevent."

"My mind, by this time, had become almost reconciled to the strangeness of my surroundings. These men seemed to me not spirits without flesh or bone but men with bodies full of life and vigor. As this personator of Robin Hood spoke I almost believed myself in the presence of that worthy person of old English legend. His existence seemed not to be the wild fancy of an imaginative brain, but the stern reality of a logical and clear line of thought. I was no longer afraid to touch his hand, which although icy cold, still seemed to warm me to the very soul. Oh what bliss thought, I to throw off all restraints of practical life and enter into the enjoyment of the wild lawless career of these renowned outlaws. Again Robin spoke:

"Here after these many years that have passed, since we lived and enjoyed ourselves on this very spot, we are again, O, worthy friend, to have a renewal of one of those feasts, but not until I have told you the awful end to which my companions and I myself were brought by the prejudiced hatred of those stiff-necked Puritans.

"It seems that for sometime they had been planning a general rooting out of all people in New England who had not embraced the Calvinistic belief. This was only too true.

"One day as we were in the midst of enjoyment after a good hunt, news came from one of our men who had come in late that a large host of hostile Puritans, with their great ugly blunderbusses, were near at hand, and, as we supposed, would try to drive us from our old resorts. But while we were pondering some means of escape or defense, we were surrounded on all sides. Escape was impossible and it would have been folly to have tried to defend ourselves with the long-bow against the blunderbusses of the enemy—so we surrendered without a murmur.

"‘Aha, we have you at last,’ said old Cotton Makepeace, the leader of the Puritan band. ‘We have had enough of your sacrilegious doings and we intend to make you suffer as much in this world as you will in the next. Do you see that hill? In that, reached by a subterranean passage is a dark chamber lined with

the hardest granite. We intend to place you there with your nefarious band for several months, food will be given you sufficient for three days. At the expiration of that time you get nothing, and you will all die the death due to your audacity in daring to blaspheme the only true church.’

"With that we were hurried away to our tomb with faint hearts and blighted hopes. This subterranean prison was all that he said it would be, and more too. But while there's life there's hope. After feeling round the damp musty walls all day we at last found an opening where we could feel the earth. We worked frantically while the food lasted, trying to open a passage, but one by one my brave men, worn out by fatigue and hunger, fell dead before me. I at last was left alone, by some wonderful decree, but it was not long before I too fell a victim to that worst of all deaths a death by hunger. I had suffered so long and so acutely that when Death did come He was welcome.

"Well, that was the last of our earthly life. For many long years we have haunted this hill. We have seen cities grow up and forests go down, but never before have we spoken to mortal man and never before has any man seen us. You, my friend have the honor of having seen the jolliest men that ever trod the soil of New England; a band which through the jealous hatred and perhaps shame of the Puritans would never have been heard of."

The sun in his morning splendor was just rising over the eastern hills; the band vanished, and I was left alone. Had I been dreaming, or had I really seen them? No I had not been dreaming, for I was not asleep, and how could I dream without that condition? Ah, I thought, one more item to add to our New England history, and I went down to breakfast.

V. GURNEY.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

"What's the matter, Frank, your wheel broken down?"

"No, tire is punctured, and I am in a deuce of a hurry to get into town before nine this evening, but I won't be able to, now."

"Take my wheel if you want," said the first speaker again.

"What! you got a wheel?" I asked in astonishment. I had good reasons for being astonished as this fellow's father was too shiftless to support his family and the boy, Fred, by name, had nothing to get one with.

"Oh! Yes," Fred replied, "but I haven't had it long."

He went into his house which was only a short distance away from where we were and soon returned with a brand new wheel.

I asked no more questions, however, and soon I was speeding along on the new wheel. It was a good one and no mistake, but I couldn't help wondering where Fred had got it. He was a peculiar sort of a chap but as he appeared to have no bad habits in particular, I tried to befriend him, as all the boys were inclined to shun him, for no particular reason that I could tell.

"Well!" I thought to myself, "if any of the town fellows ask me where I got the wheel, I'll fool them for a while and make believe it's mine."

I had no sooner got to the cycle club rooms, before one of the fellows who was standing near when I dismounted, asked me if I had a new wheel.

"Yes" I answered "isn't it a beauty?"

"That's what it is," he replied.

"How long have you had it?" he added.

"Well," said I, "not such a terrible long while, this is the first time I have ridden it. It wouldn't do to have ridden it the last two weeks in the mud."

We both stood admiring the steel horse for some time when Bill said rather jokingly, "If you hadn't had this wheel some time I would have to see that you were arrested for stealing a wheel, for Guy Sterling lost his wheel yesterday, but he only bought his two days ago. His was exactly like this one in every respect. Some one stole it from the sidewalk last night while he went into a store for a few minutes."

As lots of wheels had been stolen, Sterling notified the police and they were kept on the lookout,

I now became seriously alarmed. My throat felt as if a hard boiled egg was trying to wiggle through it and for the next three minutes my brain was in a constant whirl, I now understood how Fred became the

possessor of the wheel, but that didn't bother me half as much as the thought that the police were looking for it, and I should be found with it! At first I thought it best to notify the police, but I finally decided to keep quiet about it if I could, for they might want me to stay with the wheel all night and that wouldn't be very nice.

Then again, I hated to have the club fellows know how I was fixed, as they would never stop laughing about it, so with the desperateness of a genuine thief, I decided to risk getting caught with the wheel and resolved to turn the wheel over to Fred as quickly as possible and free myself from an unpleasant predicament. I had just started off, looking down to catch my toe clips, when a voice that seemed to cut to the marrow of my bones, spoke out, "Look out! Don't run into that woman! Ring your bell!" I became curious enough to look up and see who spoke out so sharply when I met the gaze of a policeman, whose eyes seemed to have unusual penetration.

At the same time I felt a cold creeping sensation on the top of my head. If my appearance was, as it seemed to me it must be, my hair must have stood out like porcupine quills.

I expected every moment, that I was in sight, to hear him call out for me to stop for I had imagined most strongly that he had a special purpose in looking at me and the wheel so sharply. This first escapade had the bad effect of disturbing my nerve organisms for it seemed after that, that every one I met, took particular delight in watching me. This made me angry for it seemed as though they did it to tantalize me, and attract everyone-else's attention.

I managed to live through it, but the end was not yet. I turned up another street when I saw two policemen standing and watching cyclists going by. I was just wondering if I could get along without attracting the policemen's attention when a voice that I recognized as a friend of mine sang out from across the street, "Hello, Frank! Got a new wheel?"

Well! I believe that was the first time that I ever experienced that peculiar sensation of having the heart make a wild leap for the mouth.

I knew his talking would attract the attention of the officers who would be apt to look more closely at my wheel, especially as it was the one stolen, so I said

quickly as I passed, "Wait there just a second will you, Henry?"

I knew that was the only way to put the police off their guard and to escape, by making them think that I was coming back, as my remark to Henry naturally suggested. I was not molested any more that night but you can rest assured that I got that wheel off my hands before I retired to sleep. Before morning I had no less than eighteen policemen and the owner of the wheel pursuing me down one street and up another. I was glad when morning came, for bad dreams after a real experience, are poor things to settle one's mind.

J. F. LEWIS.

A FRATERNAL DEADLOCK.

Our club had been in existence about six months, and everything had run as smoothly as with a newly-married couple. The petty bickerings and graver disagreements which had disgraced other societies had been absent from our councils, where a spirit of concord had always ruled. With us, the wish of one was the desire of all. Naturally, we felt very proud of this fraternal feeling, and only laughed at the pessimistic outsiders who prophesied trouble.

But all this was before our fraternal deadlock. We do not boast quite so loudly of our perfection now, and even refrain from criticising others when they disagree on little minor points not worth quarreling about. In fact, we maintain that there may always be two sides to a question, and that a diversity of opinion is a necessity to healthy growth. The cause for this reversal of our belief was our public reception, or more properly, the disposal of its proceeds. There were no conflicting ideas as to the management of the reception itself, and it had passed off without any friction whatever. And when we next assembled everyone expected merely mutual congratulations on its success, and incidentally some means of investing the profits which would please all of us.

In this we were disappointed. The meeting opened auspiciously enough, but when the time for business came, it was found that the treasurer was absent. No one else knew exactly how much money had been realized from the reception, though it was understood

to be about one hundred dollars. The club decided to proceed without the precise figures, since, as one member said, "a few cents more or less wouldn't make any great difference." The question was therefore laid before us, but here our unity ceased. Instead of some single plan, no less than three were at once presented. Norcross proposed to use the money to buy a piano; White suggested that we get books for our library with it; while Duncan was convinced that we ought to lay it aside as a nucleus for a building fund. On this point the club split. All the plans were commendable, and each found followers. A vote revealed three factions of nearly equal strength, and then began a scene of tumult. No party was strong enough in itself to win, yet each was determined never to yield. Efforts at compromise failed, and a project to divide the funds was rejected. A deadlock, as complete and disastrous as those which often blight our Legislatures, though on a smaller scale, was upon us, and we could do nothing.

Every moment the situation became worse. The debate, at first moderate and reasonable, soon set at defiance all the rules of parliamentary law. Personalities were exchanged on every side and threats of brute force freely given. Everyone was on his feet angrily talking and gesticulating. The president after fruitless struggles to restore order threw down his gavel in disgust, and the recording secretary, after jotting down the one word "deadlock," wiped his pen in despair. Our love of harmony, our vaunted unity, and our fraternal feelings had all vanished in a single hour, and chaos reigned supreme.

The crisis was reopened when the Norcross faction announced their ultimatum, "Unless the club votes our way every one of us withdraws," they declared. But it was just as evident that the other two parties would do the same. In any case, the founders of the club could see nothing but disgrace and ruin before them.

Just then the door opened, and in breathless haste a man entered, who stared at the scene in amazement. It was the treasurer. The members spied him, and he was at once surrounded by a Babel of clamorous voices, out of which we could distinguish only the words "vote," "piano," "library," and "building-fund," and these conveyed no meaning

whatever to his mind. But at last the situation was explained, when to our astonishment he laughed.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I think there is a slight misapprehension here which my report would correct."

"Read it then," we shouted in chorus, and the treasurer read as follows:

Amt. appropriated by club,	\$25.00	
" rec'd for admission,	150.75	
Total receipts,		\$175.75
Paid orchestra,	\$75.00	
" refreshments,	50.00	
" printing and incidentals,	49.61	
Total expenses,	174.61	
Balance on hand,	\$1.14	

There was a long and suggestive silence. Then without further discussion the meeting unanimously voted to adjourn. Our fraternal deadlock was broken.

H. L. K.

College Notes.

—Commencement!

—M. A. C. 88—Williston 47.

—The '99 class bed looks very neat and attractive.

—The new back stop has received a much needed coat of paint.

—The sophomore-freshman baseball game was played June 2, the sophomores winning 14-10.

—At their last exercise under Professor Flint the class of 1901 presented him with a fine meerschaum pipe.

—Within the last few weeks a considerable amount of sand has been removed from the bottom of the pond.

—At a meeting of the Track Team E. S. Gamwell, '01, was elected manager, and A. C. Wilson, '01, captain.

—The fruit-growers of Massachusetts will hold their annual summer field meeting at the College on Tuesday, June 20.

—Capt. W. M. Wright left Amherst for Cuba on Monday, June 5, to rejoin his regiment, his furlough having expired.

—M. B. Landers, '00, has been appointed to the AGGIE LIFE board to fill the vacancy caused by F. A. Merrill's resignation.

—The College has been practising singing in the Chapel under the direction of Dr. Wellington. H. Baker, '00, was chosen leader.

—On account of C. E. Gordon being obliged to be absent N. D. Whitman will take his place on the Burnham Four at Commencement.

—At a meeting of the AGGIE LIFE board June 21, M. B. Landers was elected editor-in-chief in place of F. A. Merrill who graduates with the class of '99.

—On Tuesday, June 13, President Goodell delivered an address of welcome at the Amherst Town Hall to the Western Massachusetts Library Club.

—Up to the time of writing the Meteorological Department has done its best, with a liberal display of storm flags, to coax up a shower but without success.

—The M. A. C. pin offered by Geo. H. Wright, '98, to the man making the most points against Williston in the dual meet was won by L. C. Claflin '02.

—The following men will represent the senior class on the Commencement stage: Messrs. Hinds, Maynard, B. H. Smith, E. S. Smith, Pingree and Turner.

—At a meeting of the baseball team held on June 13, Y. H. Canto, '00, was elected manager, W. C. Dickerman, '01, assistant manager and Thaddeus Graves, Jr., '01, captain.

—The class of 1901 having won the most points in the interclass meet, 54, and against Williston, 43, have had their numbers put on the class championship banner as class champions for 1899.

—A party of school teachers from Montague visited the College on Saturday, June 3. They were shown over the place by Professor Cooley, and expressed themselves much pleased with their visit.

—The class of 1901 has elected the following officers to serve for the Fall term of 1899: Pres't, E. S. Gamwell; vice-pres't, E. L. Macomber; sec'y and treas., J. H. Chickering; historian, C. E. Gordon; serg't at arms, V. H. Gurney.

—The celebration of the victory over Williston was crude but enthusiastic. A bonfire, the size of a small cottage, was built on the campus and its light told the people about Amherst that M. A. C. was victorious once more. The whole College then watched the blaze from the grass in front of south college and indulged in popular songs and speeches.

—An interclass meet to determine the make-up of the track team to compete against Williston in the dual meet of June 10 was held at Pratt Field on Friday, June 2. Seven college records were broken, one equaled, and two new records established. The 100-yards dash was won by J. H. Chickering '01, in 10 3-5 sec., equaling the old record. The 220-yards dash and 440 yards dash were also won by Chickering in 24 4-5 sec. and 56 1-5 sec. respectively; the latter beating the old record of 58 2-5 sec. held by Hemenway '95. The records for the 880-yards run and one mile run were also reduced. The former was won by H. E. Maynard '99 in 2 min. 11 sec. and the latter by A. C. Wilson '01, in 5 min. 5 1-5 sec. In the hurdles L. C. Claflin, '02, took the 120-yards high in 18 3-5 sec. and the 220-yards low in 30 sec. In the running high jump M. B. Landers, '00 easily cleared the bar at 5 ft. 5 1-8 in., while the pole vault went to J. C. Barry, '01, with a vault of 8 ft. 8 5-8 in, 3-8 in. below the college record. The broad jump was won by Claflin '02 with a jump of 19 ft. 8 3-8 in. F. G. Stanley, '00, threw the hammer 95 ft. 10 13-16 in. and also won the shot put with 35 ft. 9 9-16 in.

The discus, a new event, was thrown by T. Graves 93 ft. 3 in. '99 won 8 points; '00—28; '01—54; '02—24.

Athletic Notes.

M. A. C. 88; WILLISTON 47.

Aggie won a complete victory over Williston in the dual meet at Easthampton, on Saturday, June 10. The Williston men were never ahead and were simply outclassed. If some of our men had done themselves justice, Williston would not have secured a first.

We were greatly handicapped in the sprints. Chickering had such a painful knee that he could scarcely walk, to say nothing of running. Brown, our other sprinter, had some trouble with one of his eyes and could not see out of it. Nevertheless these men did good work under such circumstances.

The track was very soft and was in no condition for a meet. This accounts for the slow time made in the running events and also for the poor showing in jumping and pole vaulting.

In the one mile bicycle race Saunders thought the track was three laps to a mile instead of four, and consequently he sprinted to the tape at the end of the third lap. On seeing his mistake he sprinted and tried to catch Dibble who by this time had a big lead and he succeeded in securing second place. Had he not made this mistake he would have easily taken first place. In the two mile bicycle race he was simply forced off the track 100 yards from the tape, by team work of the Williston riders. Nevertheless he finished second.

After the race Saunders protested and asked to have the race run over again, but unfortunately the officials did not see the questionable work and Saunders was disqualified for running off the track.

In the half mile, Macomber surprised everybody by finishing ahead. He set the pace from the start and was never headed.

The mile run was a pretty race. Capt. Wilson set the pace so fast that it tired all the Williston men save Eggleston. On the home stretch Maynard printed and won out and Wilson finished an easy second. Too much credit cannot be given Wilson for his fine work in this event. He simply ran the Williston men off their feet.

Our freshman Claflin showed up in fine shape. He captured two firsts, one second, one third, making a total of 14 points.

Stanley hurled the hammer 104 ft. 5 in. much to the surprise of the Williston delegation and Cook did good work in the shot put. Stanley must have been a trifle nervous in the shot put, for he puts it 35 ft. in. right along.

In the high jump Landers and Claflin found Williston very weak and had no trouble in defeating their best man.

This is the first athletic meet that has been held between Aggie and Williston and as a result of this victory Aggie is to-day the proud possessor of a beautiful silk banner.

The summary of the events is as follows:

100-yards dash.—Won by Chickering of Aggie; Hibbard of Williston, 2d; Bangs of Williston, 3d; time, 11 2-5 sec.

120-yards hurdle.—Won by Claflin of Aggie; Shares of Williston, 2d; Dorman of Aggie, 3d; time, 19 1-5 sec.

880-yards run.—Won by Macomber of Aggie; Maynard of Aggie, 2d; Dawson of Aggie, 3d; time, min. 10 sec.

One mile bicycle.—Won by Dibble of Williston; Saunders of Aggie, 2d; Cooney of Williston, 3d; time, 2 min. 32 1-2 sec.

440-yards dash.—Won by Hibbard of Williston; Chickering of Aggie, 2d; Hart of Williston, 3d; time, 54 3-5 sec.

One mile run.—Won by Maynard of Aggie; Wilson of Aggie, 2d; Eggleston of Williston, 3d; time, 4 min. 57 sec.

220-yards hurdle.—Won by Dorman of Aggie; Marra of Williston, 2d; Claflin of Aggie, 3d; time, 29 4-5 sec.

220-yards dash.—Won by Hibbard of Williston; Chickering of Aggie, 2d; Brown of Aggie, 3d; time, 24 sec.

Two-mile bicycle.—Won by Dibble of Williston; Lewis of Williston, 2d; Crane of Aggie, 3d; time, 5 min. 36 1-5 sec.

Pole vault.—Chase and Barry of Aggie, tied for first; Foster of Williston, 3d; distance, 8 ft. 3 in.

Putting 16-pound shot.—Won by Cook of Aggie; Stanley of Aggie, 2d; Nelson of Williston, 3d; distance, 33 3-4 ft.

Running high jump.—Won by Landers of Aggie; Claflin of Aggie, 2d; Maddox of Williston, 3d; distance, 5 ft. 2 in.

Running broad jump.—Won by Claflin of Aggie; Banss of Williston, 2d; Dickerman of Aggie, 3d; distance, 18 ft. 8 3-4 in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer.—Won by Stanley; Baker 2d; Cook 3d. Williston being shut out; distance, 104 ft. 5 in.

Throwing discus.—Won by Nelson of Williston; Graves of Aggie, 2d; Stanley of Aggie, 3d; distance, 95 9-10 ft.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Corn Plants—their uses and ways of life by F. L. Sargent. This little book endeavors to present to the reader trustworthy information regarding a few of the most important plants in the world. From earliest

times there has been a close connection between the growing of grains and the progress of mankind or in other words, cereals and civilization have gone hand in hand. The author is without doubt justified in his statement that "no act of our early ancestors was more full of promise for the human race than their choice of grains as a food." This book is especially recommended for supplementary reading for classes in elementary botany.

A Guide to the Wild Flowers by Alice Lounsberry is one of the most attractive nature books. Its value to students is greatly enhanced by the numerous colored and black and white illustrations by Mrs. Rowan, the world's greatest painter of wild flowers. The book contains accurate descriptions of nearly five hundred plants classified in the most natural system according to the kinds of soil in which they grow. The family, color, odor, range and time of bloom are given in each case and with the indexes of colors and of common and scientific unfamiliar names plants can be readily identified.

Outline of Practical Sociology by Carroll D. Wright LL. D., U. S. Commissioner of Labour. This book is intended for use as a text book and the various topics which come under this subject are accordingly subdivided so as to best suit the needs of the class room. The present day conditions are considered without an attempt to show how far they may be the result of previous conditions. The work is not intended to be exhaustive of the subject. The list of references given at the head of each chapter aid the student in more extended study.

Everyday Butterflies by Samuel H. Scudder is another nature book. The author who is a well known butterfly expert tells in an instructive manner the life history of about sixty of our common butterflies. The book cannot fail to be of interest to the casual reader as well as to the student of entomology.

The student publications of the college :

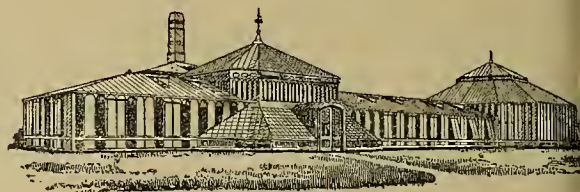
THE INDEX,

OLD AGGIE,

AGGIE LIFE,

THE CYCLE,

will be on sale at the reading room in the chapel and on the campus.



DURFEE PLANT HOUSE.

Exchanges.

The April number of the *Boston College Stylus* has come to our table since our last issue. Although late in its appearance, it is not behind in the quality of its matter. It contains many fine articles and among the best is a contribution entitled "Religion and Art." The close relation existing between those two all important subjects is treated in a masterly manner; religion and art have come to us through the ages, hand in hand, one has ever aided and encouraged the other. A summary of the whole is contained in the following paragraph:

"The success of art in the past, when under the most deplorable conditions of affairs, has been wonderful; but the secret of this success lies in the fostering care of religion. Joined with religion and following his guiding hand, art can achieve much and work out her high destiny. But once she severs the bonds that unite these two most powerful influences for good, then she becomes an evil to be shunned by men as an instrument of Satan."

The *Riverview Student* is a progressive paper with good literary matter and a long exchange list. The June number contains well written editorials and an excellent story, "The Green Striped Fetish." The good effects of these, however, is partly shadowed by

the great amount of space devoted to "locals." There is too much for a paper of its standing. No ability is required for such work and they are of interest only to a very few.

Another paper containing well written deitorial matter is the *University Cynic*. It is an excellent paper all through. It contains much verse, some poetry and some trash; it contains two short stories, one "The Bungalow on the Bluff," the other "The Hazing Proclivities of Adolphus Bugg." The first is interesting and pleasing in style and finish. The latter shows the hand of an unexperienced writer but one whose abilities should be developed. It lacks depth in plot and smoothness in style but is strictly true to college life. That is a quality which makes it of interest on the exchange table.

"The Relations of the Student to Money Making" is the subject of a lecture delivered in the Chapel at Earlham College and reported in full in the *Earlhamite*. The speaker considered the business man, if he possessed a few thousands, to be much abused. He says: "It is not my purpose to administer doses of comfort to this much abused man—he does not seem to need comfort. Neither will I advise him what to do with his money for before nightfall some 1200 daily papers will have given him a goodly supply of that kind of advice and there are as many elaborate systems of political economy as to the proper distribution of wealth as there are goods-box loafers in the small villages. Neither will I rail at him for ill-gotten and ill-used gains, for yesterday from thousands of pulpits and platforms he received quantities of this sufficient for the next seven days."

* * * * *

We should not allow our consciences to look askance at the legitimate money maker. We should not train our consciences to tell us that every dollar we get is the stamp of our selfishness, but on the other hand is a light to beacon someone from the great sea of spend-thrifts and paupers. We need to teach thrift. We need to say to our young men; Hustle for yourselves make some money and save some money.

* * * * *

Don't train your conscience to look askance at the business world. If you have talent to make money and none to teach school, don't teach school, but make money.

Alumni.

Hurrah for "Old Aggie!" Williston vs. M. A. C., Dual Meet. Aggie won by a little over forty points.

'71.—Wm. H. Bowker: since Mr. Bowker is president of the Bowker Fertilizer Company and an alumnus of the M. A. C., perhaps the following article will be of interest to members of the alumni. "A committee of stockholders of the Bowker Fertilizer Company controlling a majority of the stock, recommends the acceptance of an agreement providing for the sale of the stock in the Bowker company at \$125 per share, less 5% for expenses, etc., to the American Agricultural Company, the recently organized fertilizer combination. Special arrangements with Messrs. Bowker and Coe were made in view of their position and services in the Bowker company and especially of the name and goodwill of Mr. Bowker in the fertilizer business. The corporate existence of the Bowker company is expected to continue, and its business will doubtless be continued as heretofore with Messrs. Bowker and Coe in charge. Mr. Bowker has also been selected as one of the directors of the new parent company, if the Bowker company is taken over. The Bowker Company is capitalized for \$1,000,000. Its real estate and buildings are valued at \$181,028. The average annual net profit for the last six years has been \$86,472.

'77.—Raymundo Porto: a bulletin was recently received from the Museum of Natural History at Para, Brazil, in which we notice that Mr. Porto has been appointed sub-director of the museum.

'79.—"Fire in the basement of the Hotel Rexford, in the West End (Boston, Mass.) caused considerable excitement among the guests and about \$4,000 damage to the building and contents recently." Mr. Chas. Rudolph is proprietor of the Hotel Rexford.

'90.—David Barry is reported to have purchased S. A. Phillips' new house on Pleasant St., Amherst.

'93.—L. W. Smith, superintendent of a farm in Manteno, Ill.

'93.—Henry D. Clark, veterinary surgeon, Fitchburg, Mass. Mr. Clark takes up the practice of Dr. Chas. H. Higgins, '94, who has received an appointment from the Canadian government.

'93.—Announcements were recently received of the marriage of F. S. Hoyt to Miss Mabel A. Knib-

loe, ceremony to take place in the St. Johns Episcopal church, at New Milford, Conn., on June 22, 1899. The LIFE wishes to extend its congratulations, and trusts that the pleasant weather of the past week will be continued on that day. Mr. Hoyt is principal of the New Milford High School.

'94.—Dr. Chas. H. Higgins has recently received an appointment as Pathologist under the Department of Agriculture of the Dominion of Canada. The distinction conferred upon Dr. Higgins is by no means unimportant, as the Canadian government is very conservative about making its appointments, generally giving preference to its own subjects. Mr. Higgins attributes his success over other candidates to the broad and general education which he received at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and also to the specially comprehensive knowledge of Chemistry received there. He makes the statement that in looking over the list of colleges he finds not one at which he could have received such broad and general education as at "Old Aggie." We most certainly wish him success and happiness in his new position and thank him for the distinction he brought upon the College.

'94.—T. F. Keith is in the advertising business in Fitchburg, Mass.

'94.—E. W. Allen, Assistant Director Experiment Stations, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Mr. Allen has recently started on quite an extensive tour of the experiment stations of the northwest, in connection with his official duties. He goes to the Pacific coast and while there, is to attend the convention of the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, at San Francisco, early in July. On his way back he intends to visit some of the Canadian experiment stations in British Columbia and the Northwest Territory. The trip will probably occupy about two months.

'95.—Announcements have just been received of the marriage of Mr. R. A. Cooley to Miss Edith M. Cooley, of Sunderland. As given in a previous issue of the LIFE, Mr. Cooley has recently been appointed to the position of State Entomologist and professor of Zoölogy and Entomology at the Montana State College, at Bozeman, Montana, to which place he expects to go about July 1. Surely Mr. Cooley and his bride are to be congratulated on the bright future before them.

'95.—Henry W. Lewis, Engineering Department, care of Col. W. M. Black, 3 Tacon St., Havana, Cuba.

'95.—F. L. Warren: President Goodell has received from Mr. Warren an invitation to attend the graduating exercises at the University of Pennsylvania, from which institution the latter graduates this year as a doctor of medicine.

Ex-'95.—John Jones is spending the summer in Amherst.

'96.—Asa S. Kinney is superintending the construction of a new greenhouse at Mt. Holyoke College.

'96.—F. B. Shaw is employed at the station of the Boston & Maine railroad at South Amherst.

'96.—R. P. Coleman was married on June 1 to Miss Ida E. Benton. Mr. Coleman's address is Richmond, Mass. The LIFE extends its congratulations and wishes them much happiness.

'96.—A. B. Cook was recently in town.

'97.—F. J. Emrich was present at the Dual Track Meet held in Williston last Saturday, and in the jollification meeting held that evening, encouraged the boys to keep on in the good work.

'97.—S. S. Cheney: Mr. Cheney also graduates from Pennsylvania University, as D. V. S., this year, invitation having been sent President Goodell to attend the exercises.

'97, '98.—'97 and '98 are going and have class reunions this coming Commencement. Somebody come.

'98.—Geo. H. Wright is still at Dr. Brown's Institute, Barre, Mass.

'98.—John P. Nickerson, who has just completed his sophomore year at Tuft's Medical School, is contemplating finishing his course at the Harvard Medical School.

'98.—Avedis Adjimian has recently been visiting various large farms in the state of Texas, for the purpose of investigating their equipments and the methods employed for management. After a short time he expects to come East again.

'98.—J. S. Eaton, with Thos. Brickell & Co., Brokers, 80 Wall St., New York City.

Ex-'98.—H. R. Wolcott is at present travelling salesman for the firm of Brown & Wales, manufacturers and dealers in steel and iron, with office at 69-83 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.

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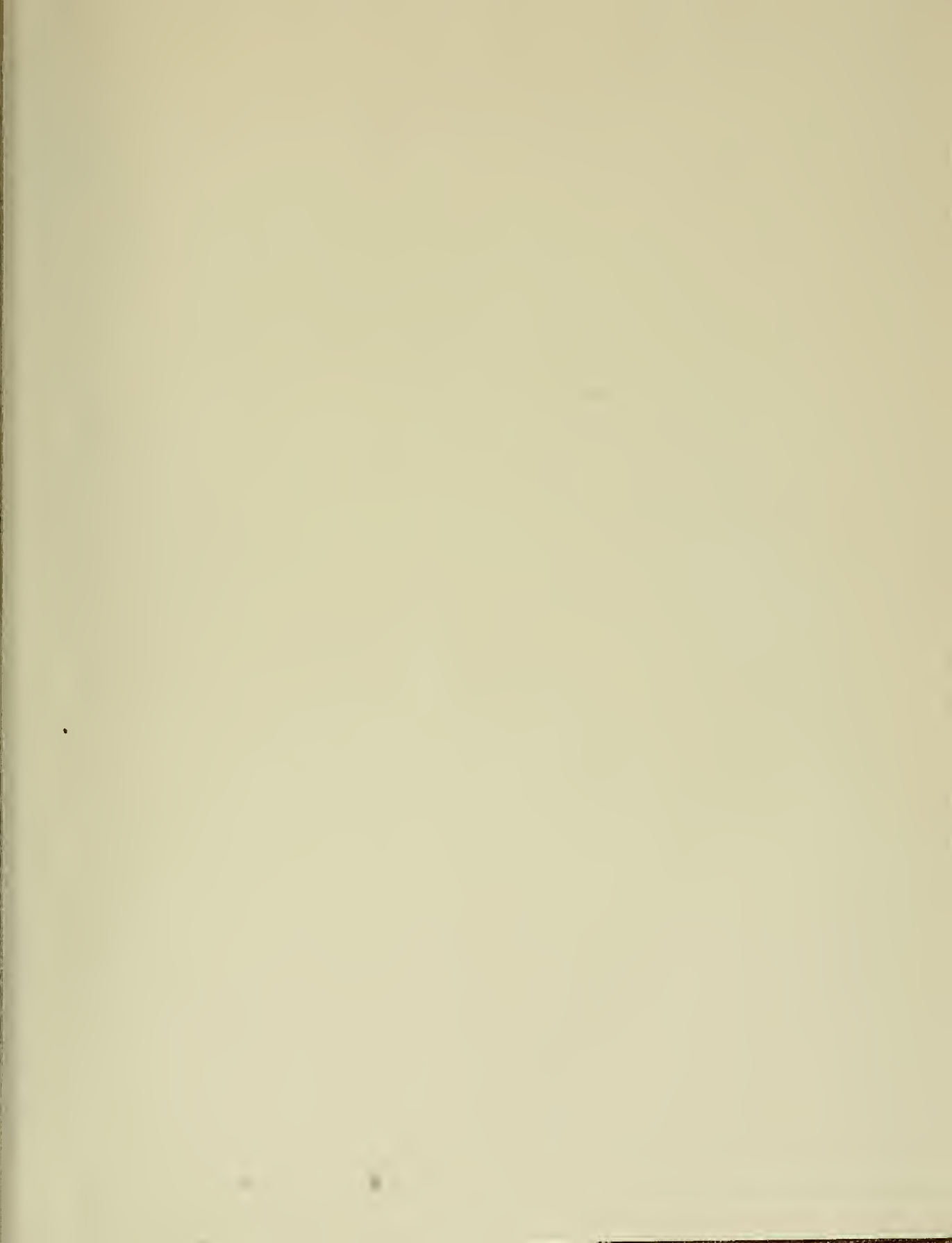
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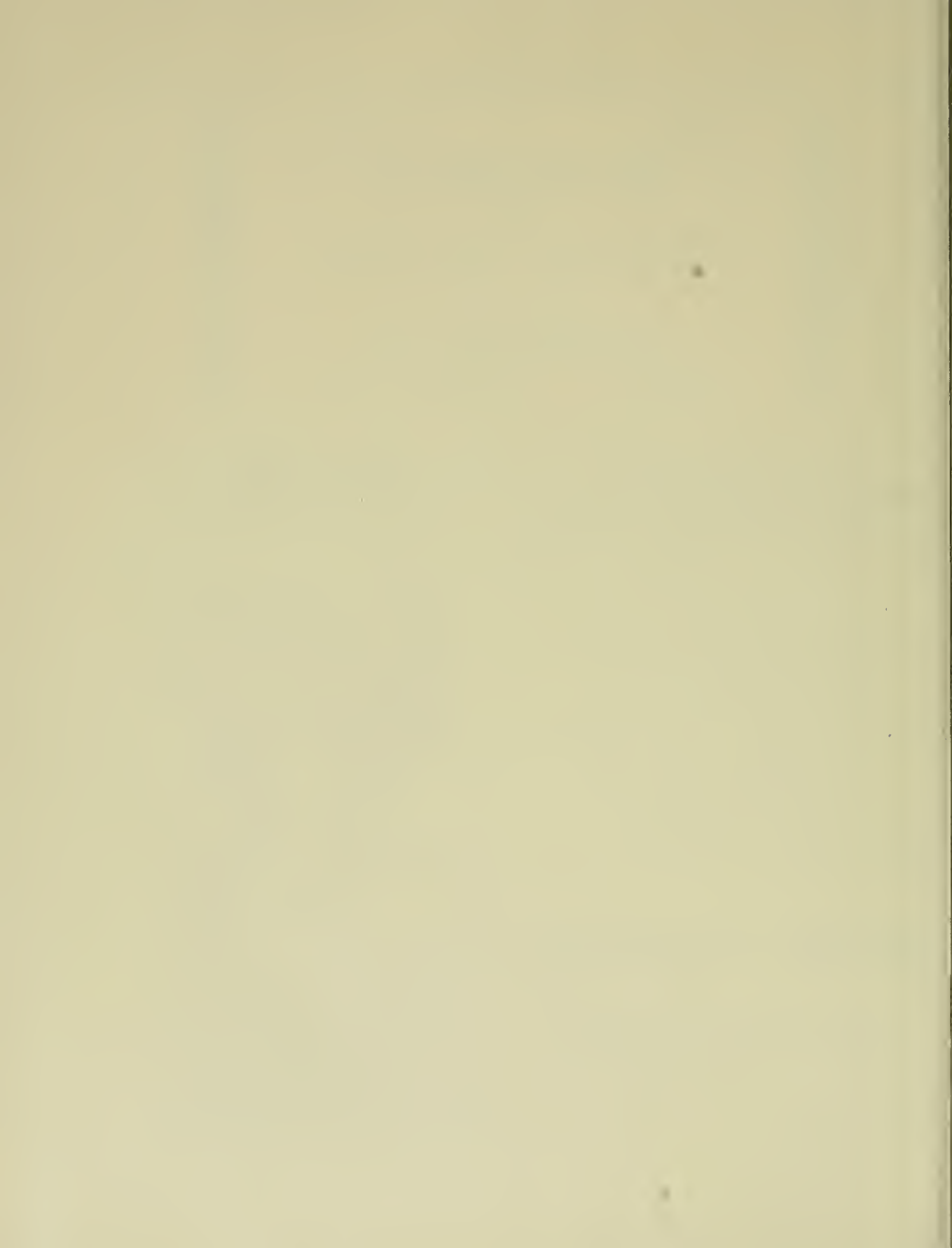
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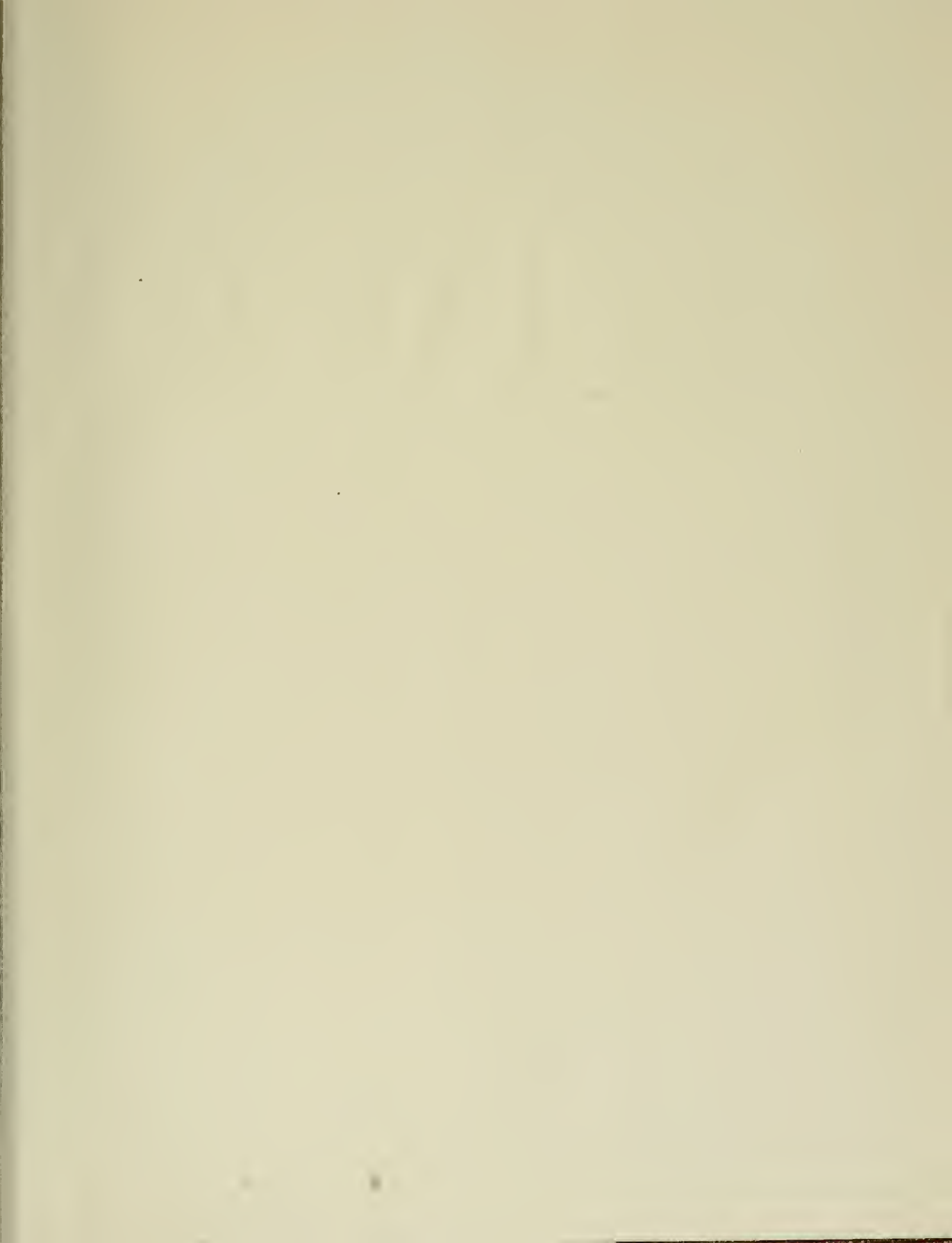
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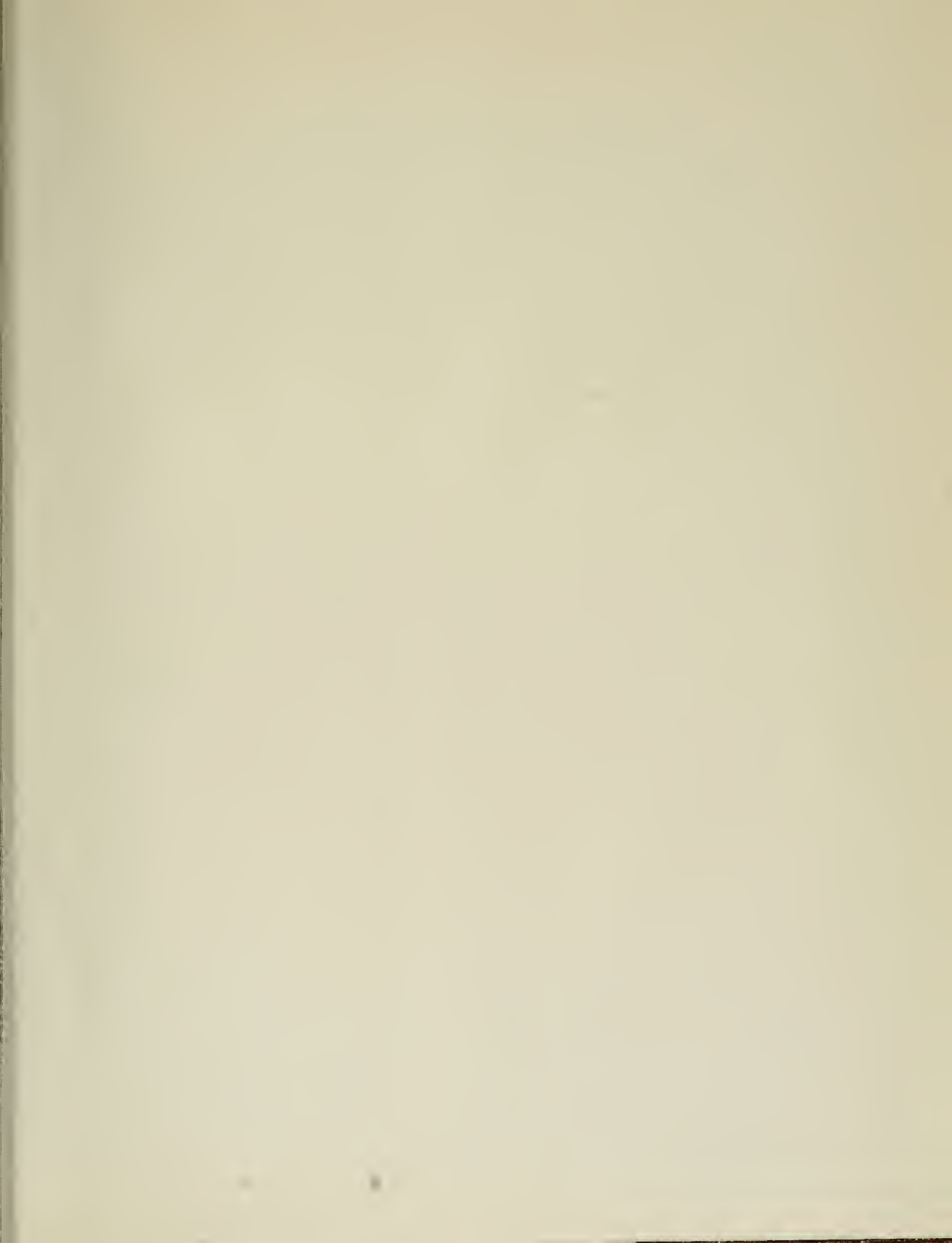


















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